MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

# DEADPOOL® MAX

## INVOLUNTARY ARMAGEDDON

DAVID LAPHAM • KYLE BAKER • SHAWN CRYSTAL

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Writer
**DAVID LAPHAM**

Artist
**KYLE BAKER**

Artist, Issue #9
**SHAWN CRYSTAL**

Colorist, Issue #9
**JOHN RAUCH**

Letterer
**VC'S CLAYTON COWLES**

Cover Artist
**KYLE BAKER**

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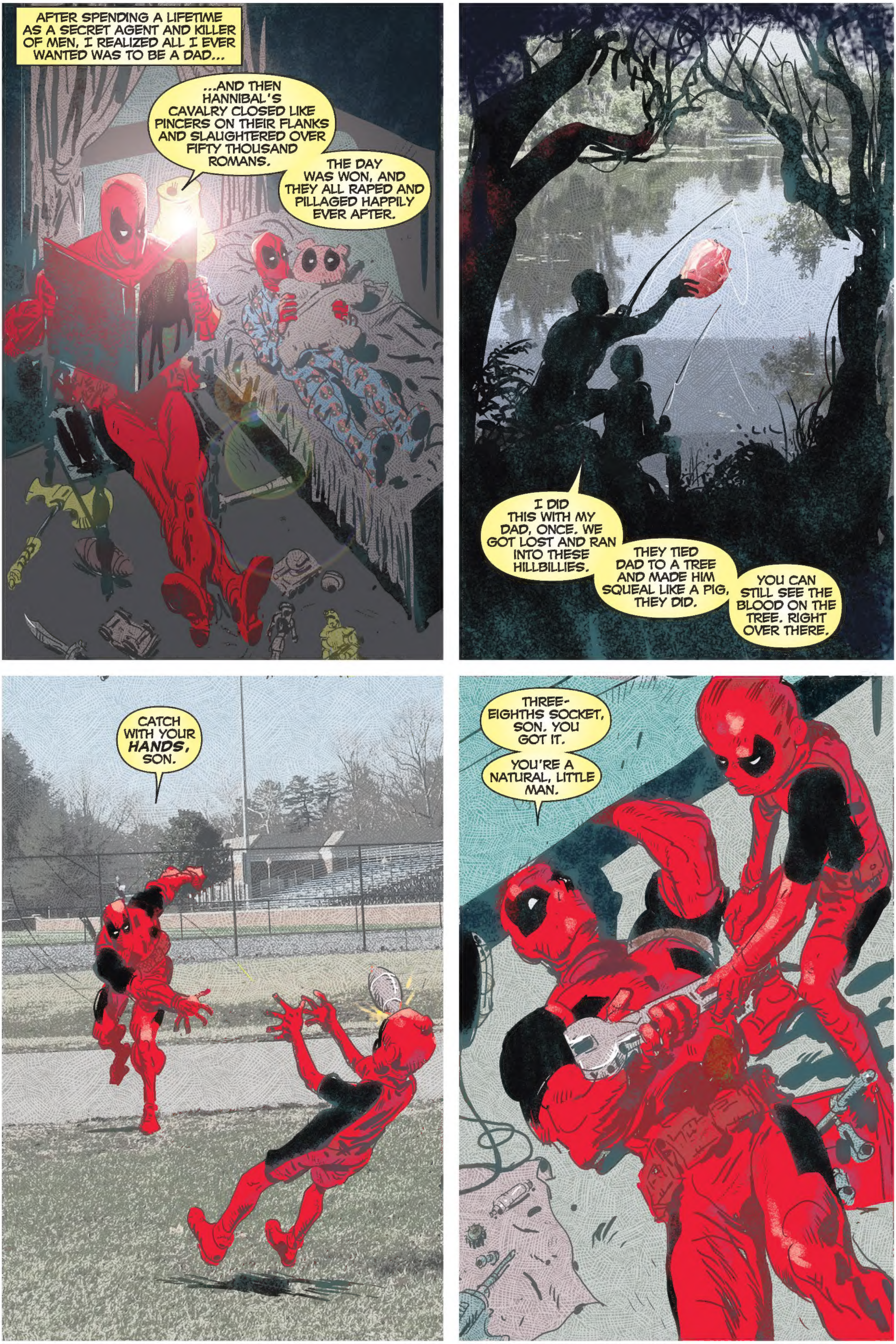
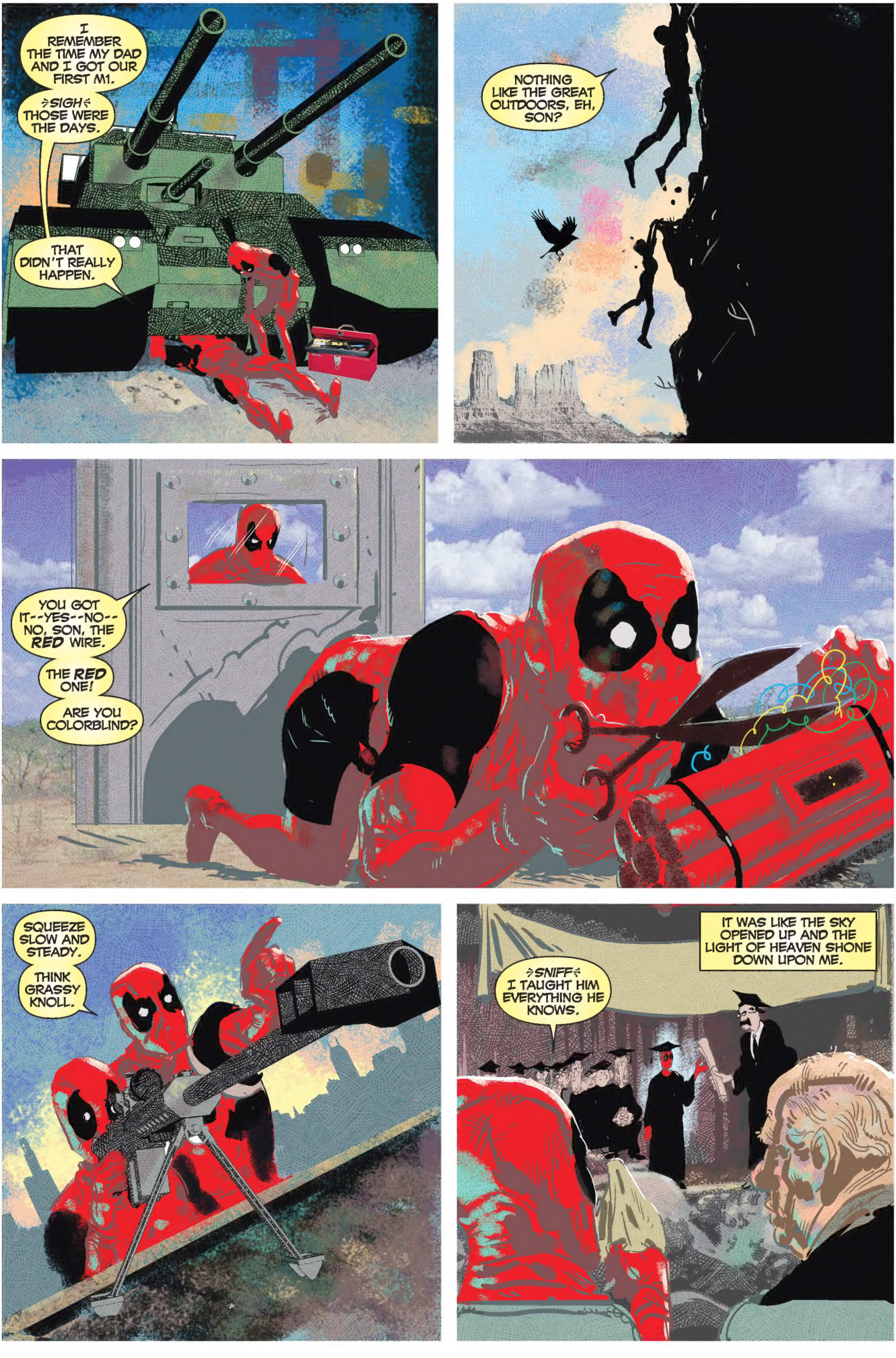
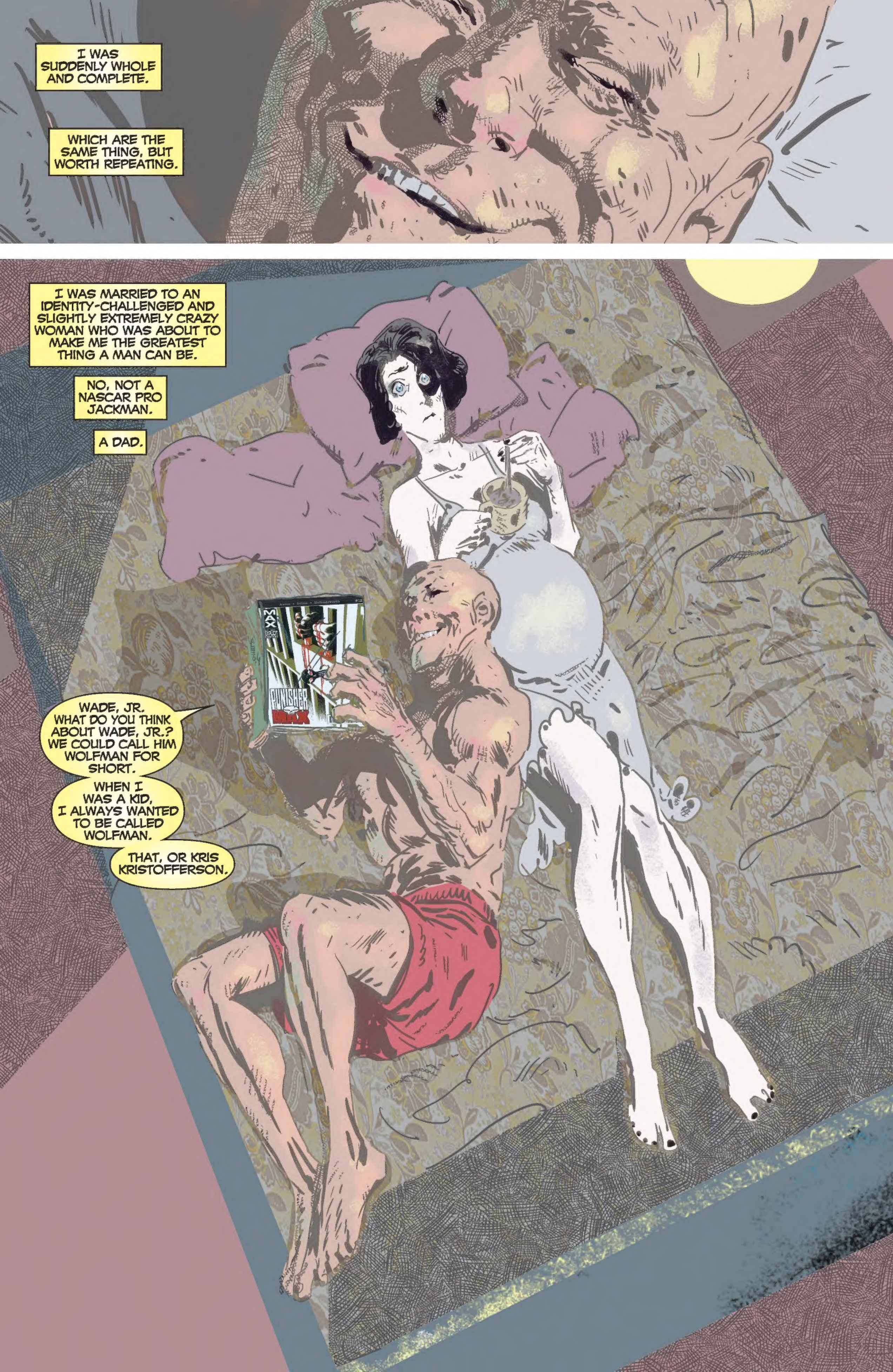
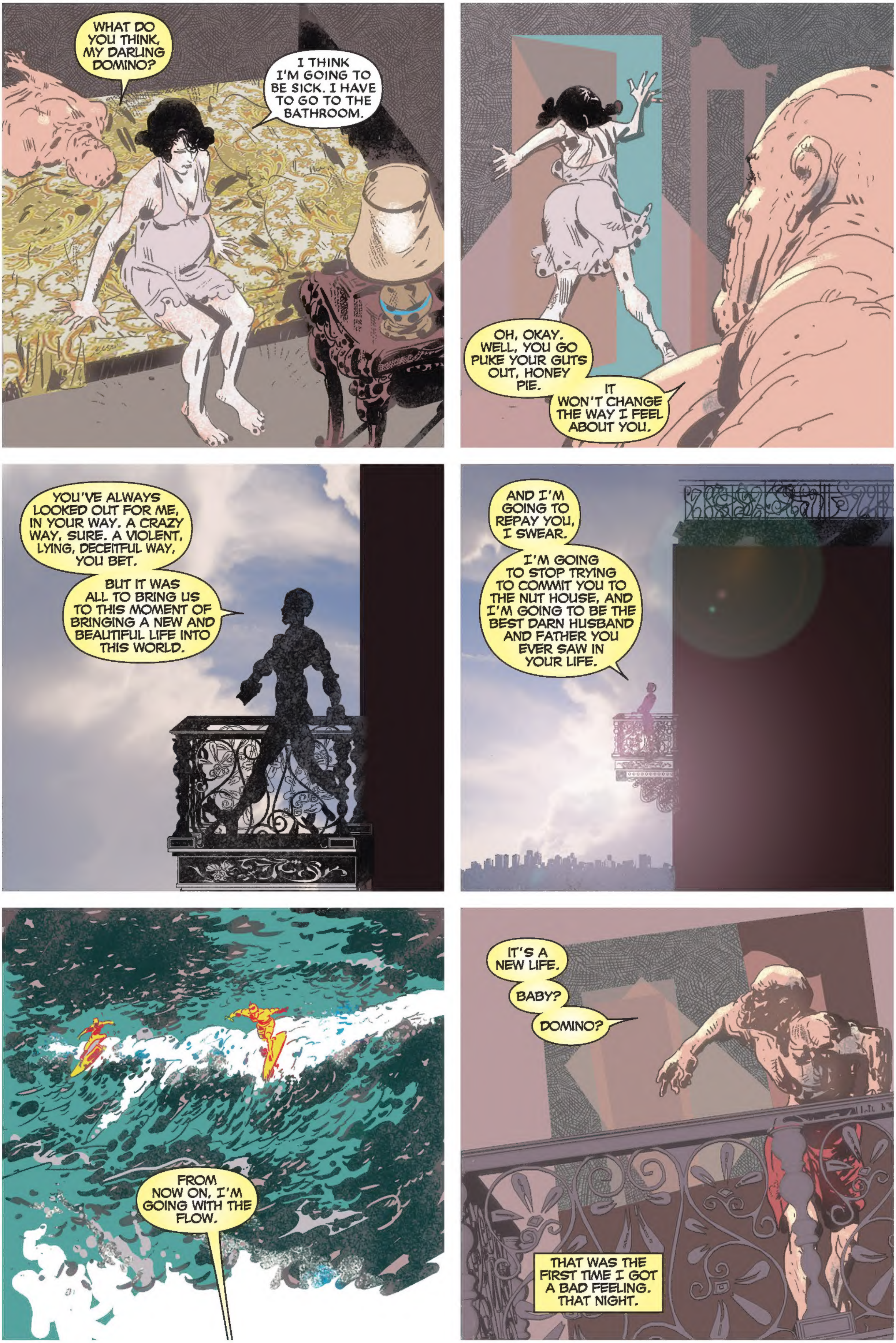
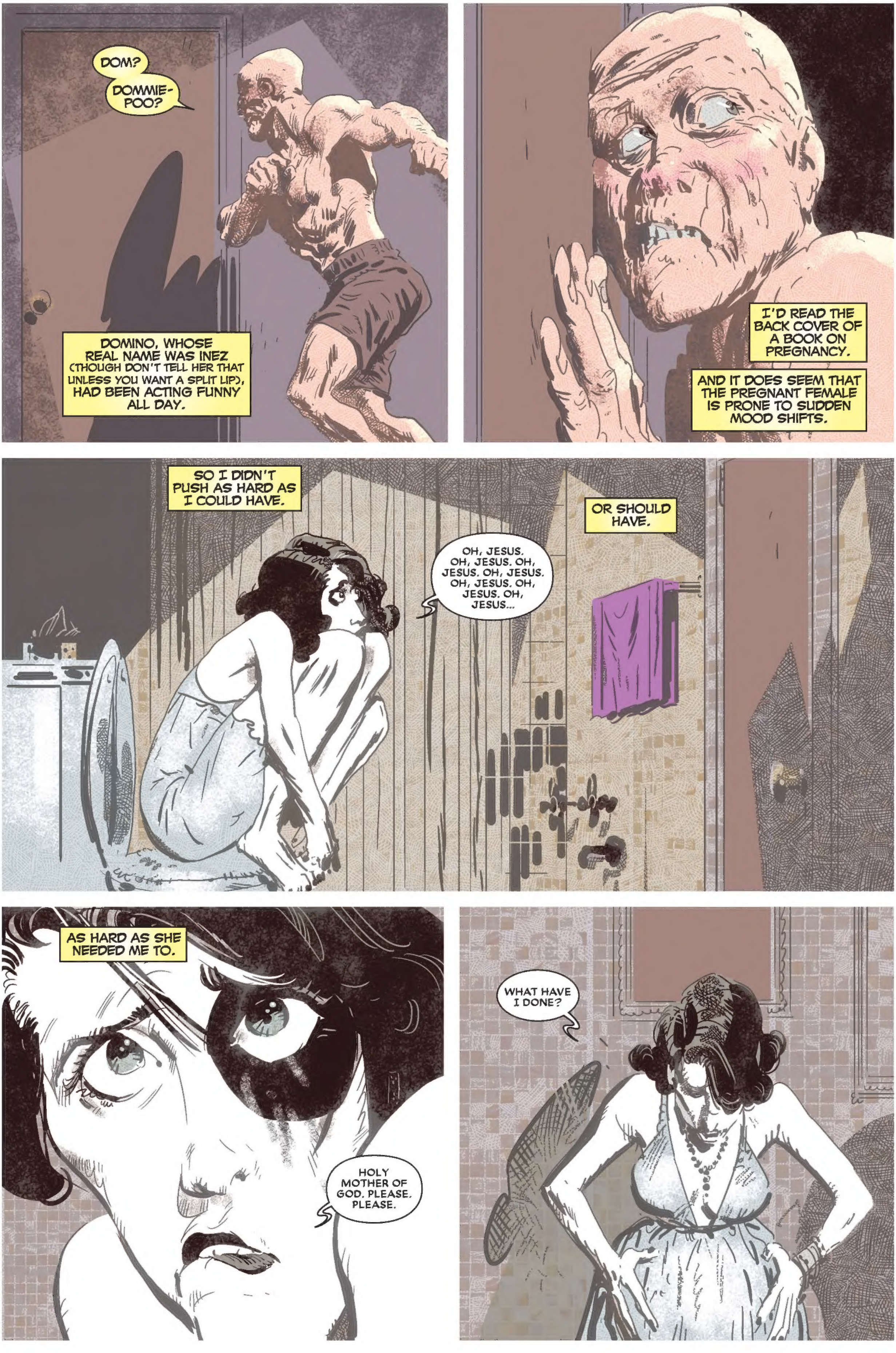
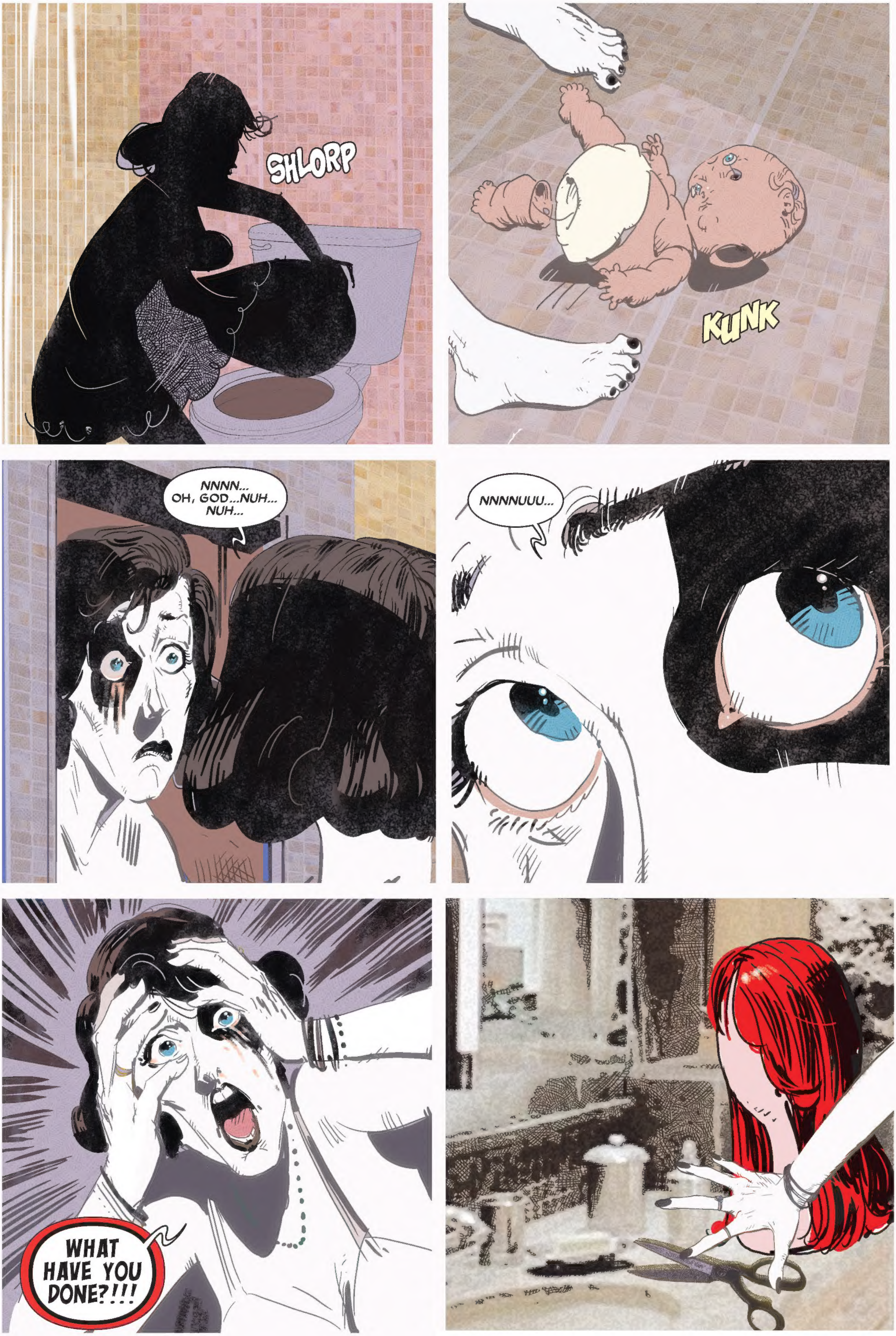

AFTER SPENDING A LIFETIME AS A SECRET AGENT AND KILLER OF MEN, I REALIZED ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO BE A DAD...
...AND THEN HANNIBAL'S CAVALRY CLOSED LIKE PINCERS ON THEIR FLANKS AND SLAUGHTERED OVER FIFTY THOUSAND ROMANS.
THE DAY WAS WON, AND THEY ALL RAPED AND PILLAGED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
I DID THIS WITH MY DAD, ONCE. WE GOT LOST AND RAN INTO THESE HILLBILLIES.
THEY TIED DAD TO A TREE AND MADE HIM SQUEAL LIKE A PIG, THEY DID.
YOU CAN STILL SEE THE BLOOD ON THE TREE. RIGHT OVER THERE.
CATCH WITH YOUR *HANDS*, SON.
THREE-EIGHTHS SOCKET, SON. YOU GOT IT.
YOU'RE A NATURAL, LITTLE MAN.

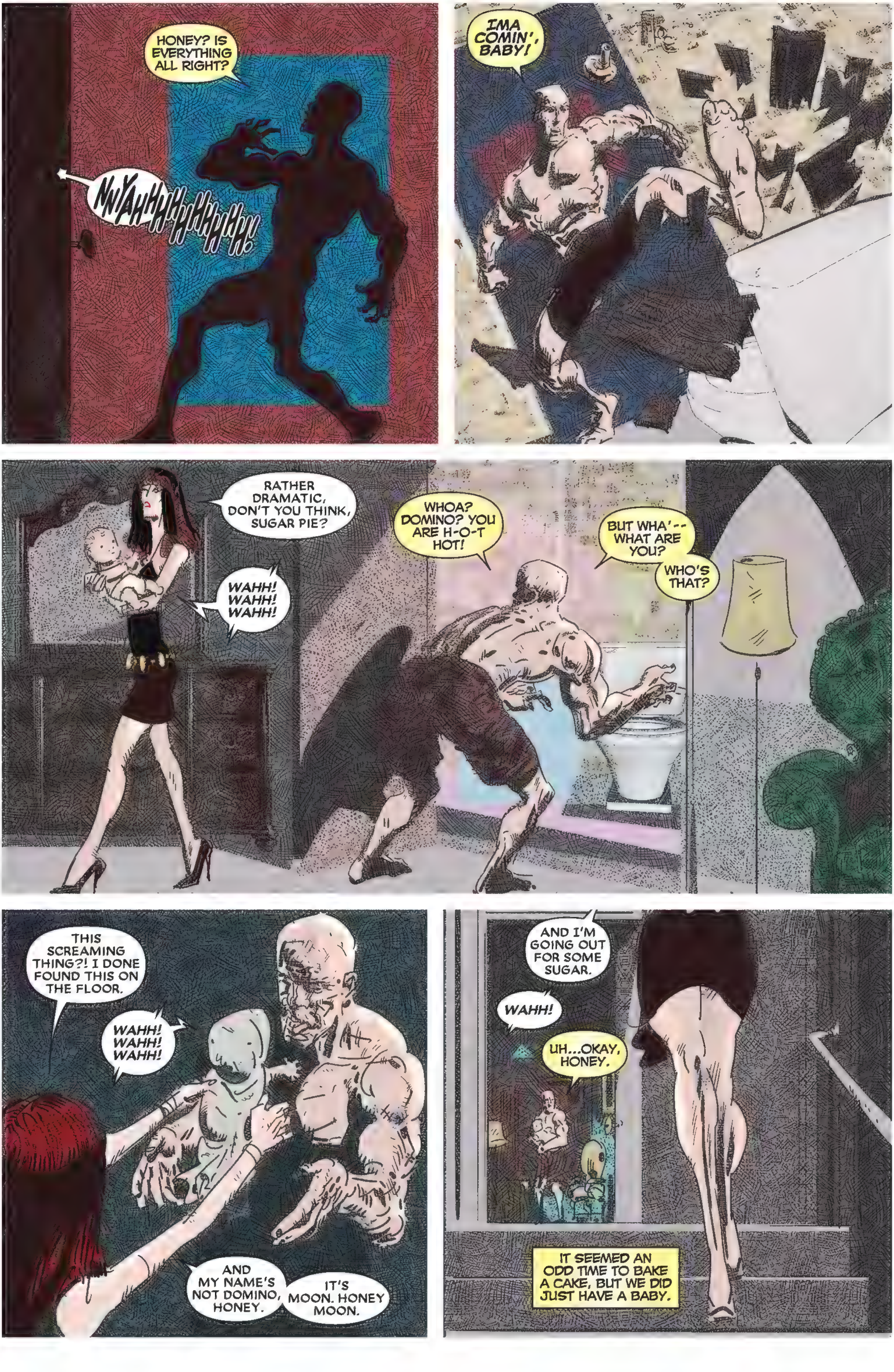

I REMEMBER THE TIME MY DAD AND I GOT OUR FIRST M1.
⇜SIGH⇜ THOSE WERE THE DAYS.
THAT DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN.
NOTHING LIKE THE GREAT OUTDOORS, EH, SON?
YOU GOT IT--YES--NO--NO, SON, THE ***RED*** WIRE.
THE ***RED*** ONE!
ARE YOU COLORBLIND?
SQUEEZE SLOW AND STEADY.
THINK GRASSY KNOLL.
IT WAS LIKE THE SKY OPENED UP AND THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN SHONE DOWN UPON ME.
⇜SNIFF⇜ I TAUGHT HIM EVERYTHING HE KNOWS.

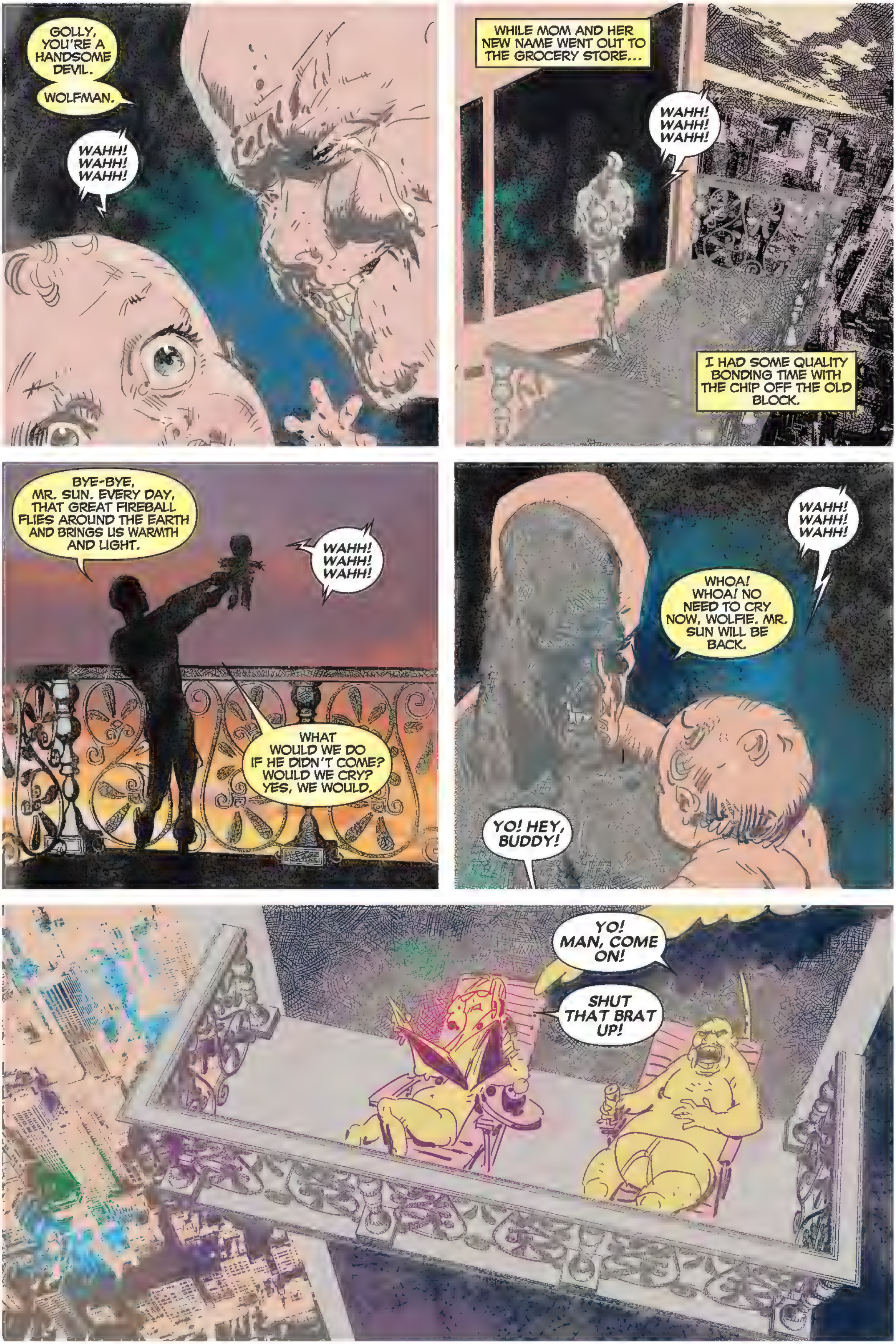

I WAS SUDDENLY WHOLE AND COMPLETE.
WHICH ARE THE SAME THING, BUT WORTH REPEATING.
I WAS MARRIED TO AN IDENTITY-CHALLENGED AND SLIGHTLY EXTREMELY CRAZY WOMAN WHO WAS ABOUT TO MAKE ME THE GREATEST THING A MAN CAN BE.
NO, NOT A NASCAR PRO JACKMAN.
A DAD.
MAX
PUNISHER MAX
WADE, JR. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WADE, JR.? WE COULD CALL HIM WOLFMAN FOR SHORT.
WHEN I WAS A KID, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE CALLED WOLFMAN.
THAT, OR KRIS KRISTOFFERSON.

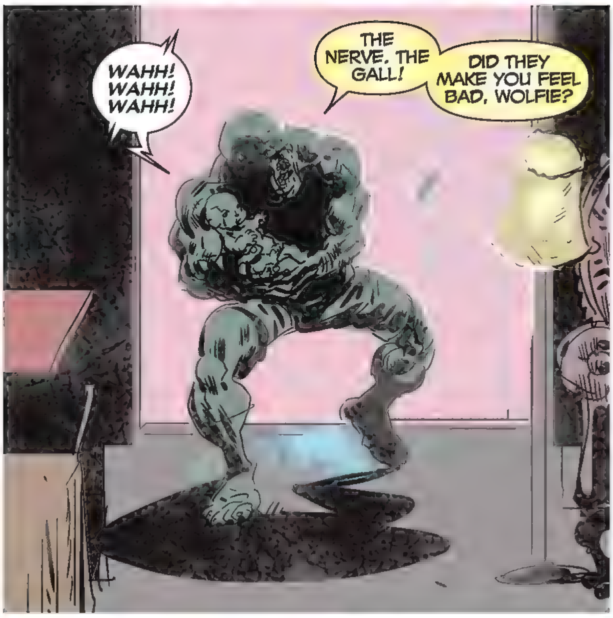

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MY DARLING DOMINO?
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK. I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM.
OH, OKAY. WELL, YOU GO PUKE YOUR GUTS OUT, HONEY PIE.
IT WON'T CHANGE THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU.
YOU'VE ALWAYS LOOKED OUT FOR ME, IN YOUR WAY. A CRAZY WAY, SURE. A VIOLENT, LYING, DECEITFUL WAY, YOU BET.
BUT IT WAS ALL TO BRING US TO THIS MOMENT OF BRINGING A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL LIFE INTO THIS WORLD.
AND I'M GOING TO REPAY YOU, I SWEAR.
I'M GOING TO STOP TRYING TO COMMIT YOU TO THE NUT HOUSE, AND I'M GOING TO BE THE BEST DARN HUSBAND AND FATHER YOU EVER SAW IN YOUR LIFE.
FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING WITH THE FLOW.
IT'S A NEW LIFE.
BABY?
DOMINO?
THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I GOT A BAD FEELING. THAT NIGHT.

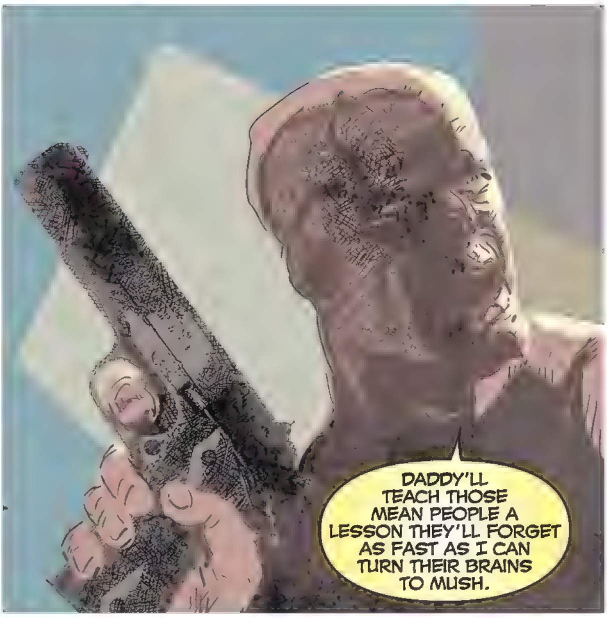

DOM?
DOMMIE-POO?
DOMINO, WHOSE REAL NAME WAS INEZ (THOUGH DON'T TELL HER THAT UNLESS YOU WANT A SPLIT LIP), HAD BEEN ACTING FUNNY ALL DAY.
I'D READ THE BACK COVER OF A BOOK ON PREGNANCY.
AND IT DOES SEEM THAT THE PREGNANT FEMALE IS PRONE TO SUDDEN MOOD SHIFTS.
SO I DIDN'T PUSH AS HARD AS I COULD HAVE.
OH, JESUS. OH, JESUS. OH, JESUS. OH, JESUS. OH, JESUS. OH, JESUS. OH, JESUS...
OR SHOULD HAVE.
AS HARD AS SHE NEEDED ME TO.
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD. PLEASE. PLEASE.
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

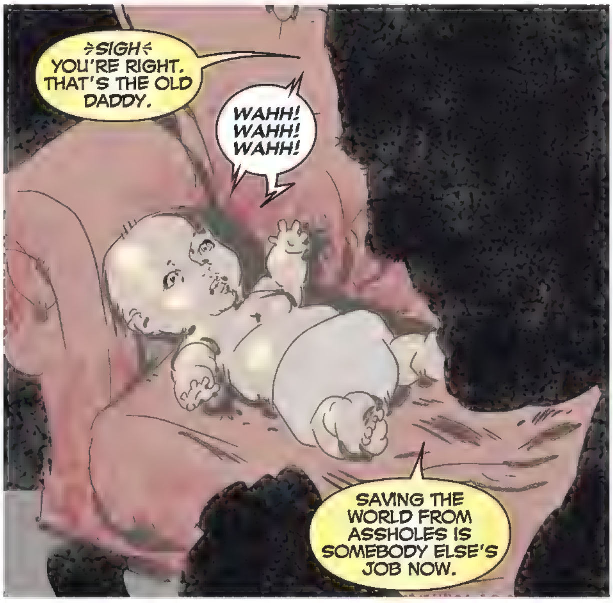

SHLORP
KUNK
NNNN... OH, GOD...NUH... NUH...
NNNNUUU...
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!!!

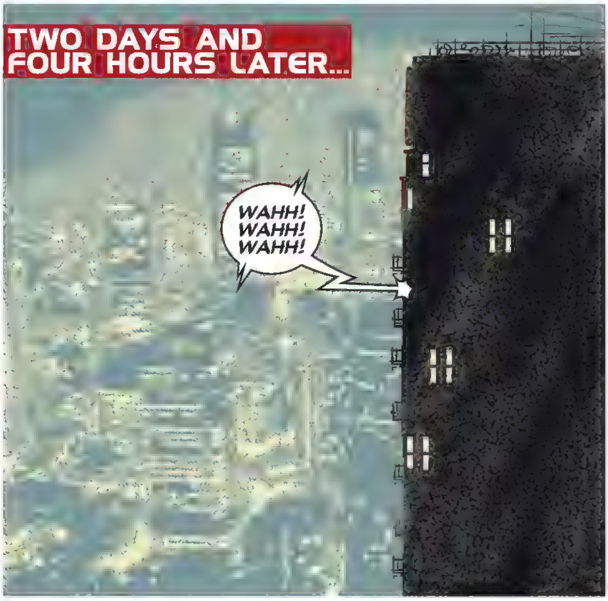

HONEY? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?
NNYAHHHHHHHHHHH!
IMA COMIN', BABY!
RATHER DRAMATIC, DON'T YOU THINK, SUGAR PIE?
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
WHOA? DOMINO? YOU ARE H-O-T HOT!
BUT WHA'-- WHAT ARE YOU?
WHO'S THAT?
THIS SCREAMING THING?! I DONE FOUND THIS ON THE FLOOR.
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
AND MY NAME'S NOT DOMINO, HONEY.
IT'S MOON. HONEY MOON.
AND I'M GOING OUT FOR SOME SUGAR.
WAHH!
UH...OKAY, HONEY.
IT SEEMED AN ODD TIME TO BAKE A CAKE, BUT WE DID JUST HAVE A BABY.

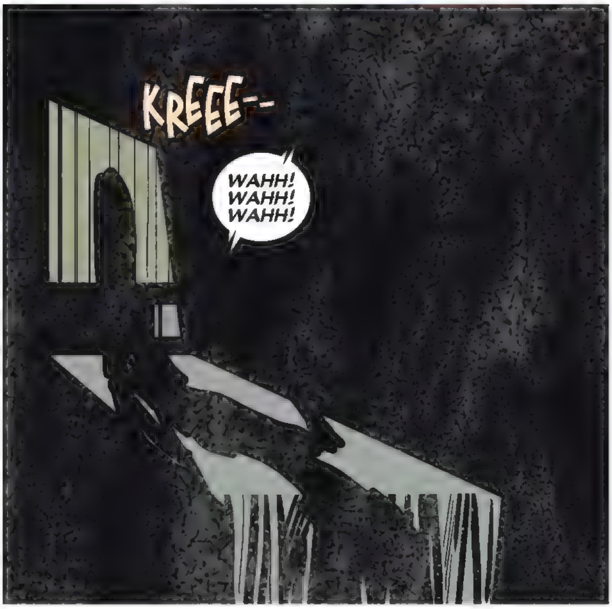

GOLLY, YOU'RE A HANDSOME DEVIL.
WOLFMAN.
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
WHILE MOM AND HER NEW NAME WENT OUT TO THE GROCERY STORE...
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
I HAD SOME QUALITY BONDING TIME WITH THE CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.
BYE-BYE, MR. SUN. EVERY DAY, THAT GREAT FIREBALL FLIES AROUND THE EARTH AND BRINGS US WARMTH AND LIGHT.
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
WHAT WOULD WE DO IF HE DIDN'T COME? WOULD WE CRY? YES, WE WOULD.
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
WHOA! WHOA! NO NEED TO CRY NOW, WOLFIE. MR. SUN WILL BE BACK.
YO! HEY, BUDDY!
YO! MAN, COME ON!
SHUT THAT BRAT UP!

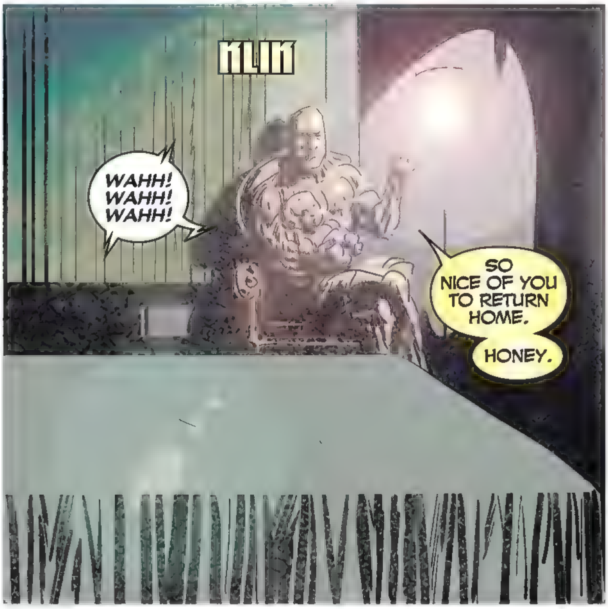

WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
THE NERVE, THE GALL!
DID THEY MAKE YOU FEEL BAD, WOLFIE?

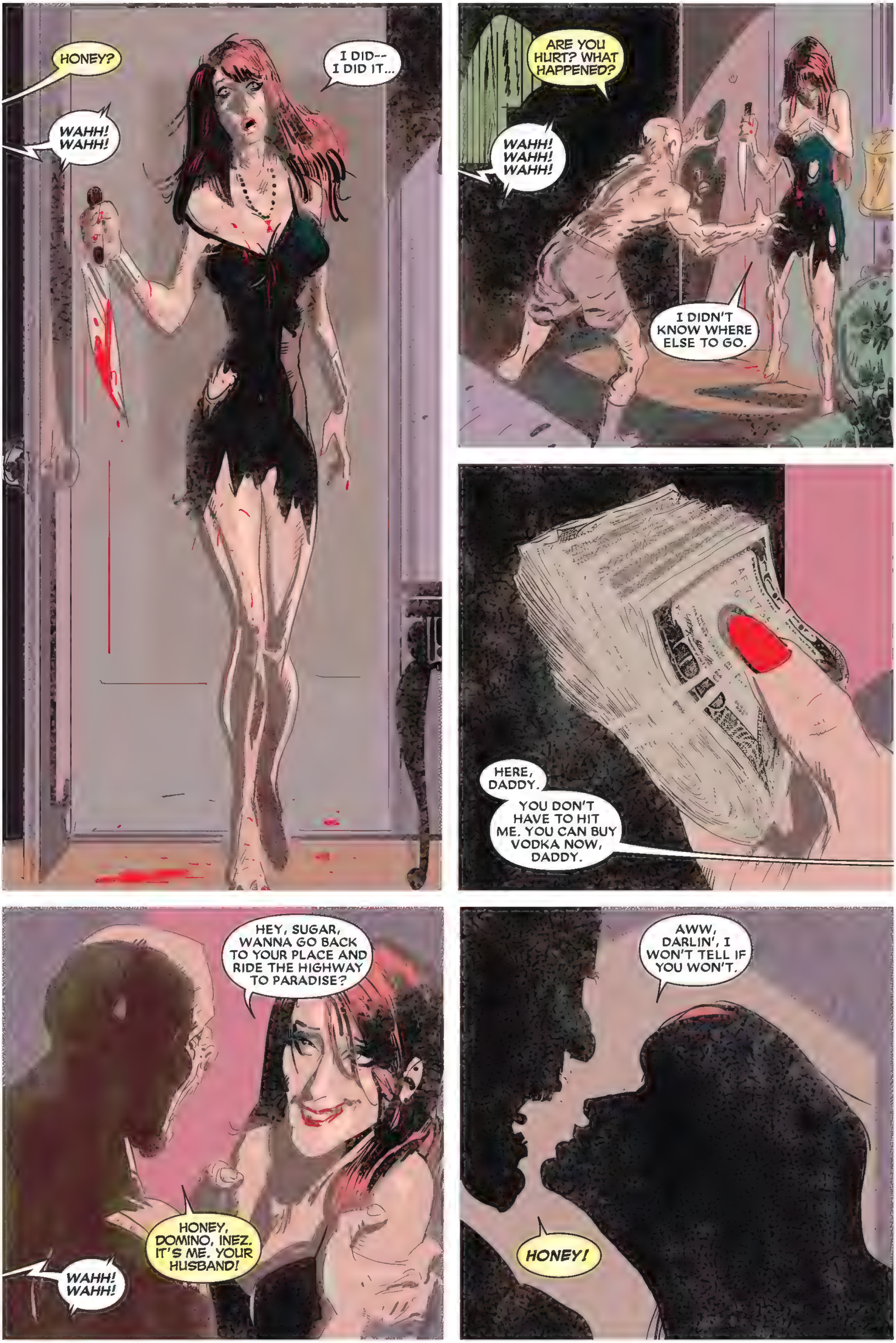

DADDY'LL TEACH THOSE MEAN PEOPLE A LESSON THEY'LL FORGET AS FAST AS I CAN TURN THEIR BRAINS TO MUSH.

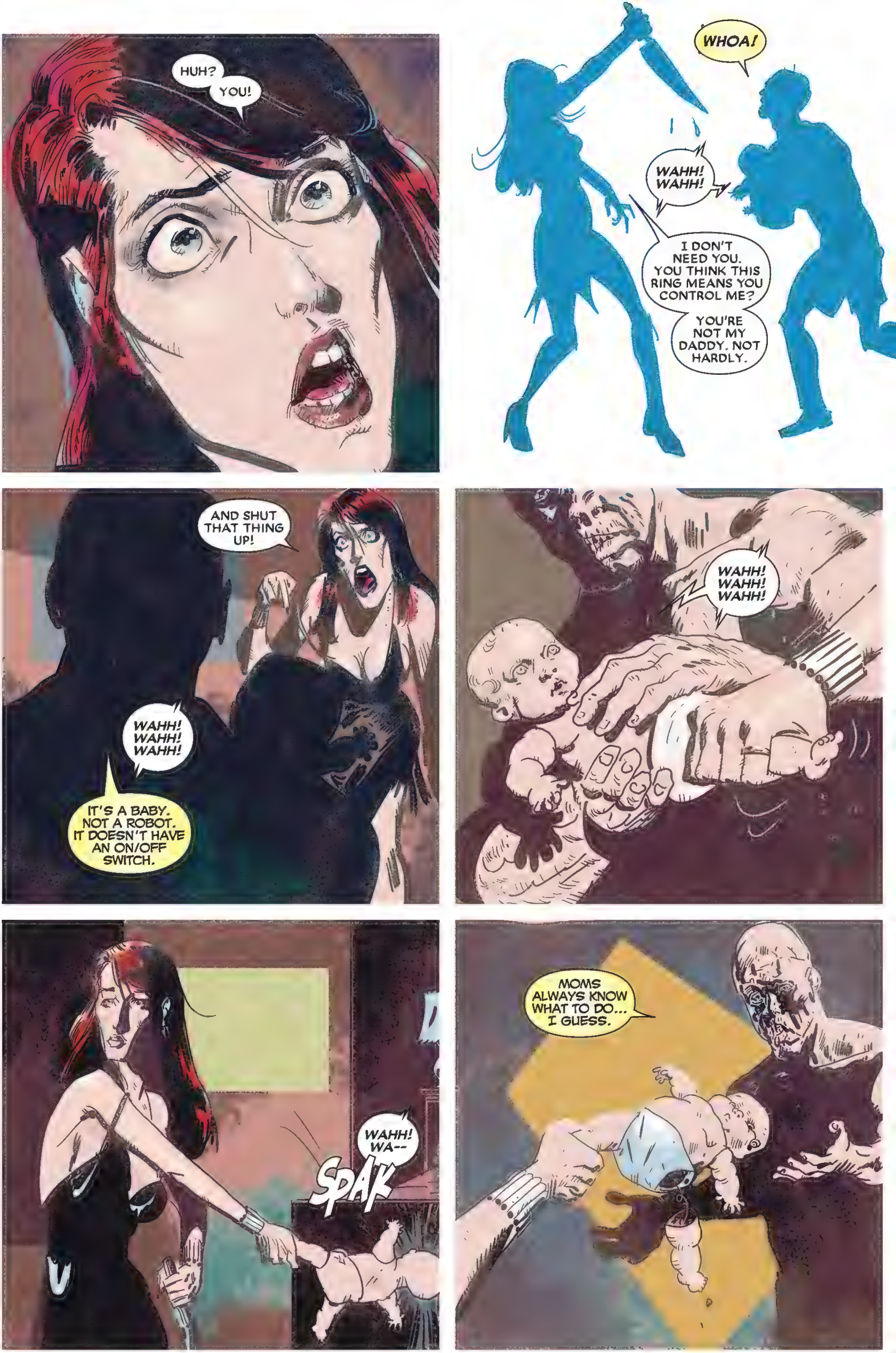

*SIGH* YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT'S THE OLD DADDY.
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
SAVING THE WORLD FROM ASSHOLES IS SOMEBODY ELSE'S JOB NOW.

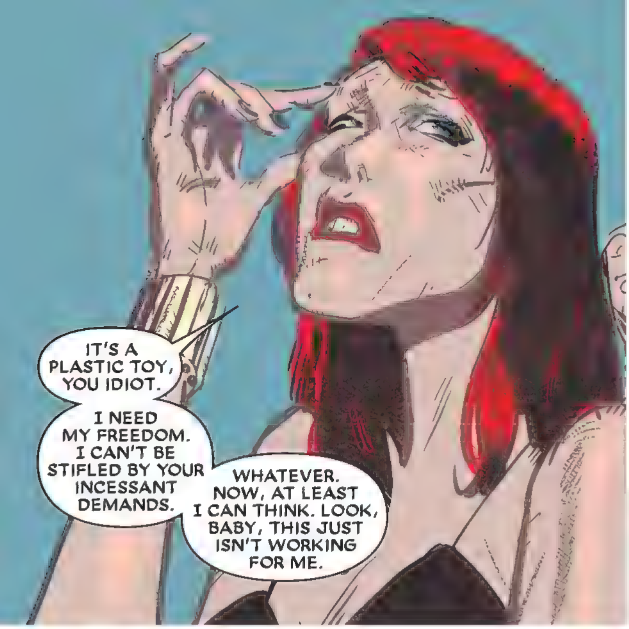

TWO DAYS AND FOUR HOURS LATER...
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!

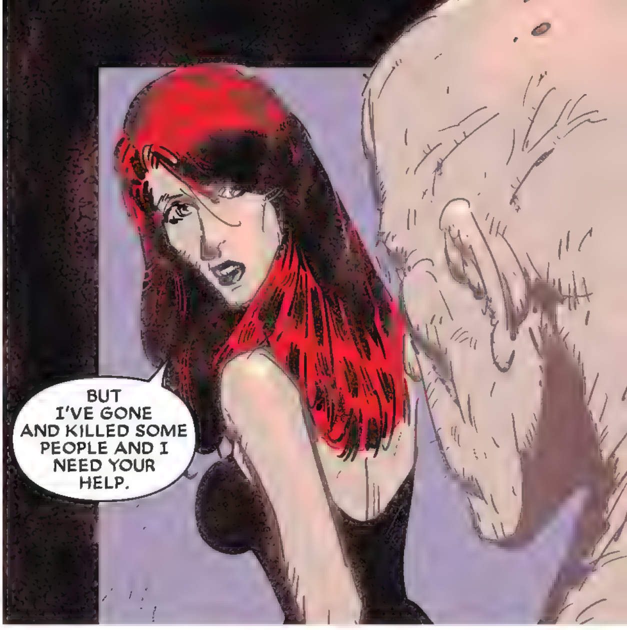

KREEE--
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!

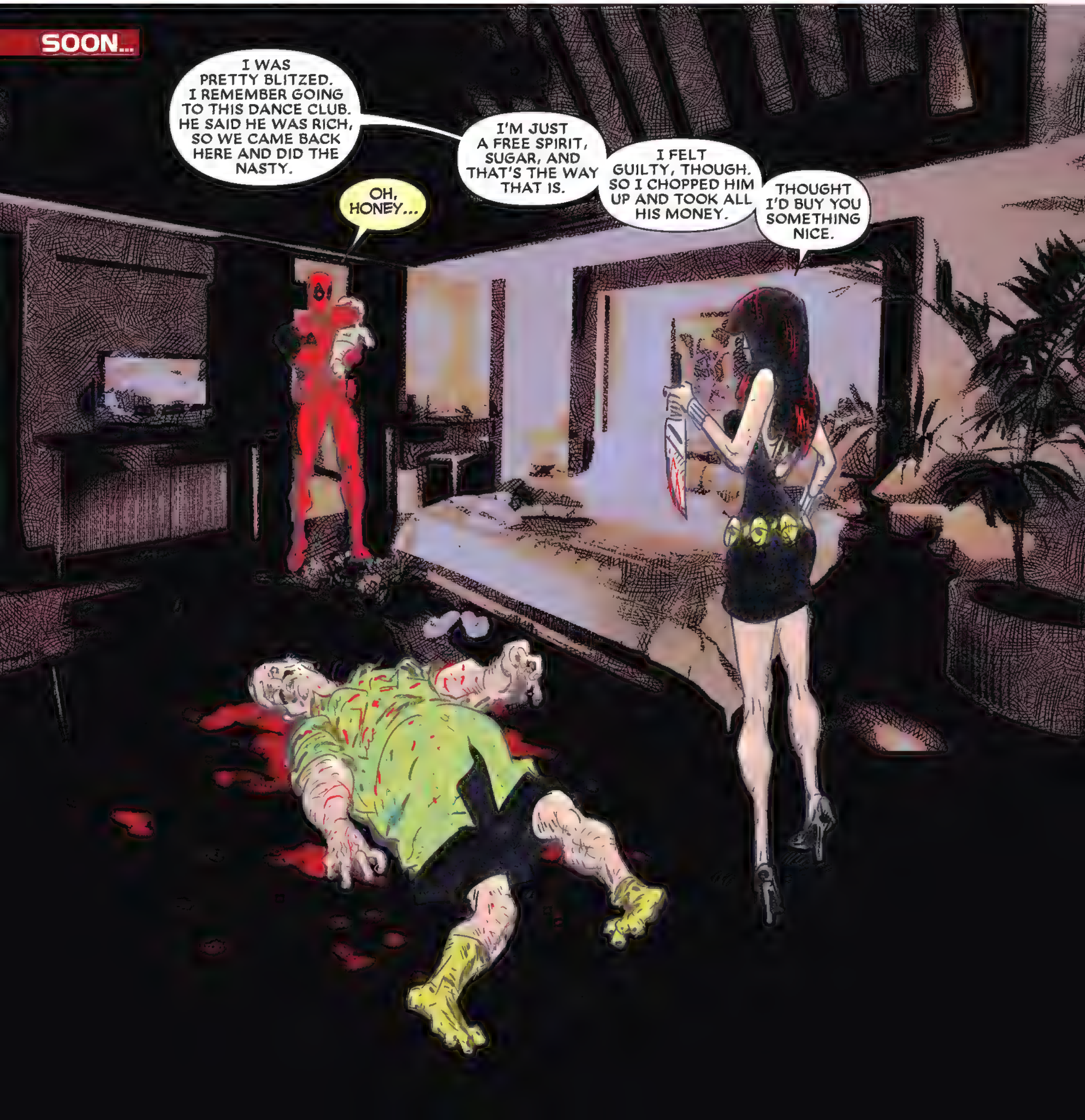

KLIK
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
SO NICE OF YOU TO RETURN HOME.
HONEY.

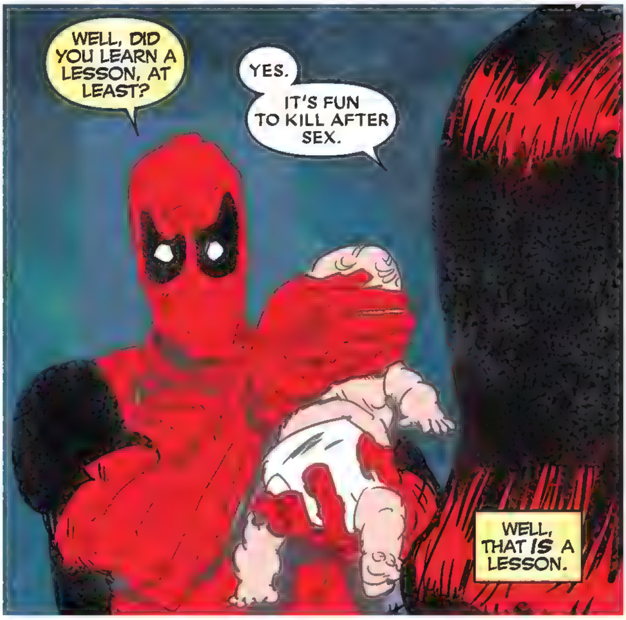

HONEY?
WAHH! WAHH!
I DID-- I DID IT...
ARE YOU HURT? WHAT HAPPENED?
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO.
HERE, DADDY.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO HIT ME. YOU CAN BUY VODKA NOW, DADDY.
HEY, SUGAR, WANNA GO BACK TO YOUR PLACE AND RIDE THE HIGHWAY TO PARADISE?
HONEY, DOMINO, INEZ. IT'S ME. YOUR HUSBAND!
WAHH! WAHH!
AWW, DARLIN', I WON'T TELL IF YOU WON'T.
HONEY!

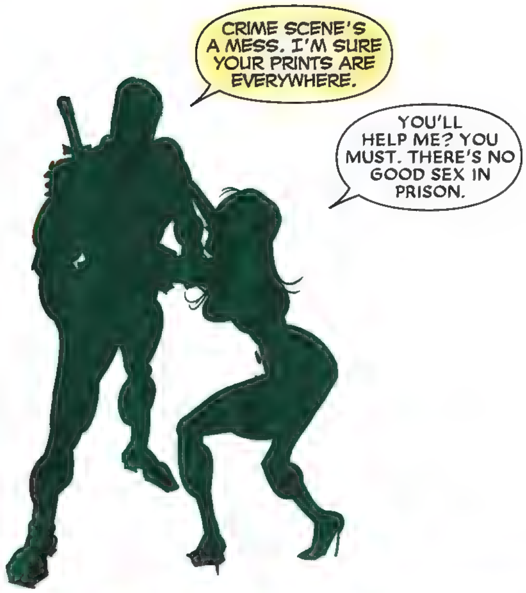

HUH?
YOU!
WHOA!
WAHH! WAHH!
I DON'T NEED YOU. YOU THINK THIS RING MEANS YOU CONTROL ME?
YOU'RE NOT MY DADDY. NOT HARDLY.
AND SHUT THAT THING UP!
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
IT'S A BABY. NOT A ROBOT. IT DOESN'T HAVE AN ON/OFF SWITCH.
WAHH! WAHH! WAHH!
WAHH! WA--
SPAK
MOMS ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TO DO... I GUESS.

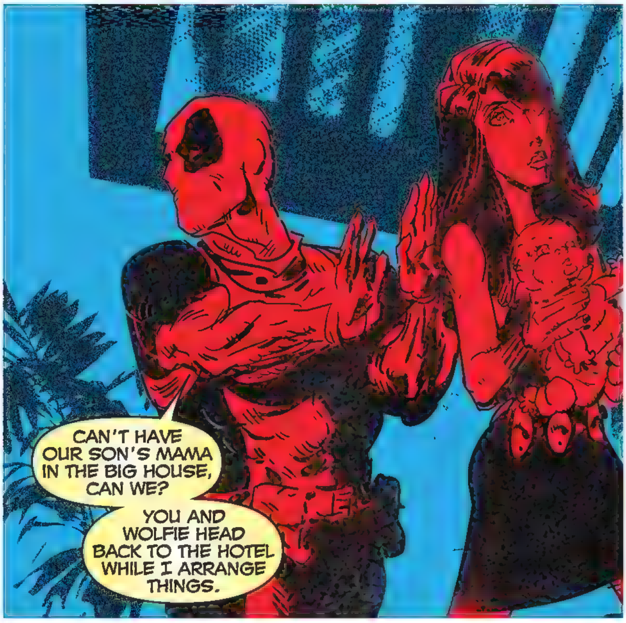

IT'S A PLASTIC TOY, YOU IDIOT.
I NEED MY FREEDOM. I CAN'T BE STIFLED BY YOUR INCESSANT DEMANDS.
WHATEVER. NOW, AT LEAST I CAN THINK. LOOK, BABY, THIS JUST ISN'T WORKING FOR ME.

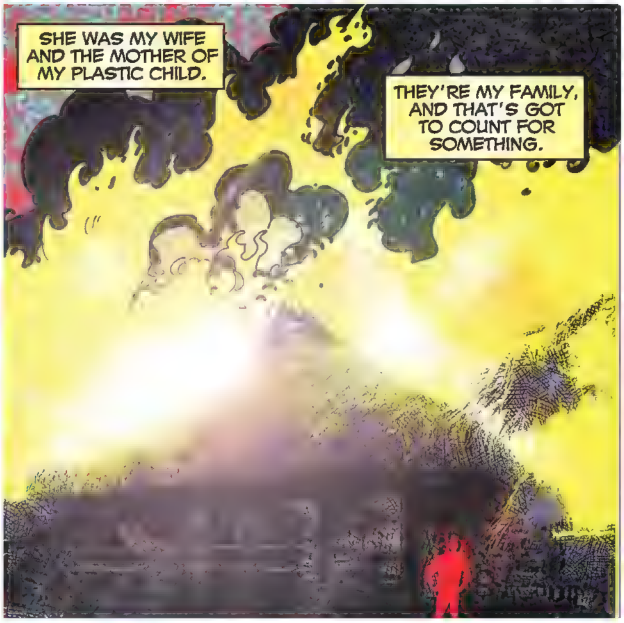

BUT I'VE GONE AND KILLED SOME PEOPLE AND I NEED YOUR HELP.

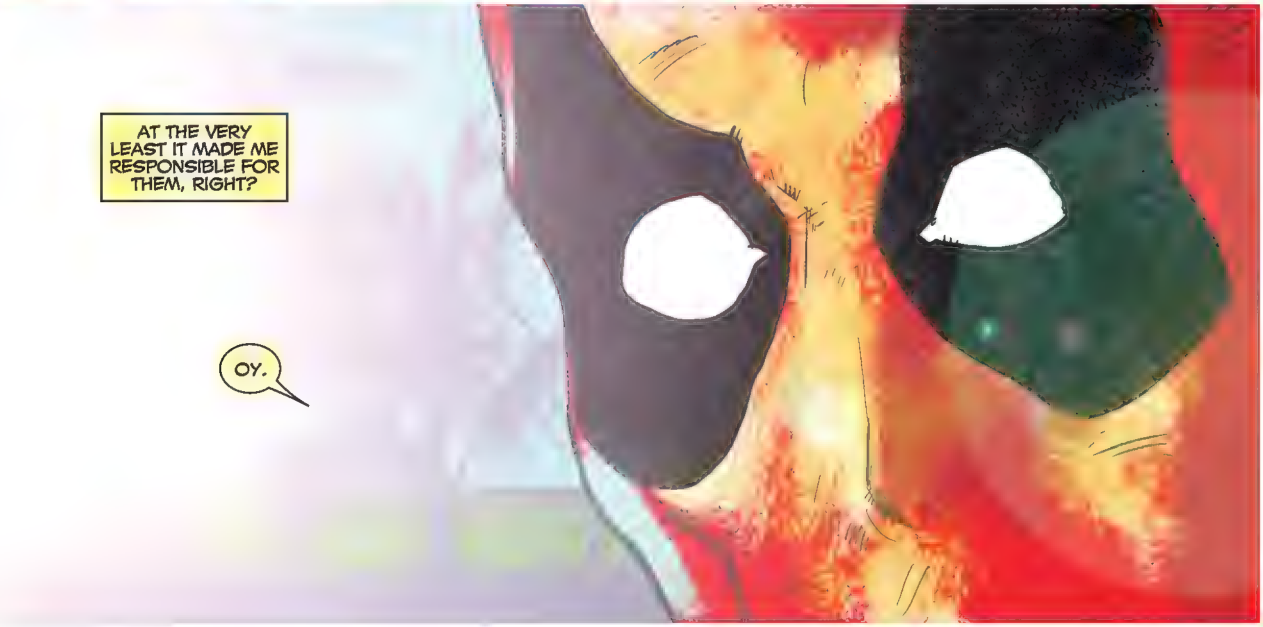

SOON...
I WAS PRETTY BLITZED. I REMEMBER GOING TO THIS DANCE CLUB. HE SAID HE WAS RICH, SO WE CAME BACK HERE AND DID THE NASTY.
I'M JUST A FREE SPIRIT, SUGAR, AND THAT'S THE WAY THAT IS.
OH, HONEY...
I FELT GUILTY, THOUGH. SO I CHOPPED HIM UP AND TOOK ALL HIS MONEY.
THOUGHT I'D BUY YOU SOMETHING NICE.

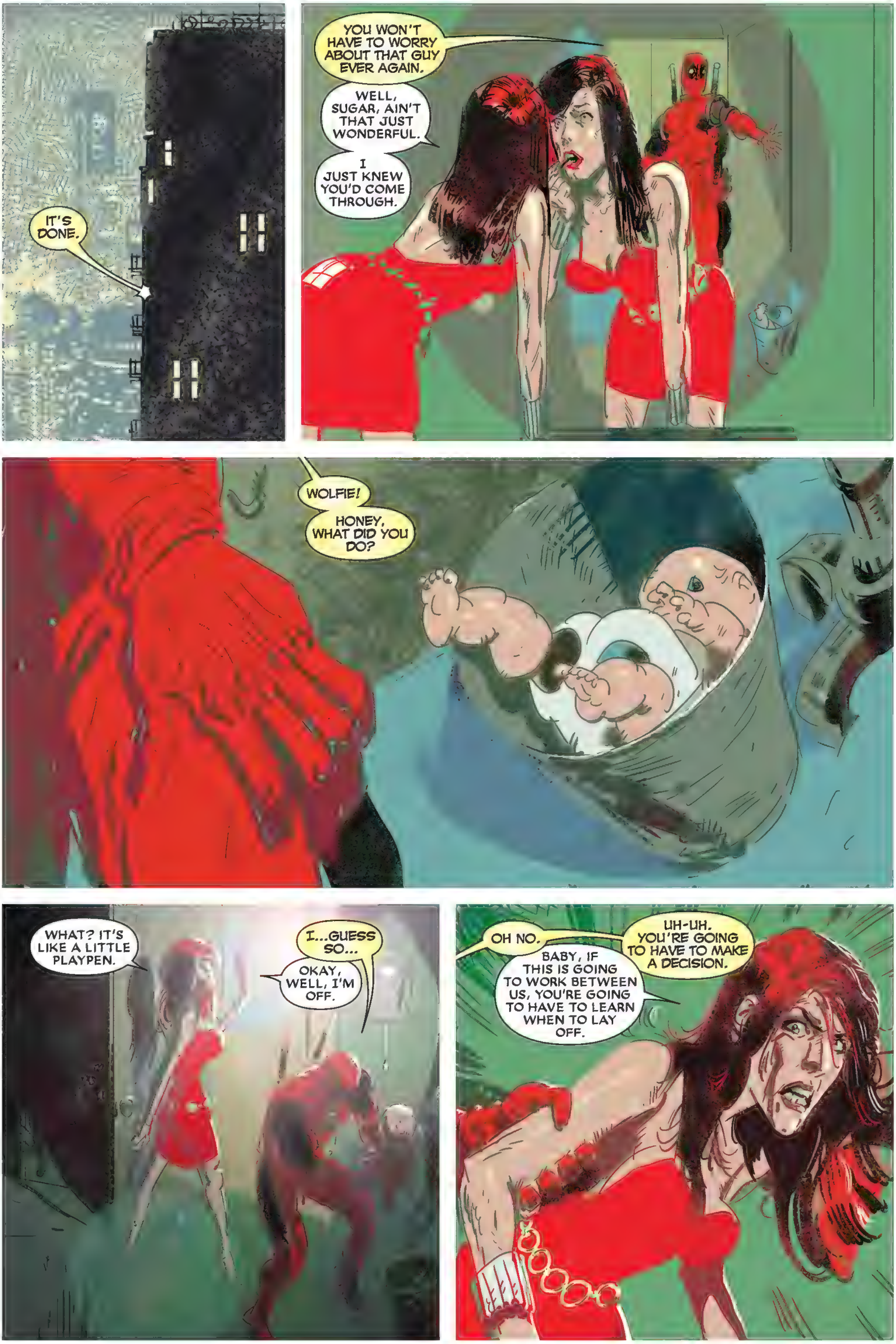

WELL, DID YOU LEARN A LESSON, AT LEAST?
YES.
IT'S FUN TO KILL AFTER SEX.
WELL, THAT *IS* A LESSON.

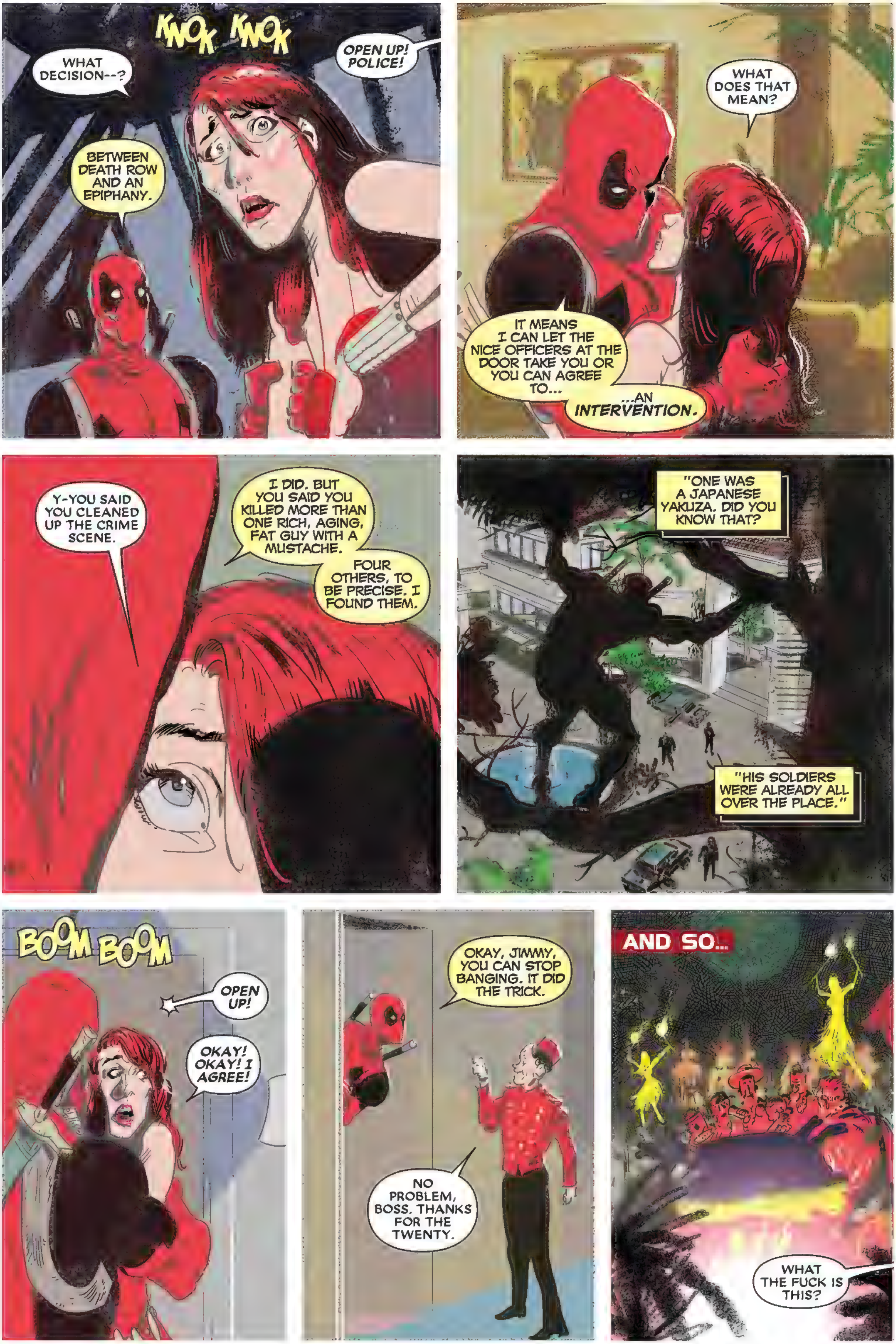

CRIME SCENE'S A MESS. I'M SURE YOUR PRINTS ARE EVERYWHERE.
YOU'LL HELP ME? YOU MUST. THERE'S NO GOOD SEX IN PRISON.

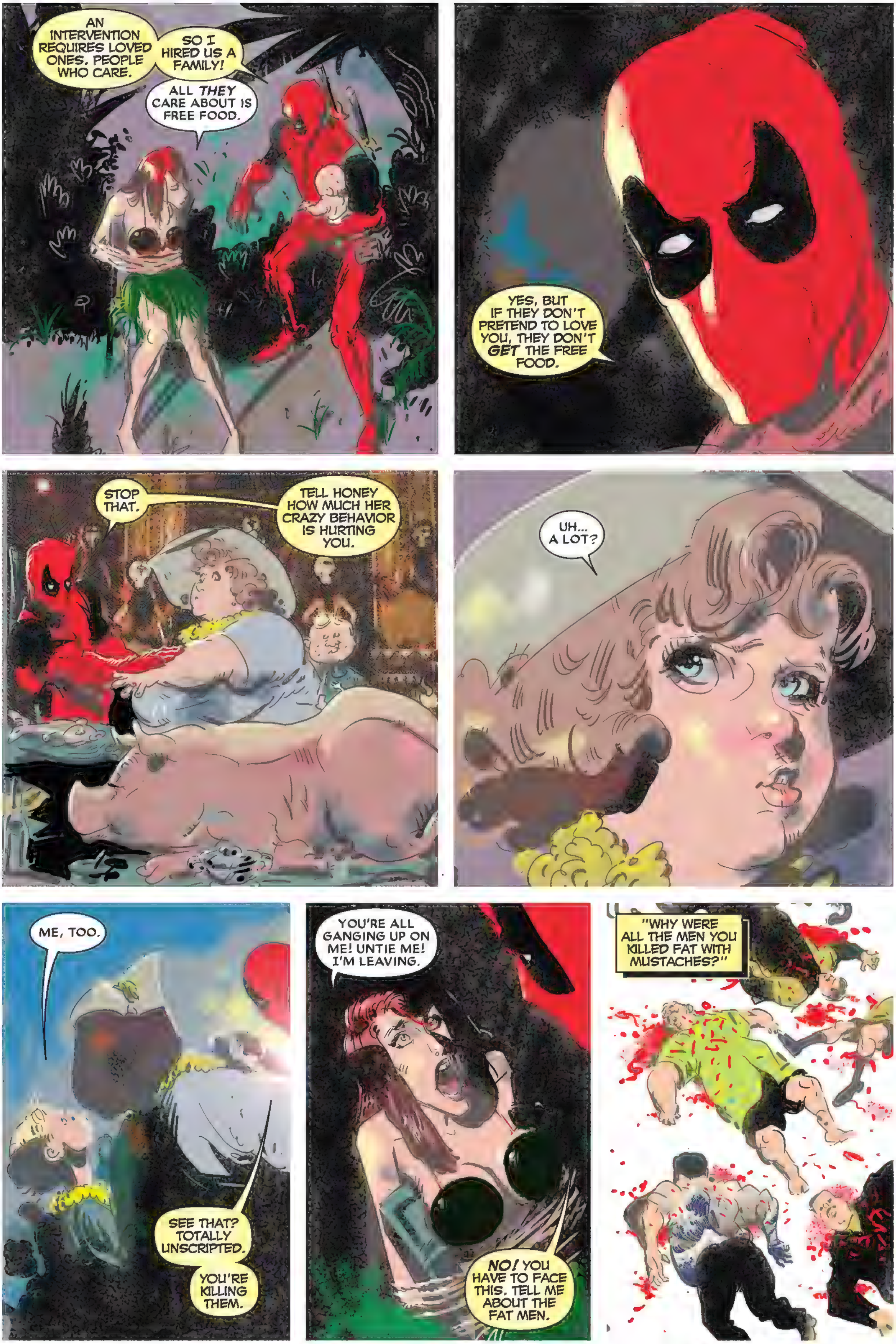

CAN'T HAVE OUR SON'S MAMA IN THE BIG HOUSE, CAN WE?
YOU AND WOLFIE HEAD BACK TO THE HOTEL WHILE I ARRANGE THINGS.

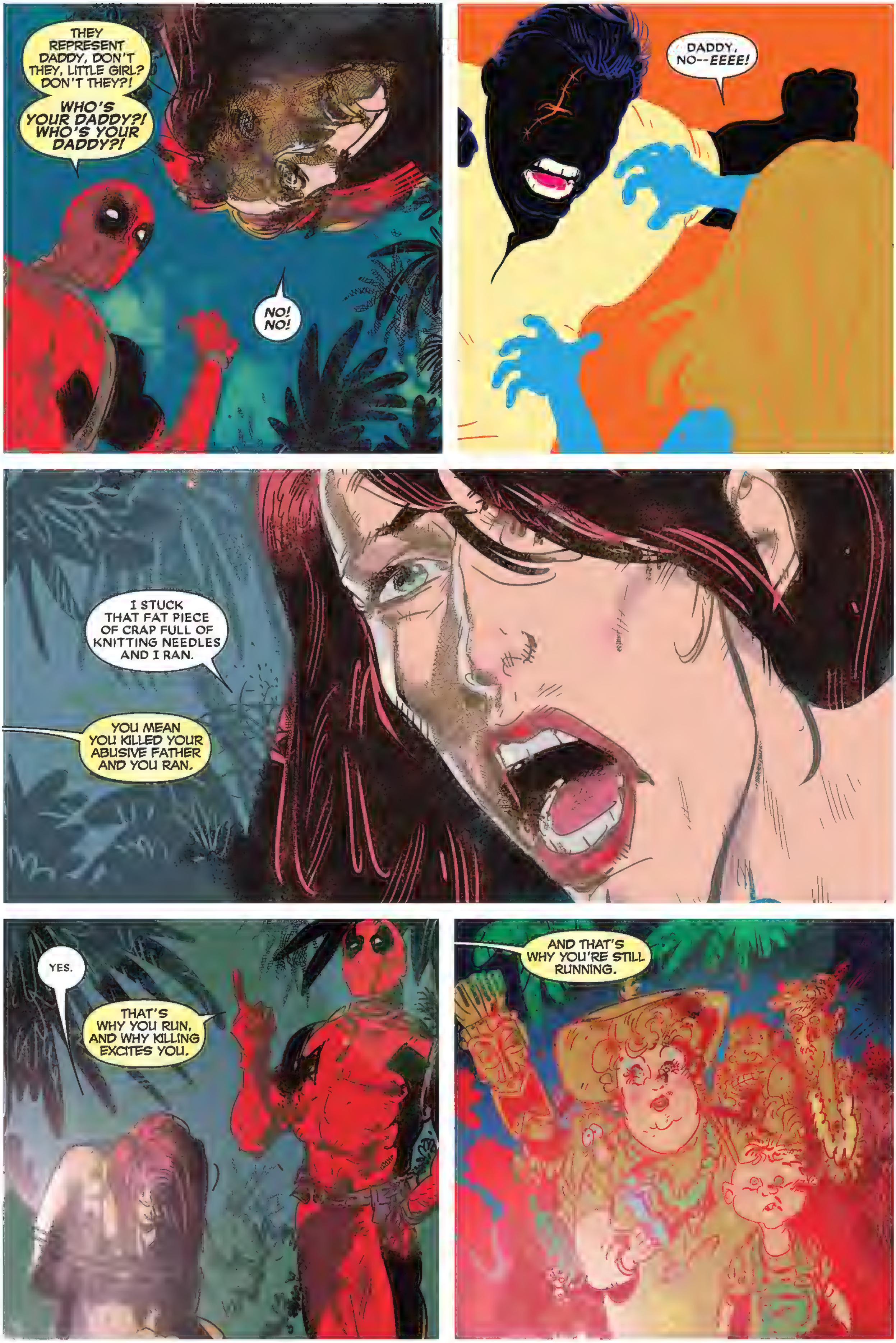

SHE WAS MY WIFE AND THE MOTHER OF MY PLASTIC CHILD.
THEY'RE MY FAMILY, AND THAT'S GOT TO COUNT FOR SOMETHING.

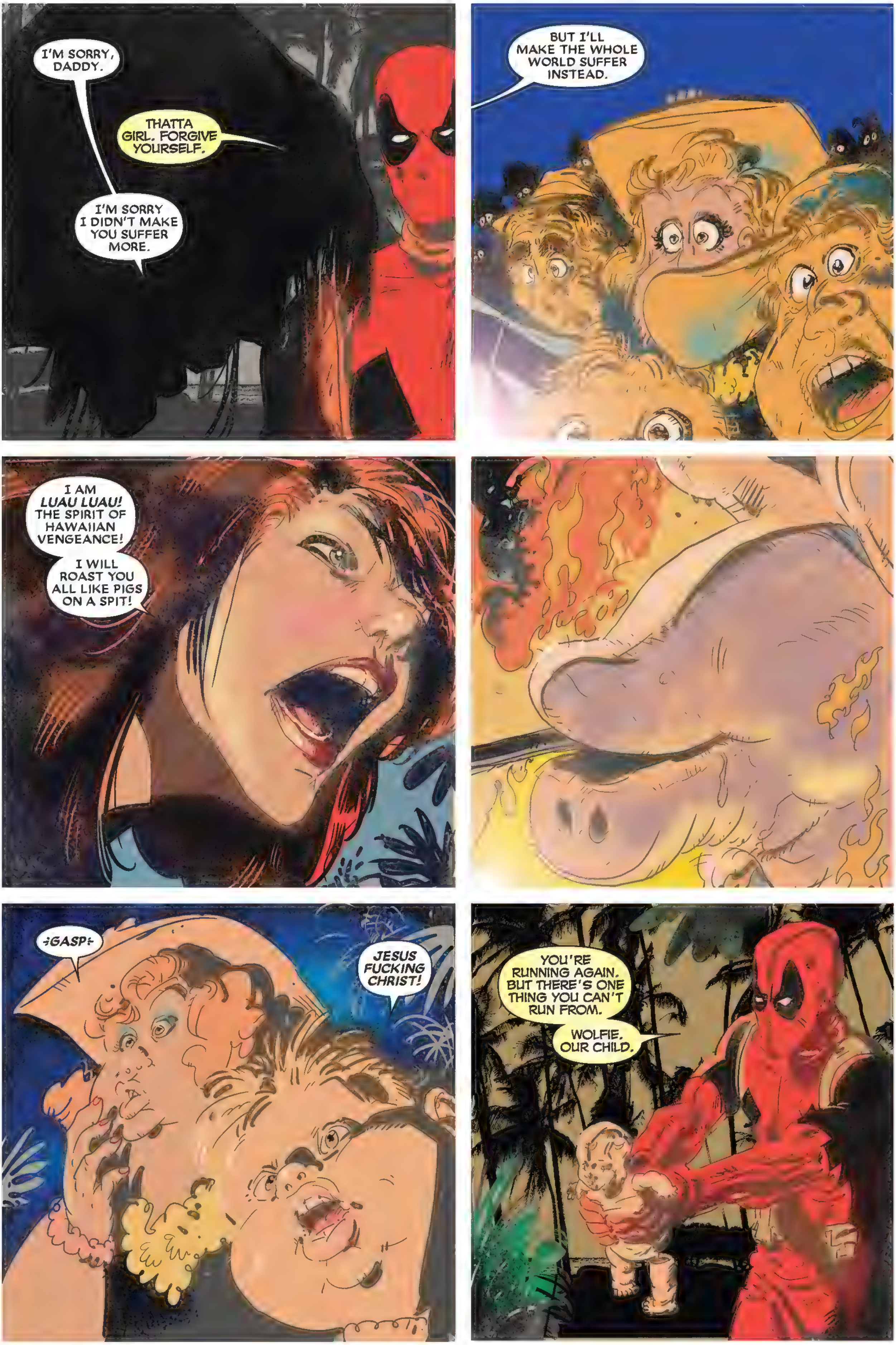

AT THE VERY LEAST IT MADE ME RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM, RIGHT?
OY.

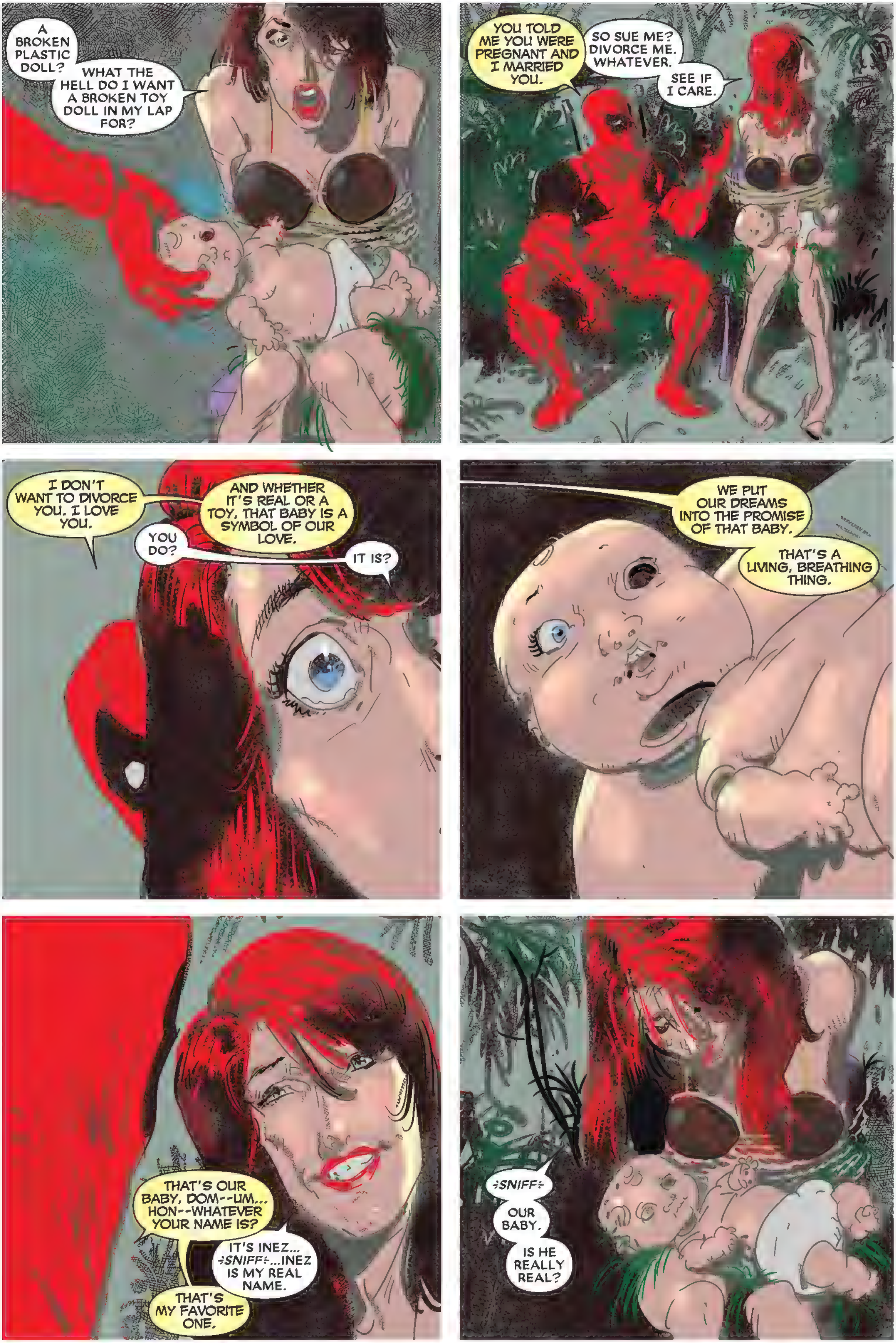

IT'S DONE.
YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT GUY EVER AGAIN.
WELL, SUGAR, AIN'T THAT JUST WONDERFUL.
I JUST KNEW YOU'D COME THROUGH.
WOLFIE!
HONEY, WHAT DID YOU DO?
WHAT? IT'S LIKE A LITTLE PLAYPEN.
I...GUESS SO...
OKAY, WELL, I'M OFF.
OH NO.
UH-UH. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE A DECISION.
BABY, IF THIS IS GOING TO WORK BETWEEN US, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN WHEN TO LAY OFF.

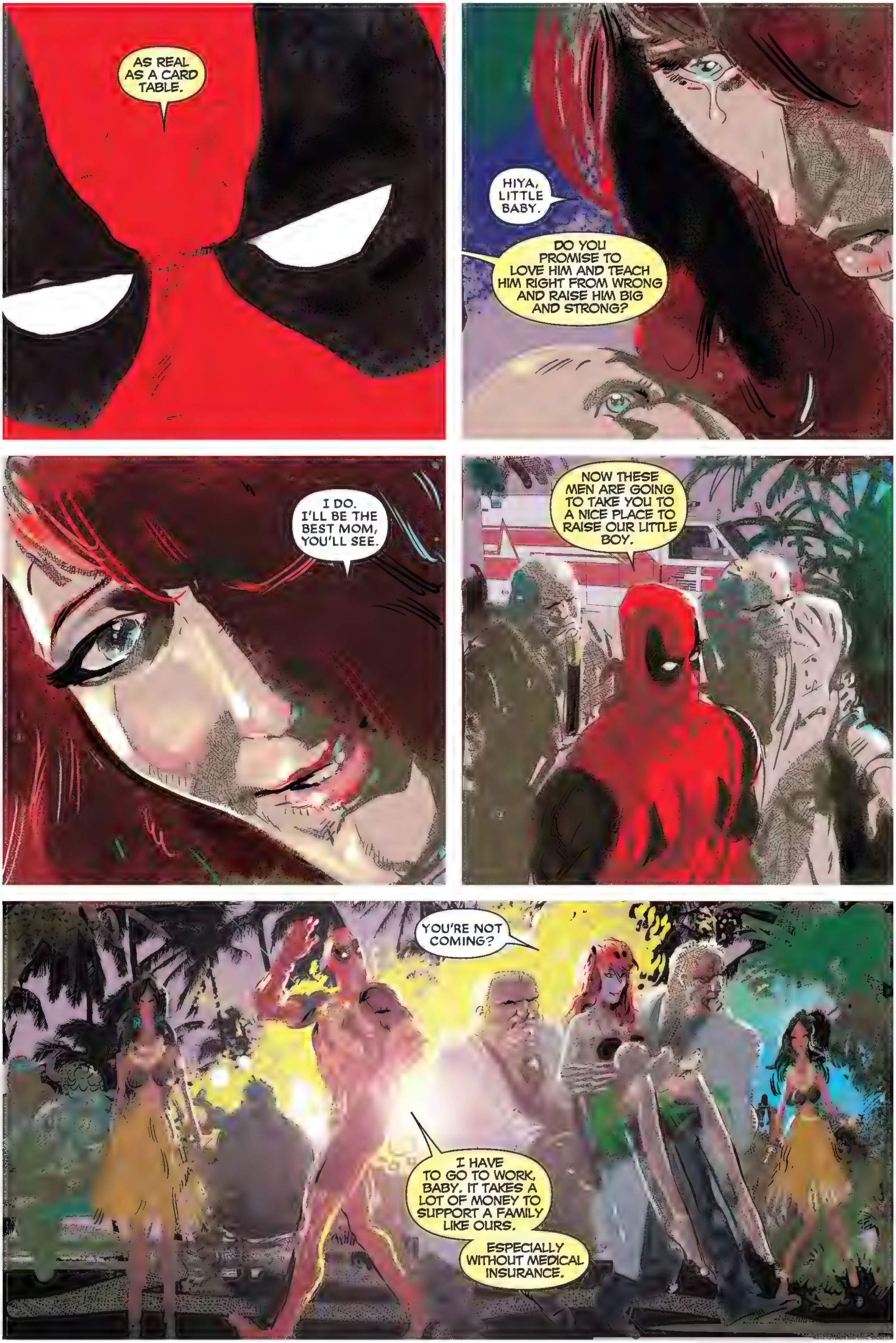

KNOK KNOK
WHAT DECISION--?
OPEN UP! POLICE!
BETWEEN DEATH ROW AND AN EPIPHANY.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS I CAN LET THE NICE OFFICERS AT THE DOOR TAKE YOU OR YOU CAN AGREE TO...
...AN INTERVENTION.
Y-YOU SAID YOU CLEANED UP THE CRIME SCENE.
I DID. BUT YOU SAID YOU KILLED MORE THAN ONE RICH, AGING, FAT GUY WITH A MUSTACHE.
FOUR OTHERS, TO BE PRECISE. I FOUND THEM.
"ONE WAS A JAPANESE YAKUZA. DID YOU KNOW THAT?
"HIS SOLDIERS WERE ALREADY ALL OVER THE PLACE."
BOOM BOOM
OPEN UP!
OKAY! OKAY! I AGREE!
OKAY, JIMMY, YOU CAN STOP BANGING. IT DID THE TRICK.
NO PROBLEM, BOSS. THANKS FOR THE TWENTY.
AND SO...
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

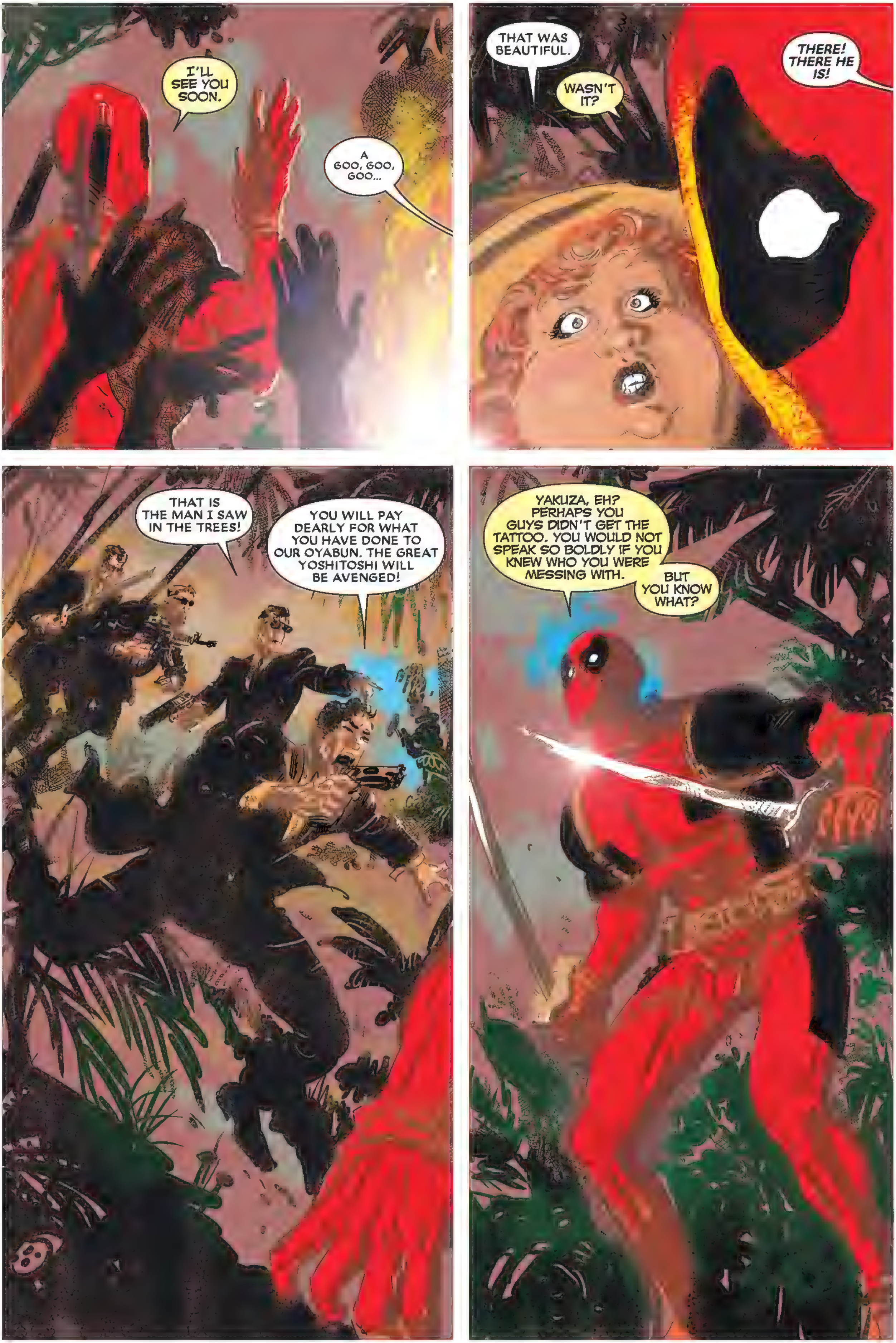

AN INTERVENTION REQUIRES LOVED ONES. PEOPLE WHO CARE.
SO I HIRED US A FAMILY!
ALL *THEY* CARE ABOUT IS FREE FOOD.
YES, BUT IF THEY DON'T PRETEND TO LOVE YOU, THEY DON'T ***GET*** THE FREE FOOD.
STOP THAT.
TELL HONEY HOW MUCH HER CRAZY BEHAVIOR IS HURTING YOU.
UH... A LOT?
ME, TOO.
SEE THAT? TOTALLY UNSCRIPTED.
YOU'RE KILLING THEM.
YOU'RE ALL GANGING UP ON ME! UNTIE ME! I'M LEAVING.
***NO!*** YOU HAVE TO FACE THIS. TELL ME ABOUT THE FAT MEN.
"WHY WERE ALL THE MEN YOU KILLED FAT WITH MUSTACHES?"

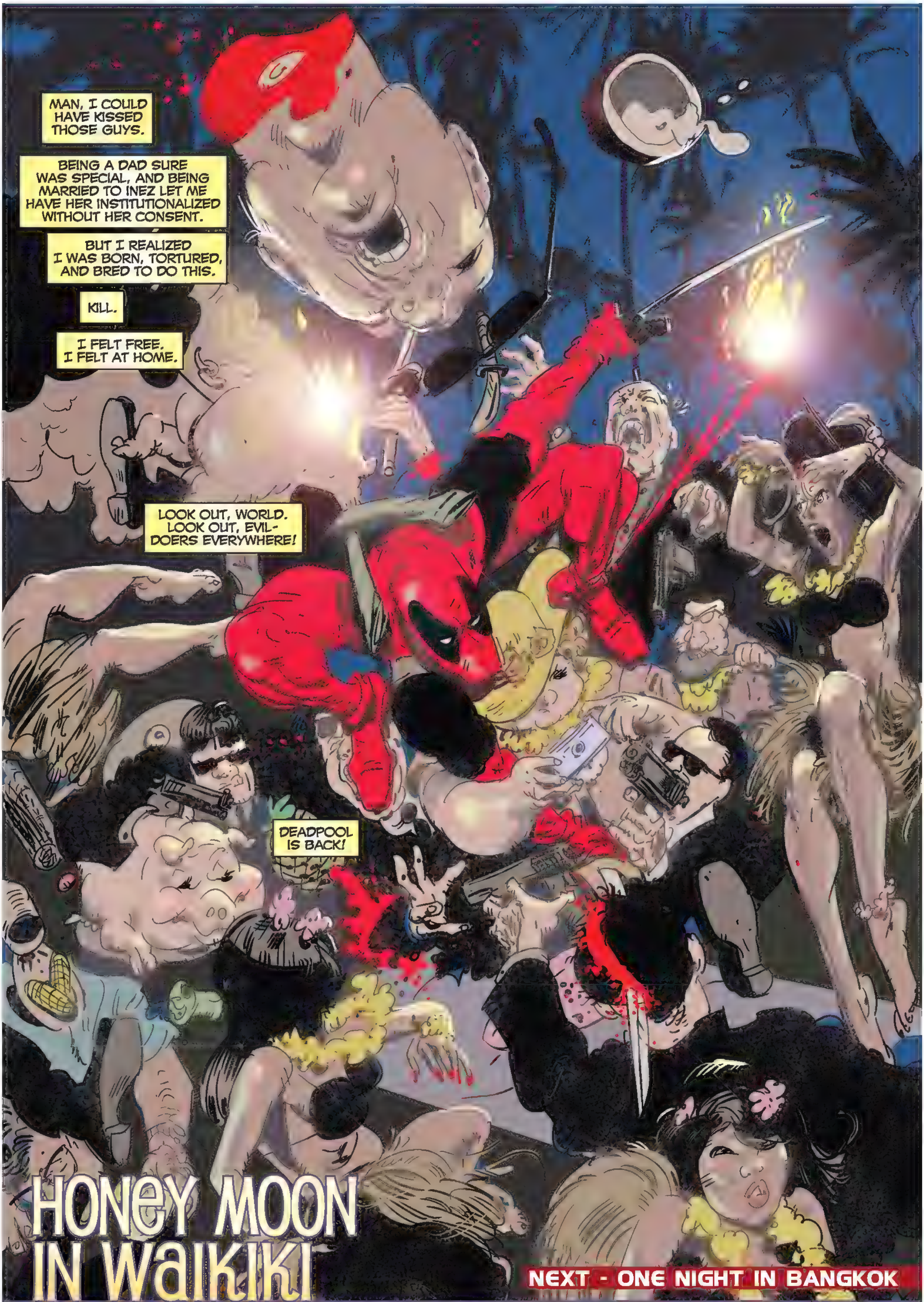

THEY REPRESENT DADDY, DON'T THEY, LITTLE GIRL? DON'T THEY?!
*WHO'S YOUR DADDY?! WHO'S YOUR DADDY?!*
*NO! NO!*
DADDY, NO--*EEEE!*
I STUCK THAT FAT PIECE OF CRAP FULL OF KNITTING NEEDLES AND I RAN.
YOU MEAN YOU KILLED YOUR ABUSIVE FATHER AND YOU RAN.
YES.
THAT'S WHY YOU RUN, AND WHY KILLING EXCITES YOU.
AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STILL RUNNING.


I'M SORRY, DADDY.
THATTA GIRL. FORGIVE YOURSELF.
I'M SORRY I DIDN'T MAKE YOU SUFFER MORE.
BUT I'LL MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD SUFFER INSTEAD.
I AM *LUAU LUAU!* THE SPIRIT OF HAWAIIAN VENGEANCE!
I WILL ROAST YOU ALL LIKE PIGS ON A SPIT!
-GASP-
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!
YOU'RE RUNNING AGAIN. BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN'T RUN FROM.
WOLFIE. OUR CHILD.


A BROKEN PLASTIC DOLL?
WHAT THE HELL DO I WANT A BROKEN TOY DOLL IN MY LAP FOR?
YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE PREGNANT AND I MARRIED YOU.
SO SUE ME? DIVORCE ME. WHATEVER.
SEE IF I CARE.
I DON'T WANT TO DIVORCE YOU. I LOVE YOU.
YOU DO?
AND WHETHER IT'S REAL OR A TOY, THAT BABY IS A SYMBOL OF OUR LOVE.
IT IS?
WE PUT OUR DREAMS INTO THE PROMISE OF THAT BABY.
THAT'S A LIVING, BREATHING THING.
THAT'S OUR BABY, DOM--UM... HON--WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS?
IT'S INEZ... ÷SNIFF÷ ...INEZ IS MY REAL NAME.
THAT'S MY FAVORITE ONE.
÷SNIFF÷
OUR BABY.
IS HE REALLY REAL?


AS REAL AS A CARD TABLE.
HIYA, LITTLE BABY.
DO YOU PROMISE TO LOVE HIM AND TEACH HIM RIGHT FROM WRONG AND RAISE HIM BIG AND STRONG?
I DO. I'LL BE THE BEST MOM, YOU'LL SEE.
NOW THESE MEN ARE GOING TO TAKE YOU TO A NICE PLACE TO RAISE OUR LITTLE BOY.
YOU'RE NOT COMING?
I HAVE TO GO TO WORK, BABY. IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY TO SUPPORT A FAMILY LIKE OURS.
ESPECIALLY WITHOUT MEDICAL INSURANCE.


I'LL SEE YOU SOON.
A GOO, GOO, GOO...
THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL.
WASN'T IT?
THERE! THERE HE IS!
THAT IS THE MAN I SAW IN THE TREES!
YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO OUR OYABUN. THE GREAT YOSHITOSHI WILL BE AVENGED!
YAKUZA, EH? PERHAPS YOU GUYS DIDN'T GET THE TATTOO. YOU WOULD NOT SPEAK SO BOLDLY IF YOU KNEW WHO YOU WERE MESSING WITH.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?

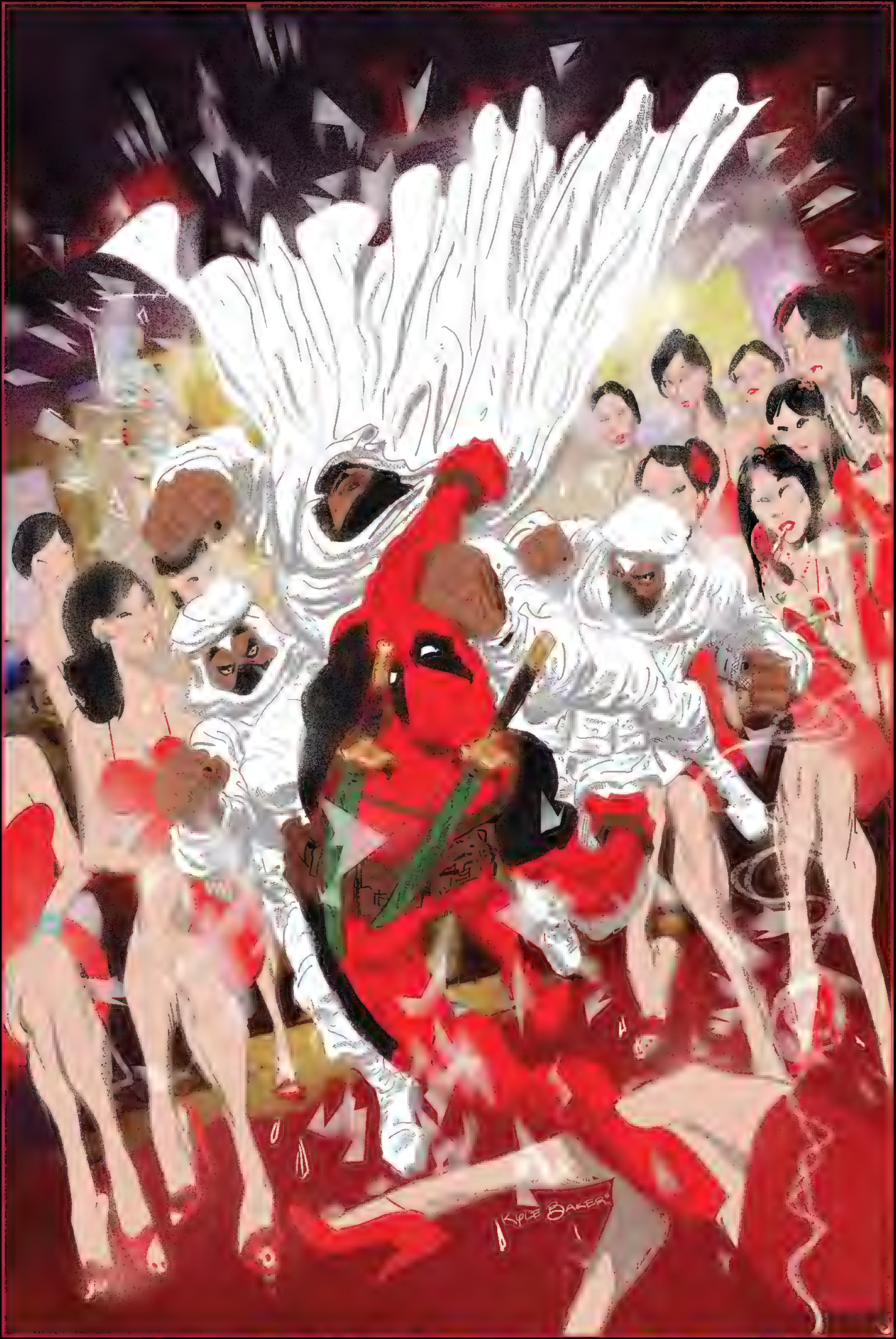

MAN, I COULD HAVE KISSED THOSE GUYS.
BEING A DAD SURE WAS SPECIAL, AND BEING MARRIED TO INEZ LET ME HAVE HER INSTITUTIONALIZED WITHOUT HER CONSENT.
BUT I REALIZED I WAS BORN, TORTURED, AND BRED TO DO THIS.
KILL.
I FELT FREE. I FELT AT HOME.
LOOK OUT, WORLD. LOOK OUT, EVIL-DOERS EVERYWHERE!
DEADPOOL IS BACK!

# HONEY MOON IN WAIKIKI

NEXT - ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK

DAVID LAPHAM WRITER
KYLE BAKER ARTIST
VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER
SEBASTIAN GIRNER EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

# NEXT:
# DEADPOOL MAX #8



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David Lapham
Kyle Baker
DEADPOOL®
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CONTENT
8
KYLE BAKER

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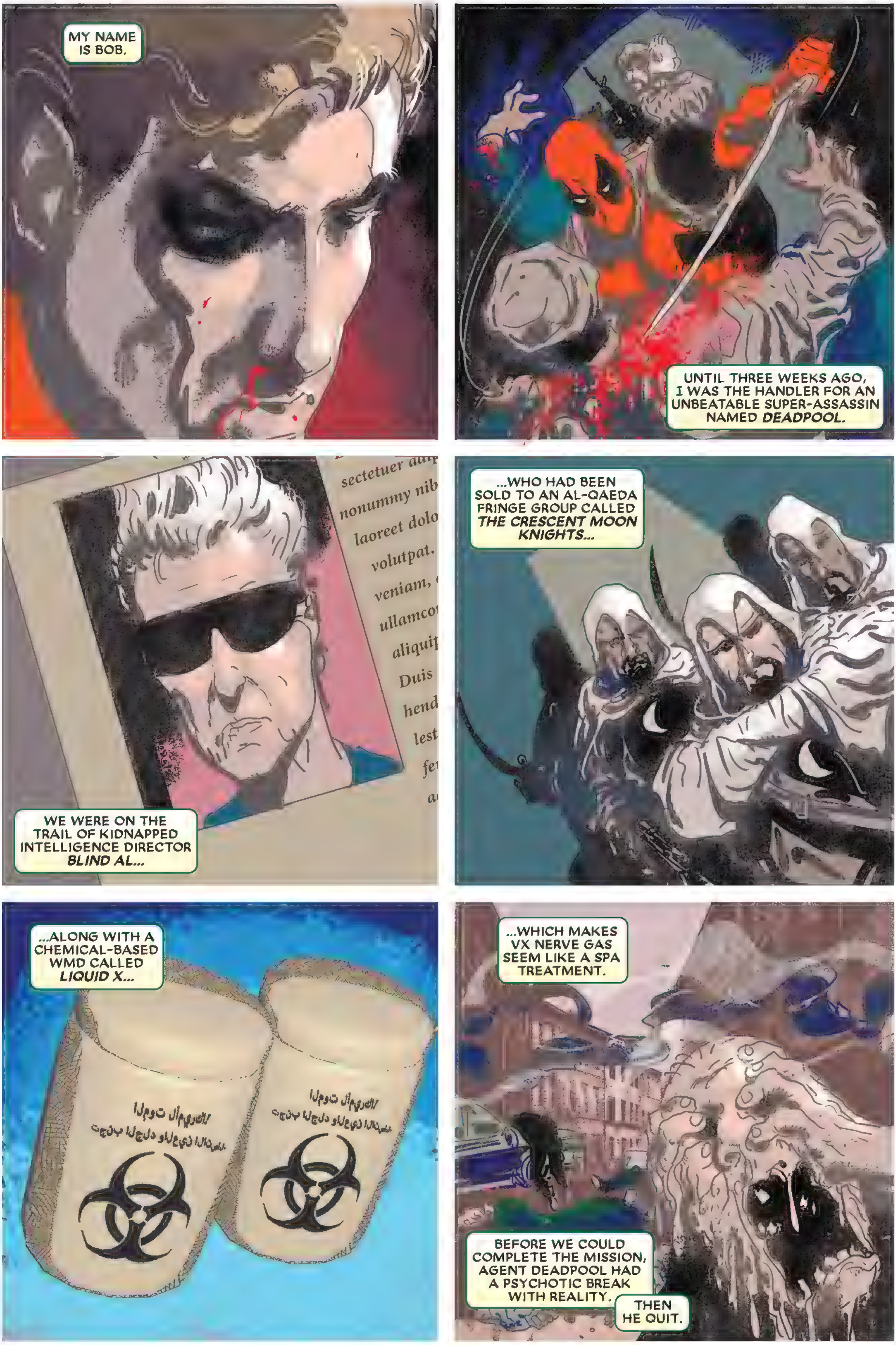
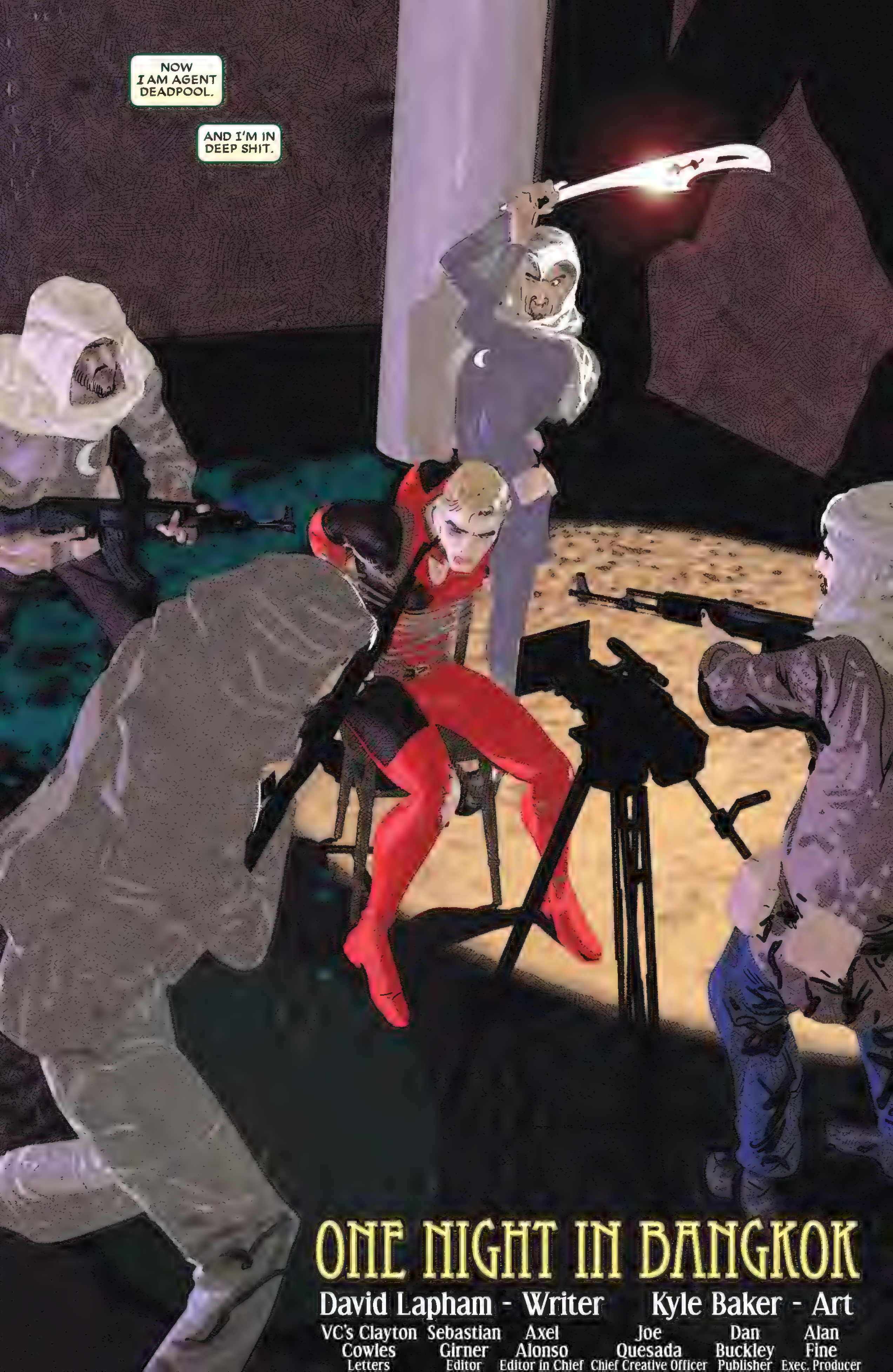

MY NAME IS BOB.
UNTIL THREE WEEKS AGO, I WAS THE HANDLER FOR AN UNBEATABLE SUPER-ASSASSIN NAMED ***DEADPOOL.***
WE WERE ON THE TRAIL OF KIDNAPPED INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR ***BLIND AL...***
sectetuer
nonummy
laoreet
volutpat.
veniam,
ullamco
aliqui
Duis
hend
lest
...WHO HAD BEEN SOLD TO AN AL-QAEDA FRINGE GROUP CALLED ***THE CRESCENT MOON KNIGHTS...***
...ALONG WITH A CHEMICAL-BASED WMD CALLED ***LIQUID X...***
...WHICH MAKES VX NERVE GAS SEEM LIKE A SPA TREATMENT.
BEFORE WE COULD COMPLETE THE MISSION, AGENT DEADPOOL HAD A PSYCHOTIC BREAK WITH REALITY.
THEN HE QUIT.


NOW I AM AGENT DEADPOOL.
AND I'M IN DEEP SHIT.

# ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK

David Lapham - Writer Kyle Baker - Art

VC's Clayton Cowles Letters
Sebastian Girner Editor
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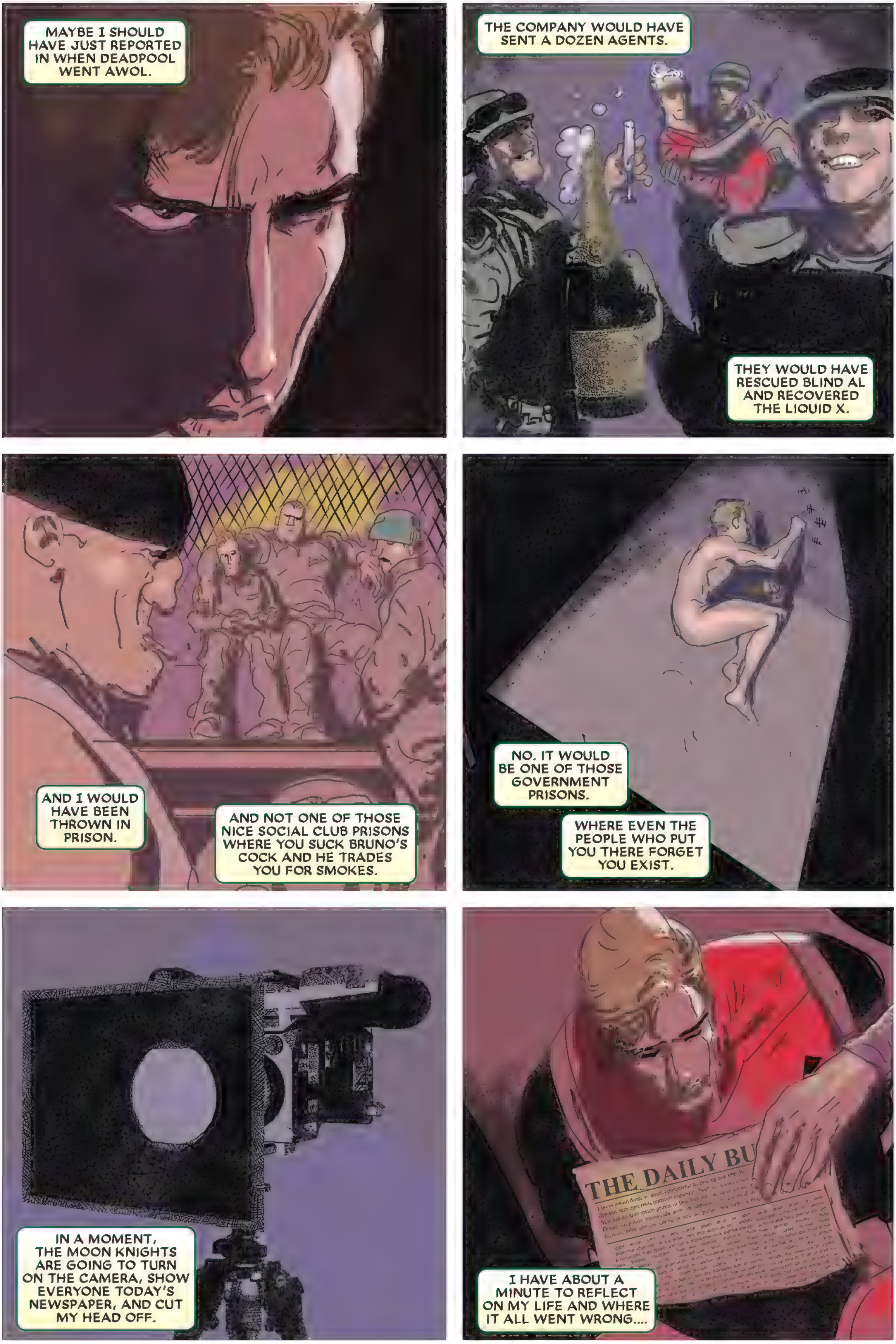
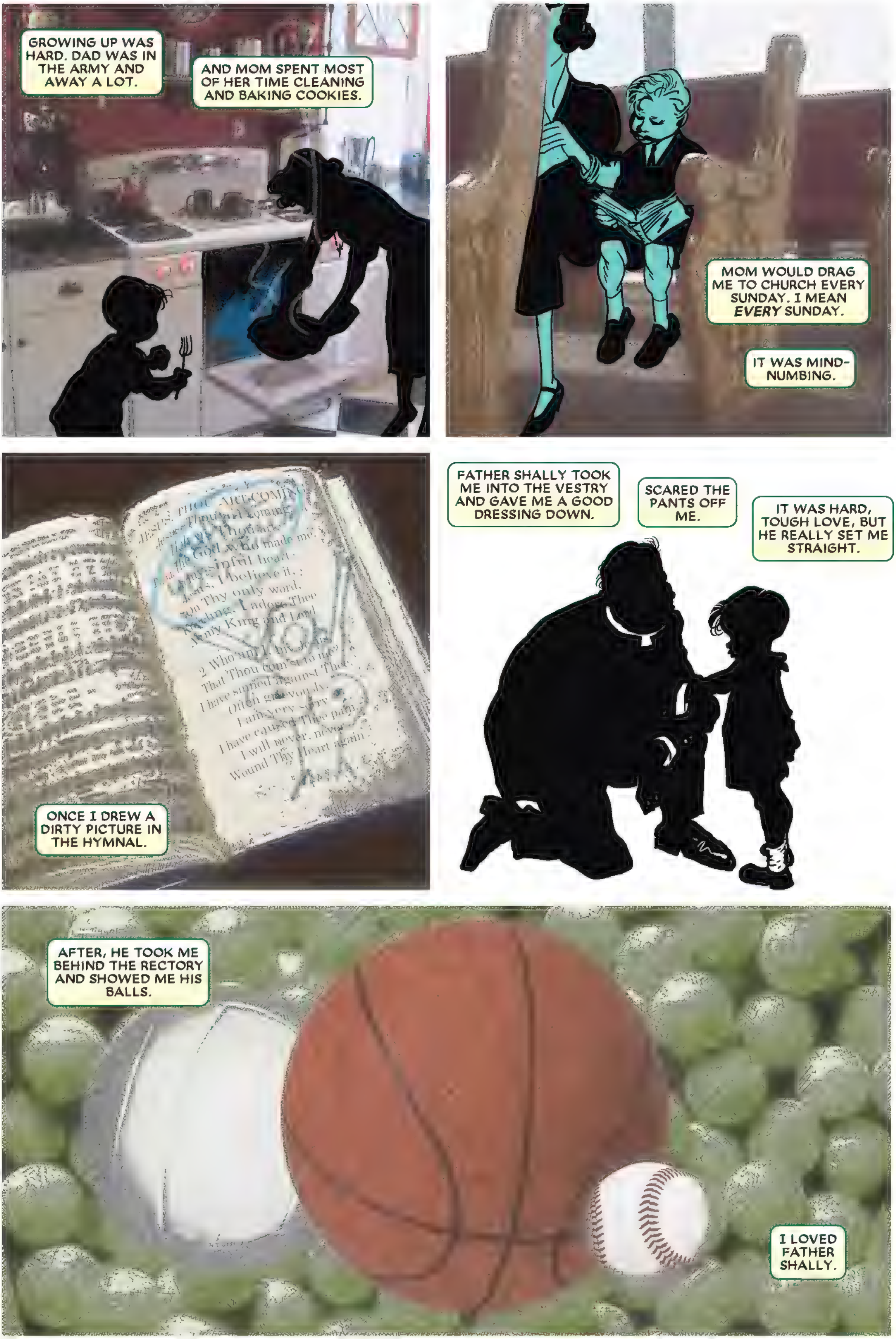
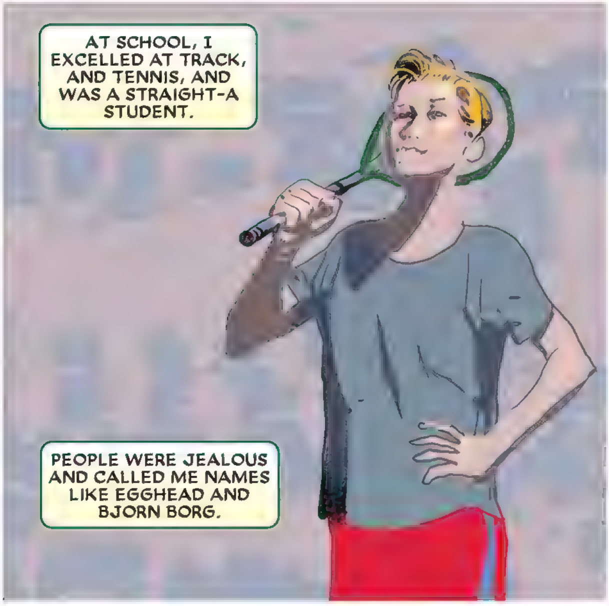
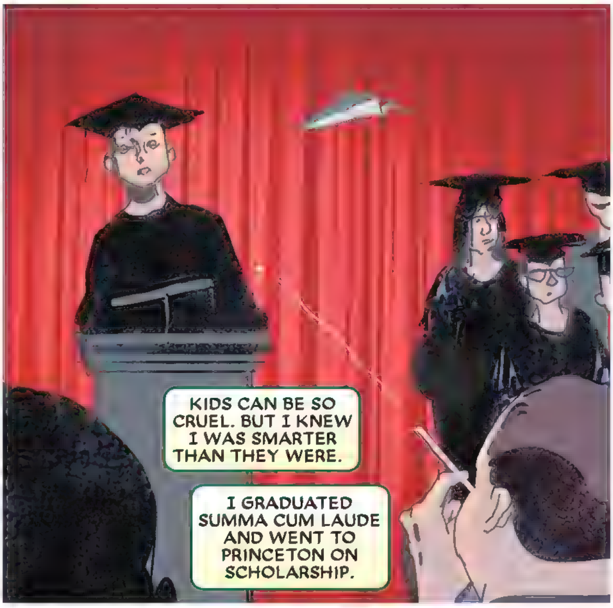
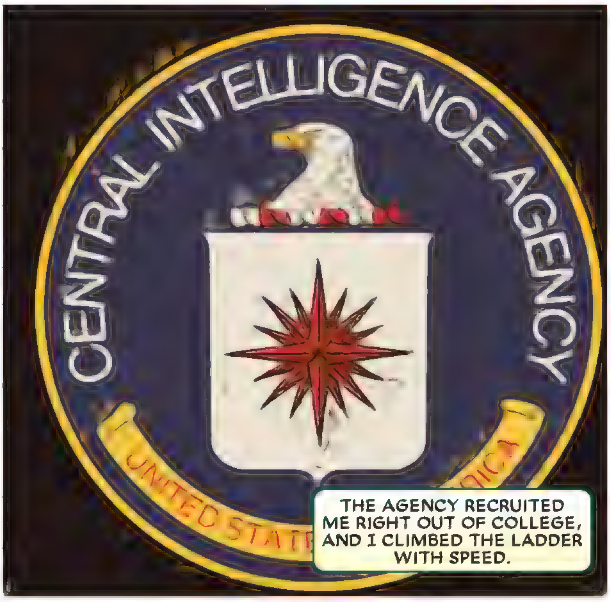
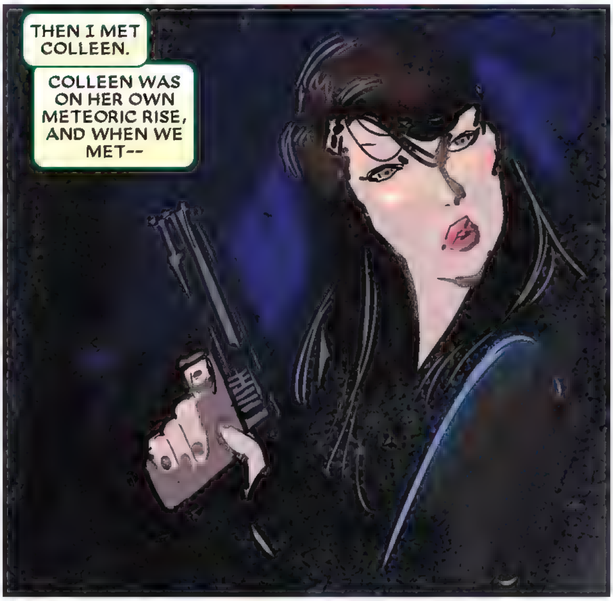

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE JUST REPORTED IN WHEN DEADPOOL WENT AWOL.
THE COMPANY WOULD HAVE SENT A DOZEN AGENTS.
THEY WOULD HAVE RESCUED BLIND AL AND RECOVERED THE LIQUID X.
AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN THROWN IN PRISON.
AND NOT ONE OF THOSE NICE SOCIAL CLUB PRISONS WHERE YOU SUCK BRUNO'S COCK AND HE TRADES YOU FOR SMOKES.
NO. IT WOULD BE ONE OF THOSE GOVERNMENT PRISONS.
WHERE EVEN THE PEOPLE WHO PUT YOU THERE FORGET YOU EXIST.
IN A MOMENT, THE MOON KNIGHTS ARE GOING TO TURN ON THE CAMERA, SHOW EVERYONE TODAY'S NEWSPAPER, AND CUT MY HEAD OFF.
THE DAILY BU
I HAVE ABOUT A MINUTE TO REFLECT ON MY LIFE AND WHERE IT ALL WENT WRONG....

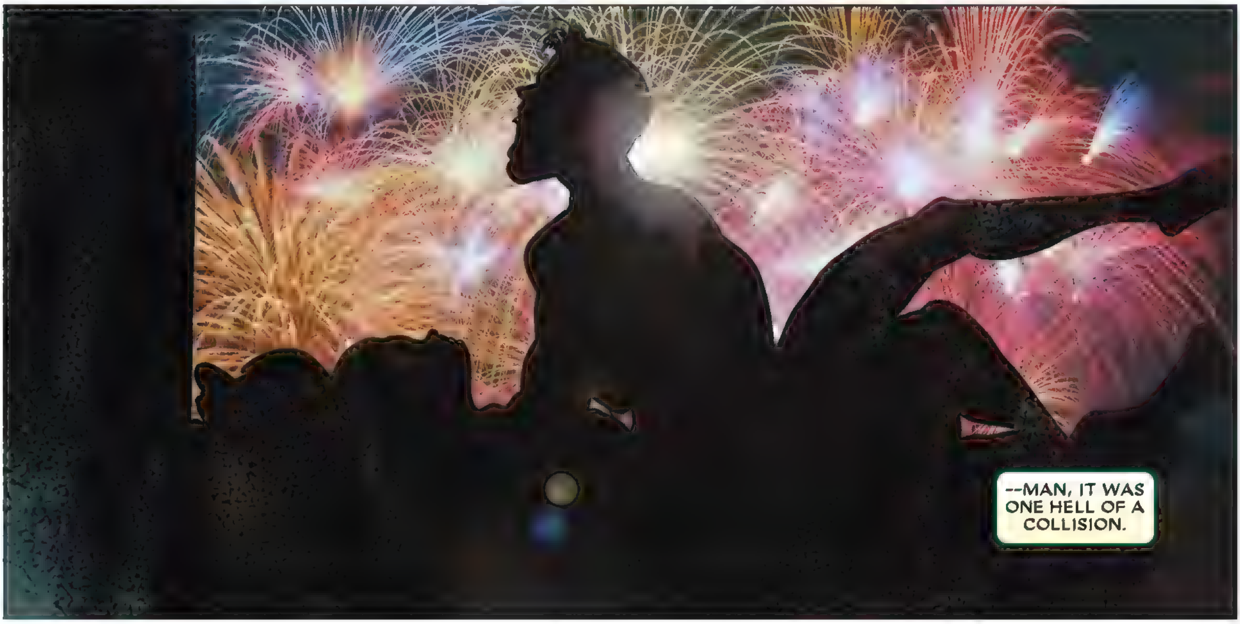

GROWING UP WAS HARD. DAD WAS IN THE ARMY AND AWAY A LOT.
AND MOM SPENT MOST OF HER TIME CLEANING AND BAKING COOKIES.
MOM WOULD DRAG ME TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY. I MEAN *EVERY* SUNDAY.
IT WAS MIND-NUMBING.
ONCE I DREW A DIRTY PICTURE IN THE HYMNAL.
FATHER SHALLY TOOK ME INTO THE VESTRY AND GAVE ME A GOOD DRESSING DOWN.
SCARED THE PANTS OFF ME.
IT WAS HARD, TOUGH LOVE, BUT HE REALLY SET ME STRAIGHT.
AFTER, HE TOOK ME BEHIND THE RECTORY AND SHOWED ME HIS BALLS.
I LOVED FATHER SHALLY.

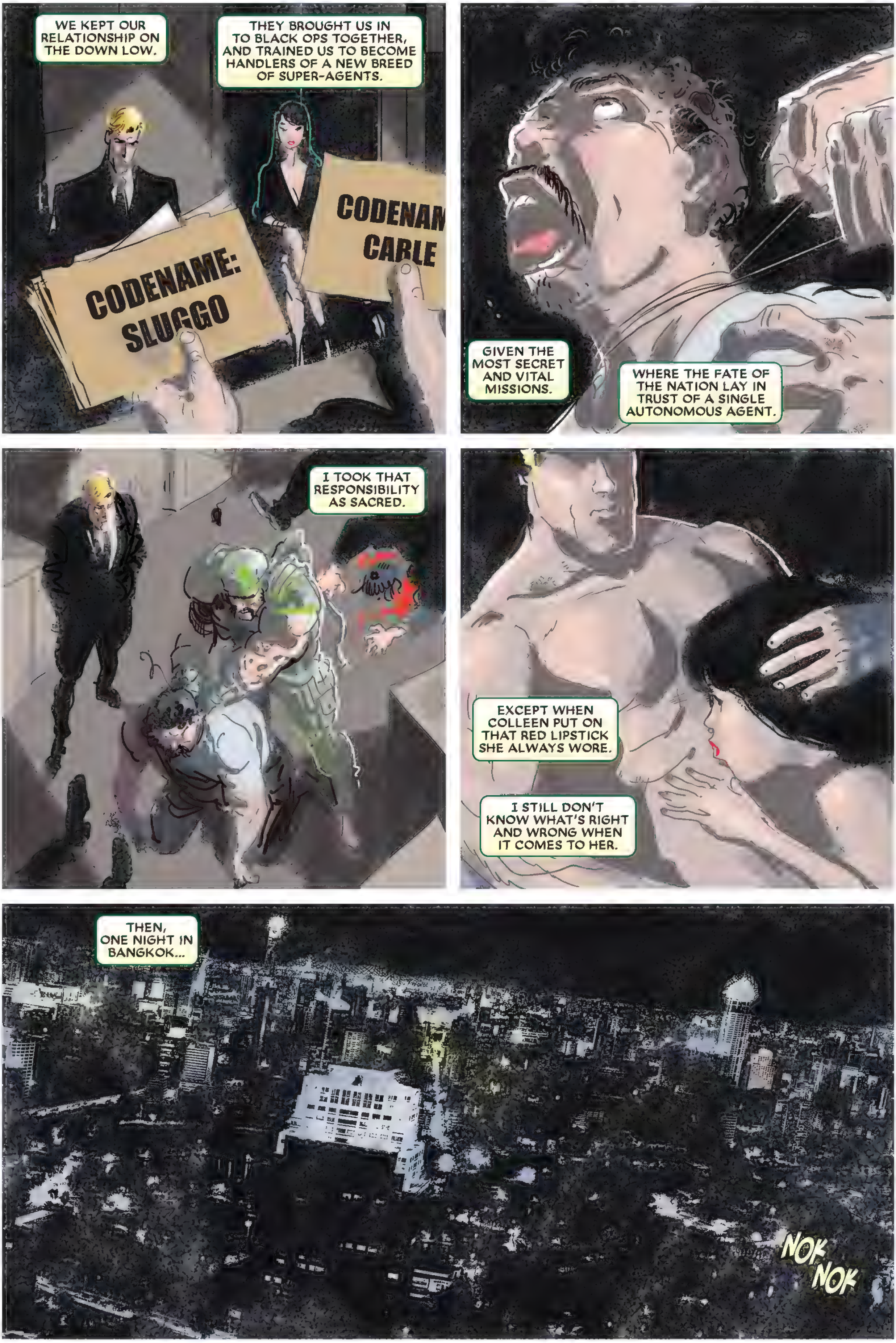

AT SCHOOL, I EXCELLED AT TRACK, AND TENNIS, AND WAS A STRAIGHT-A STUDENT.
PEOPLE WERE JEALOUS AND CALLED ME NAMES LIKE EGGHEAD AND BJORN BORG.

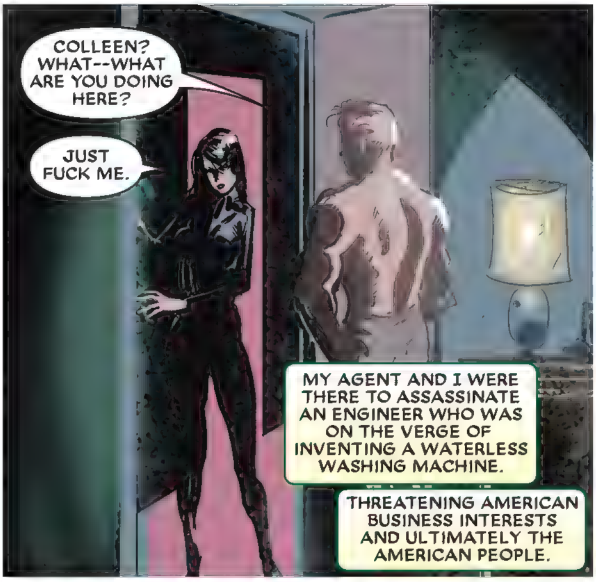

KIDS CAN BE SO CRUEL. BUT I KNEW I WAS SMARTER THAN THEY WERE.
I GRADUATED SUMMA CUM LAUDE AND WENT TO PRINCETON ON SCHOLARSHIP.

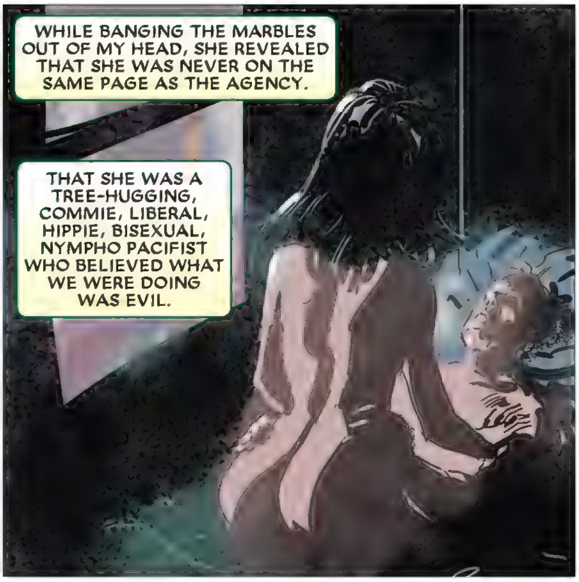

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
THE AGENCY RECRUITED ME RIGHT OUT OF COLLEGE, AND I CLIMBED THE LADDER WITH SPEED.

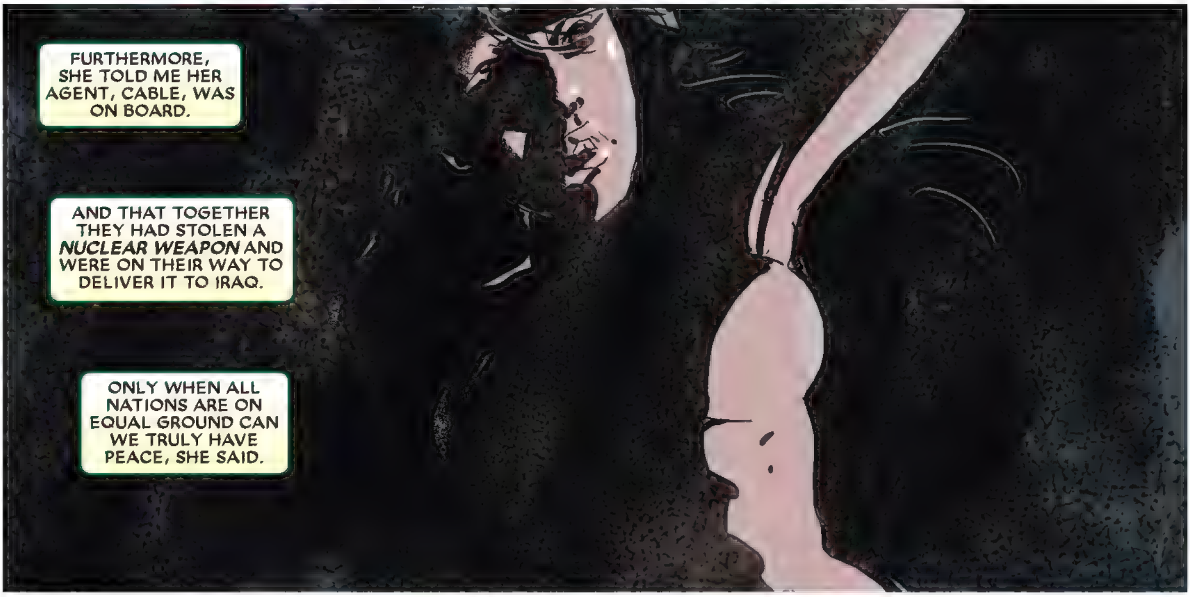

THEN I MET COLLEEN.
COLLEEN WAS ON HER OWN METEORIC RISE, AND WHEN WE MET--

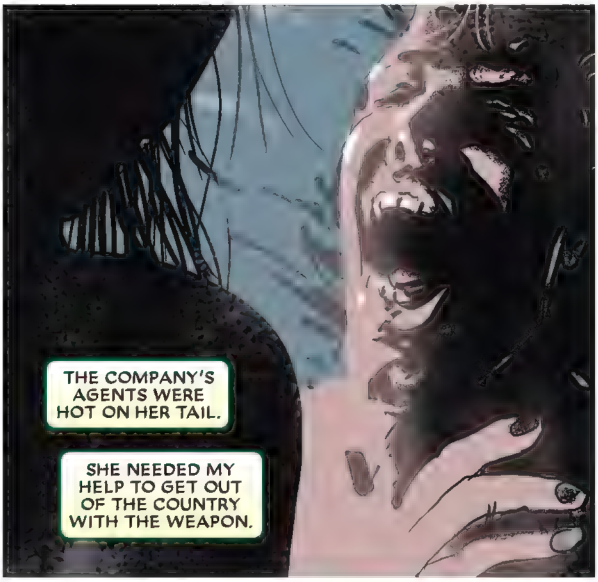

--MAN, IT WAS ONE HELL OF A COLLISION.

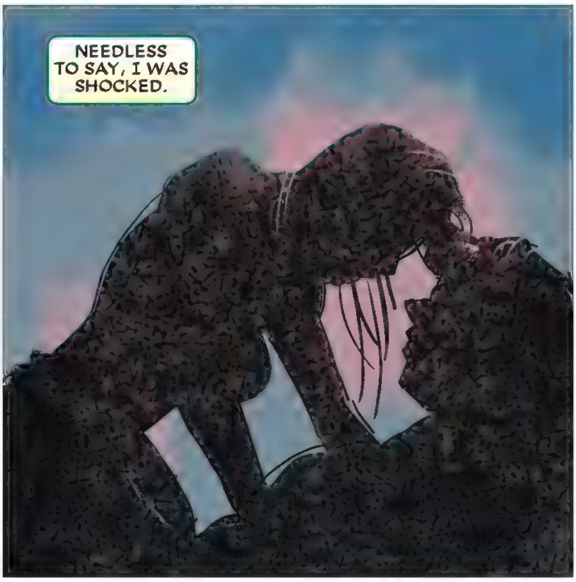

WE KEPT OUR RELATIONSHIP ON THE DOWN LOW.
THEY BROUGHT US IN TO BLACK OPS TOGETHER, AND TRAINED US TO BECOME HANDLERS OF A NEW BREED OF SUPER-AGENTS.
CODENAME: SLUGGO
CODENAM
CABLE
GIVEN THE MOST SECRET AND VITAL MISSIONS.
WHERE THE FATE OF THE NATION LAY IN TRUST OF A SINGLE AUTONOMOUS AGENT.
I TOOK THAT RESPONSIBILITY AS SACRED.
EXCEPT WHEN COLLEEN PUT ON THAT RED LIPSTICK SHE ALWAYS WORE.
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT AND WRONG WHEN IT COMES TO HER.
THEN, ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK...
NOK
NOK

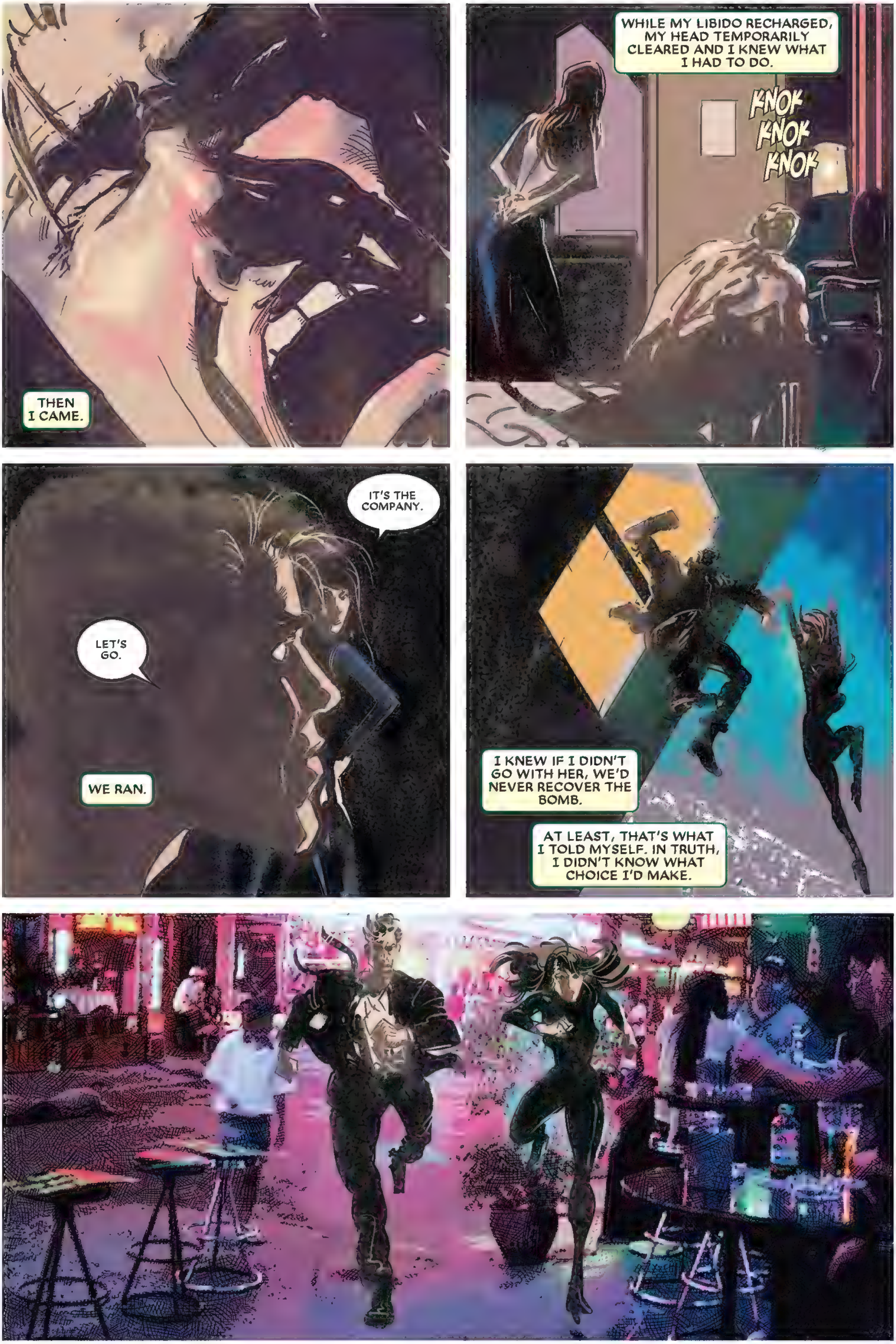

COLLEEN? WHAT--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JUST FUCK ME.
MY AGENT AND I WERE THERE TO ASSASSINATE AN ENGINEER WHO WAS ON THE VERGE OF INVENTING A WATERLESS WASHING MACHINE.
THREATENING AMERICAN BUSINESS INTERESTS AND ULTIMATELY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

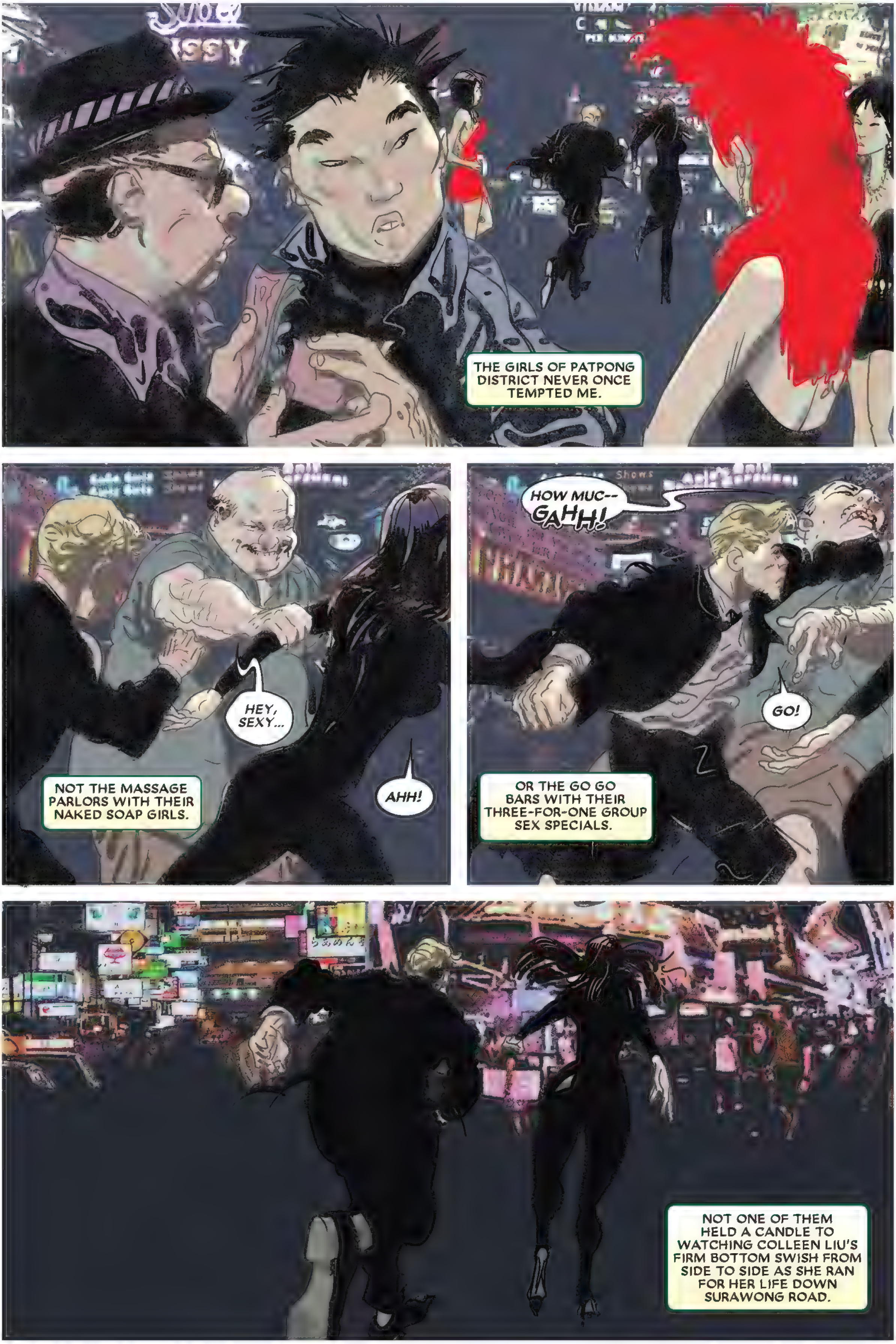

WHILE BANGING THE MARBLES OUT OF MY HEAD, SHE REVEALED THAT SHE WAS NEVER ON THE SAME PAGE AS THE AGENCY.
THAT SHE WAS A TREE-HUGGING, COMMIE, LIBERAL, HIPPIE, BISEXUAL, NYMPHO PACIFIST WHO BELIEVED WHAT WE WERE DOING WAS EVIL.

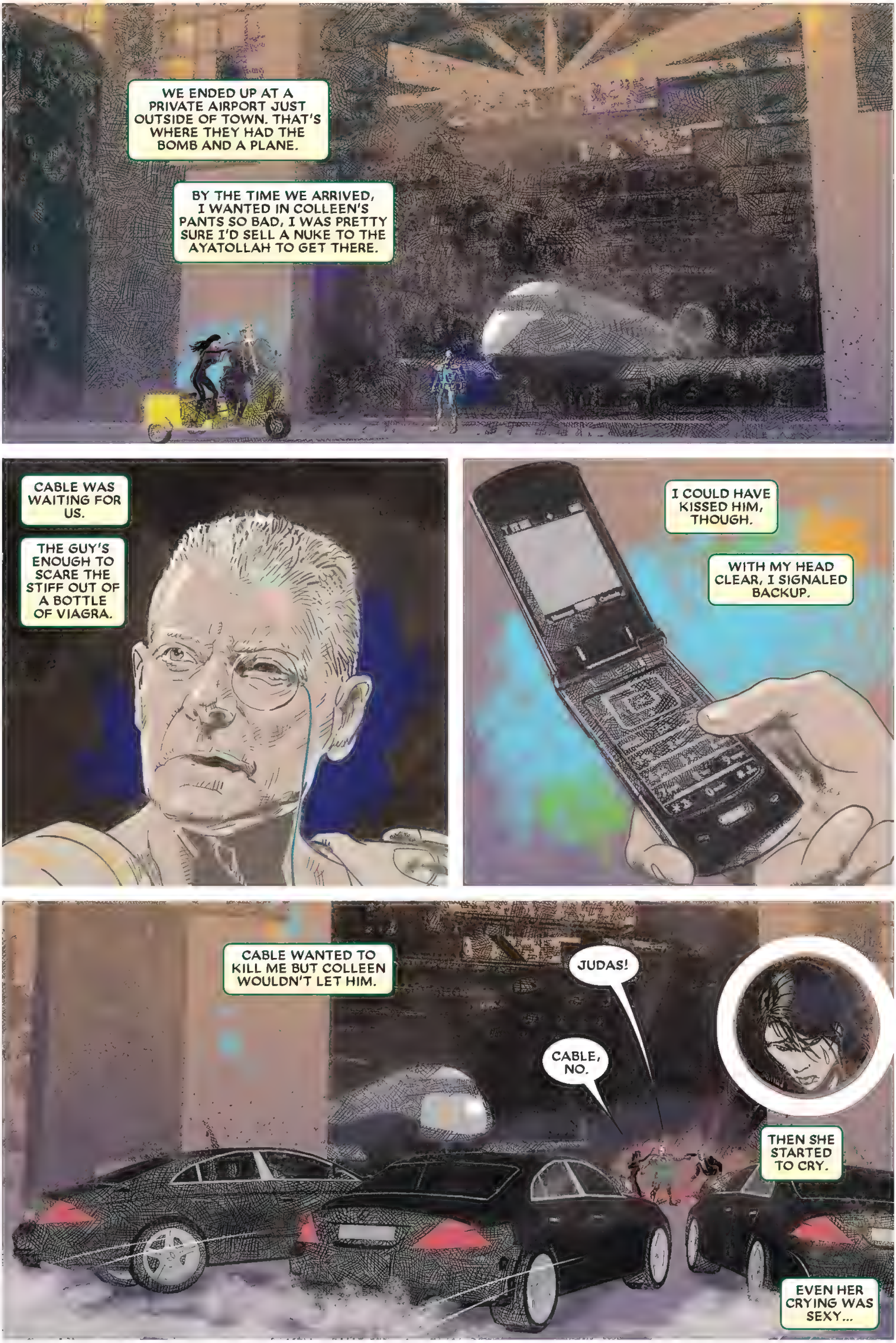

FURTHERMORE, SHE TOLD ME HER AGENT, CABLE, WAS ON BOARD.
AND THAT TOGETHER THEY HAD STOLEN A *NUCLEAR WEAPON* AND WERE ON THEIR WAY TO DELIVER IT TO IRAQ.
ONLY WHEN ALL NATIONS ARE ON EQUAL GROUND CAN WE TRULY HAVE PEACE, SHE SAID.

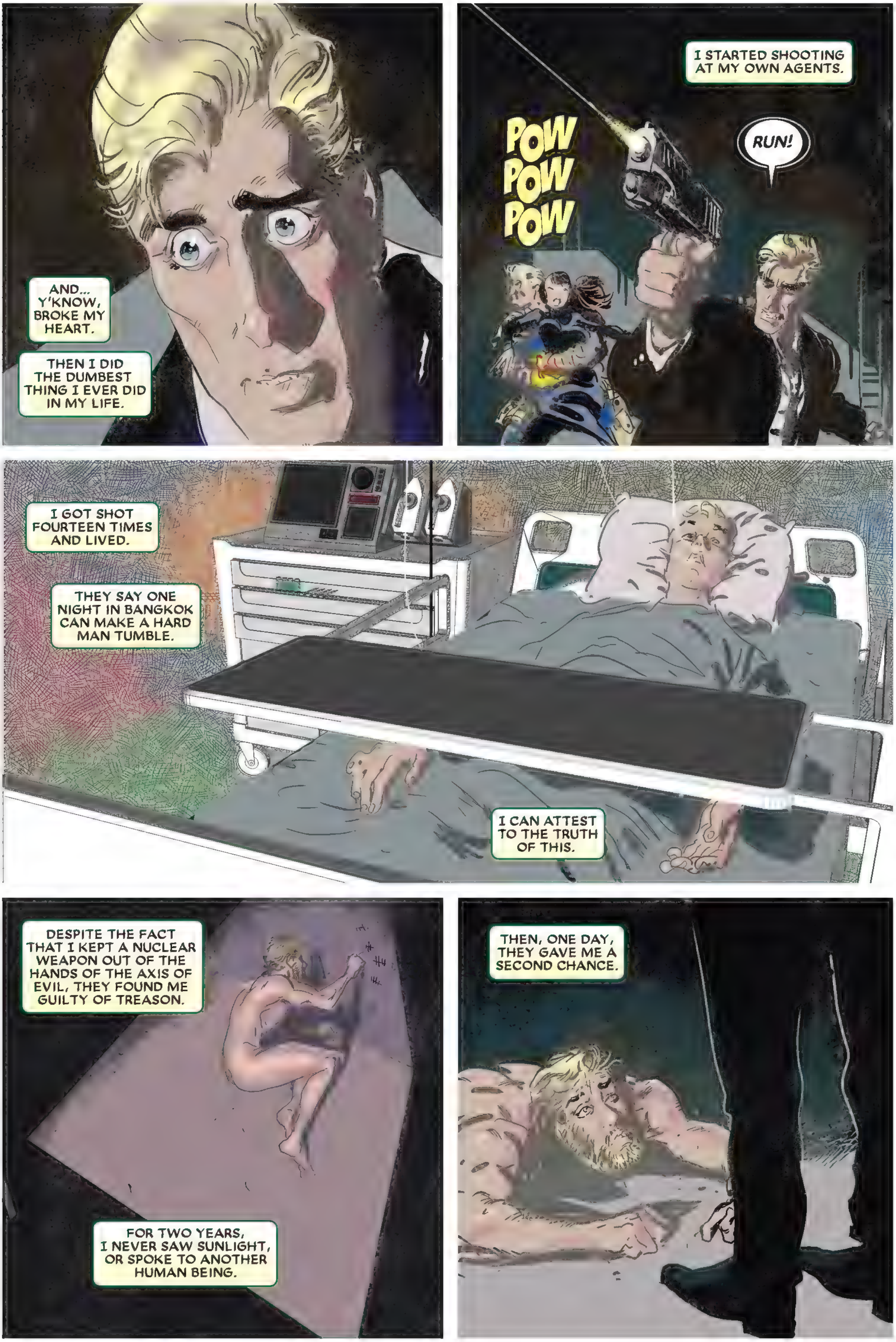

THE COMPANY'S AGENTS WERE HOT ON HER TAIL.
SHE NEEDED MY HELP TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY WITH THE WEAPON.

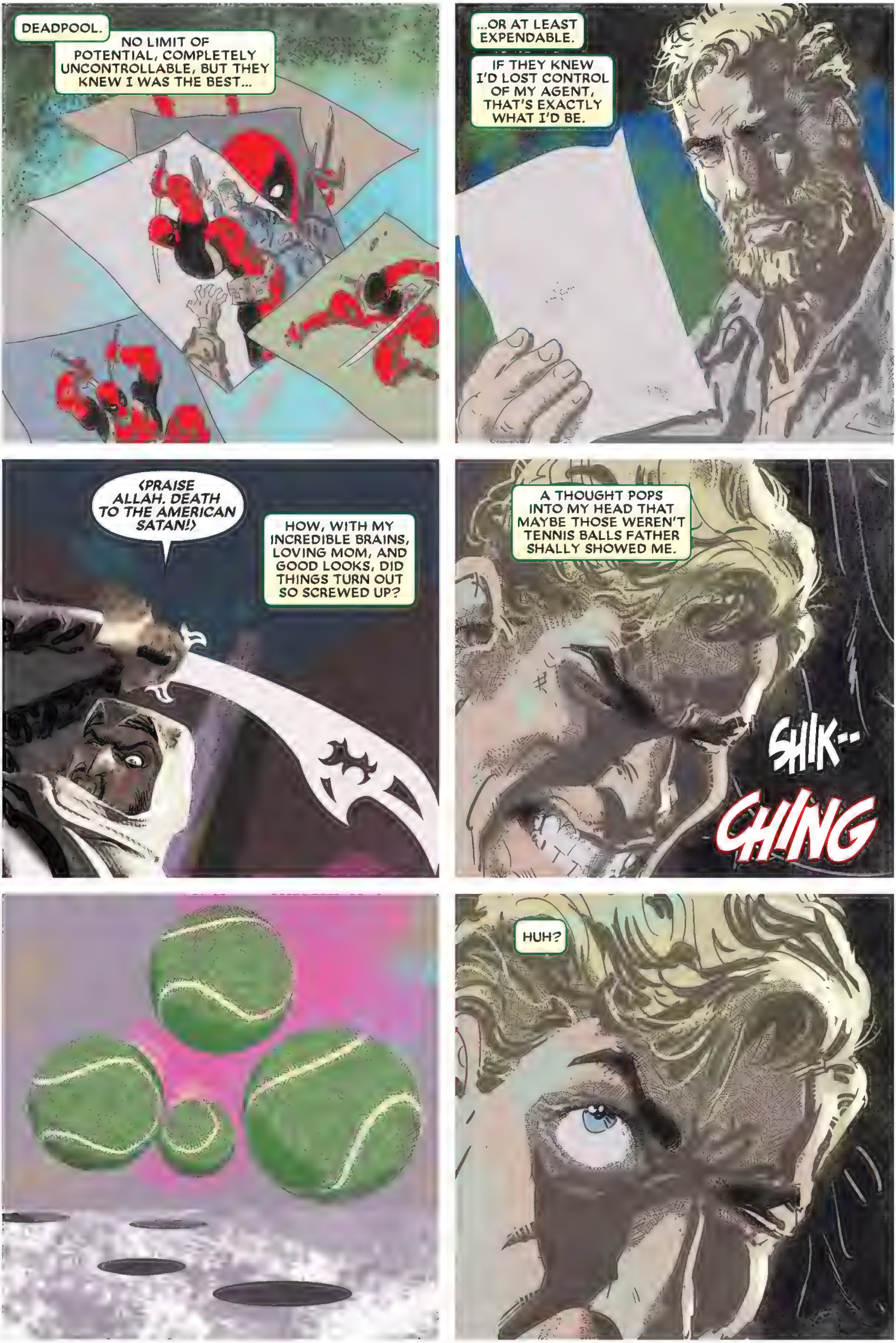

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS SHOCKED.

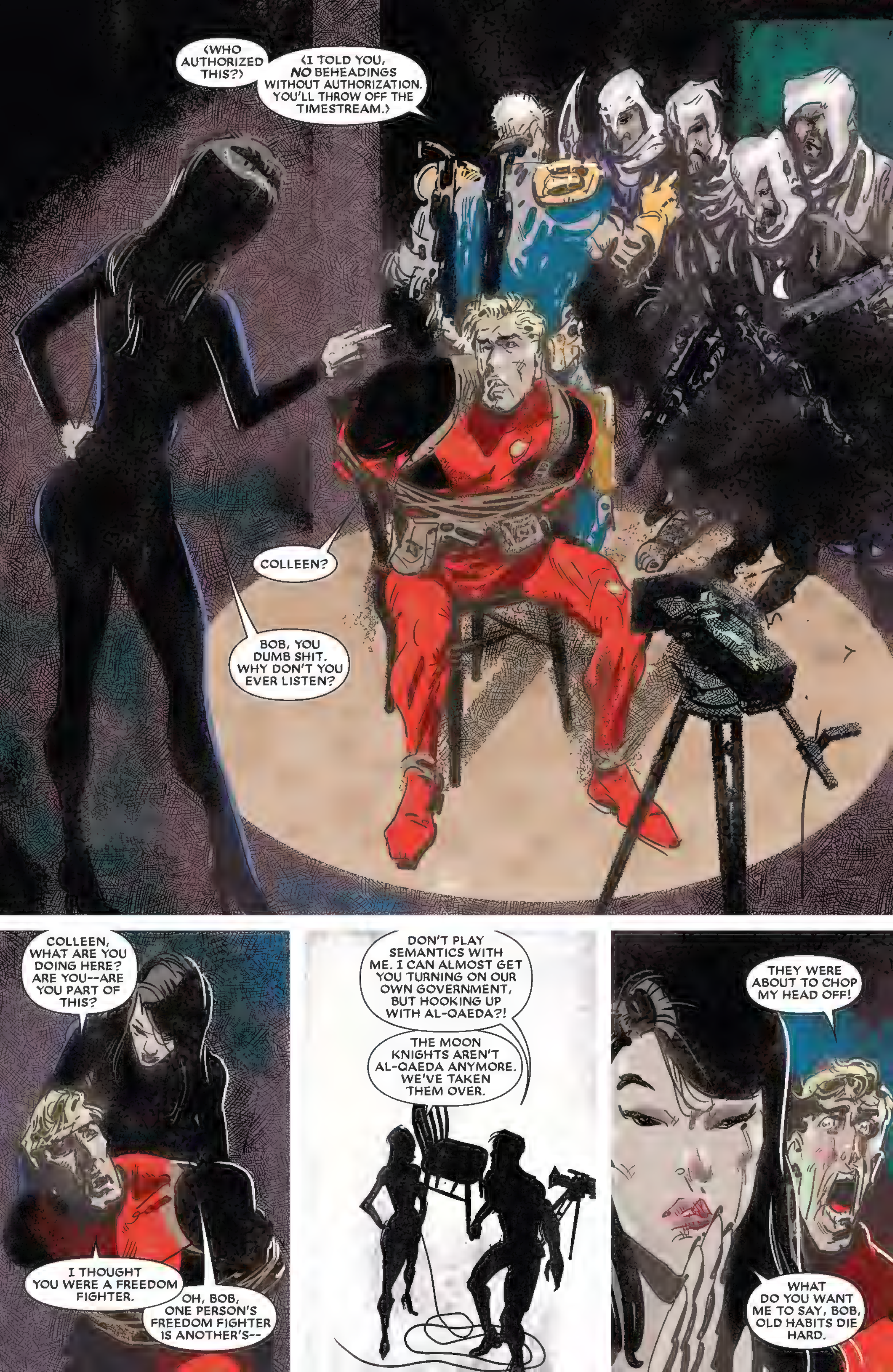

THEN I CAME.
WHILE MY LIBIDO RECHARGED, MY HEAD TEMPORARILY CLEARED AND I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO.
KNOK KNOK KNOK
IT'S THE COMPANY.
LET'S GO.
WE RAN.
I KNEW IF I DIDN'T GO WITH HER, WE'D NEVER RECOVER THE BOMB.
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I TOLD MYSELF. IN TRUTH, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT CHOICE I'D MAKE.

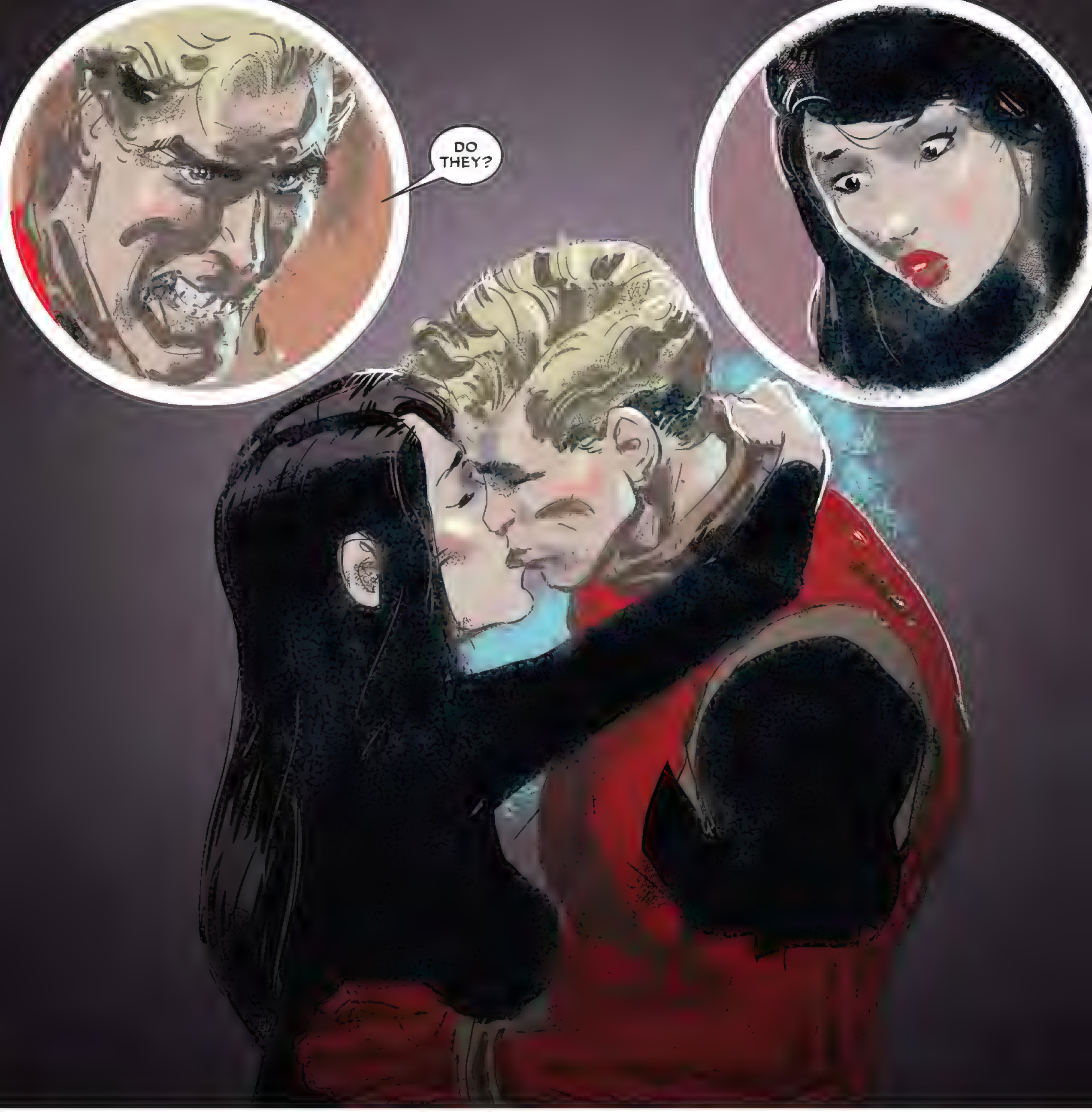

SISSY
THE GIRLS OF PATPONG DISTRICT NEVER ONCE TEMPTED ME.
NOT THE MASSAGE PARLORS WITH THEIR NAKED SOAP GIRLS.
HEY, SEXY...
AHH!
Shows
HOW MUC-- GAHH!
GO!
OR THE GO GO BARS WITH THEIR THREE-FOR-ONE GROUP SEX SPECIALS.
NOT ONE OF THEM HELD A CANDLE TO WATCHING COLLEEN LIU'S FIRM BOTTOM SWISH FROM SIDE TO SIDE AS SHE RAN FOR HER LIFE DOWN SURAWONG ROAD.

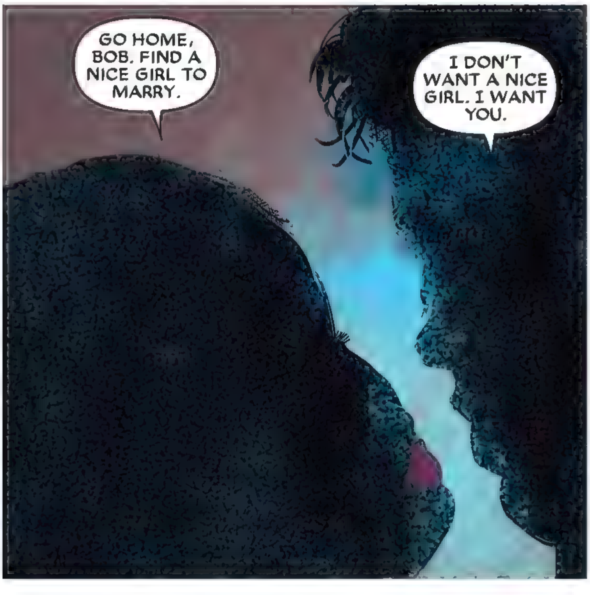

WE ENDED UP AT A PRIVATE AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN. THAT'S WHERE THEY HAD THE BOMB AND A PLANE.
BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED, I WANTED IN COLLEEN'S PANTS SO BAD, I WAS PRETTY SURE I'D SELL A NUKE TO THE AYATOLLAH TO GET THERE.
CABLE WAS WAITING FOR US.
THE GUY'S ENOUGH TO SCARE THE STIFF OUT OF A BOTTLE OF VIAGRA.
I COULD HAVE KISSED HIM, THOUGH.
WITH MY HEAD CLEAR, I SIGNALED BACKUP.
CABLE WANTED TO KILL ME BUT COLLEEN WOULDN'T LET HIM.
JUDAS!
CABLE, NO.
THEN SHE STARTED TO CRY.
EVEN HER CRYING WAS SEXY...

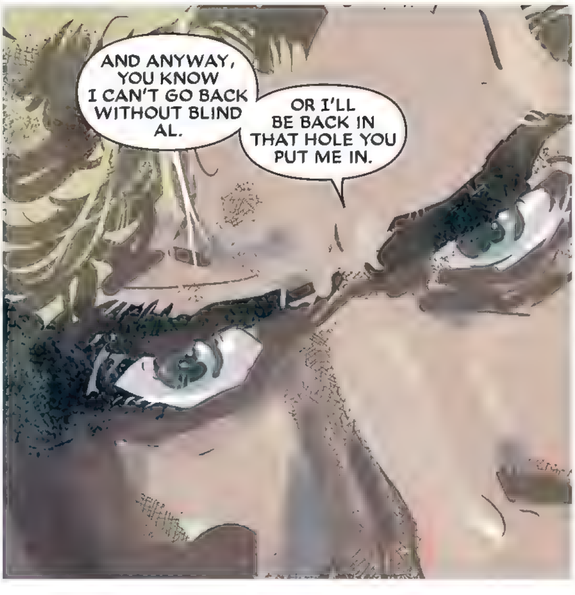

AND... Y'KNOW, BROKE MY HEART.
THEN I DID THE DUMBEST THING I EVER DID IN MY LIFE.
I STARTED SHOOTING AT MY OWN AGENTS.
POW POW POW
RUN!
I GOT SHOT FOURTEEN TIMES AND LIVED.
THEY SAY ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK CAN MAKE A HARD MAN TUMBLE.
I CAN ATTEST TO THE TRUTH OF THIS.
DESPITE THE FACT THAT I KEPT A NUCLEAR WEAPON OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE AXIS OF EVIL, THEY FOUND ME GUILTY OF TREASON.
FOR TWO YEARS, I NEVER SAW SUNLIGHT, OR SPOKE TO ANOTHER HUMAN BEING.
THEN, ONE DAY, THEY GAVE ME A SECOND CHANCE.

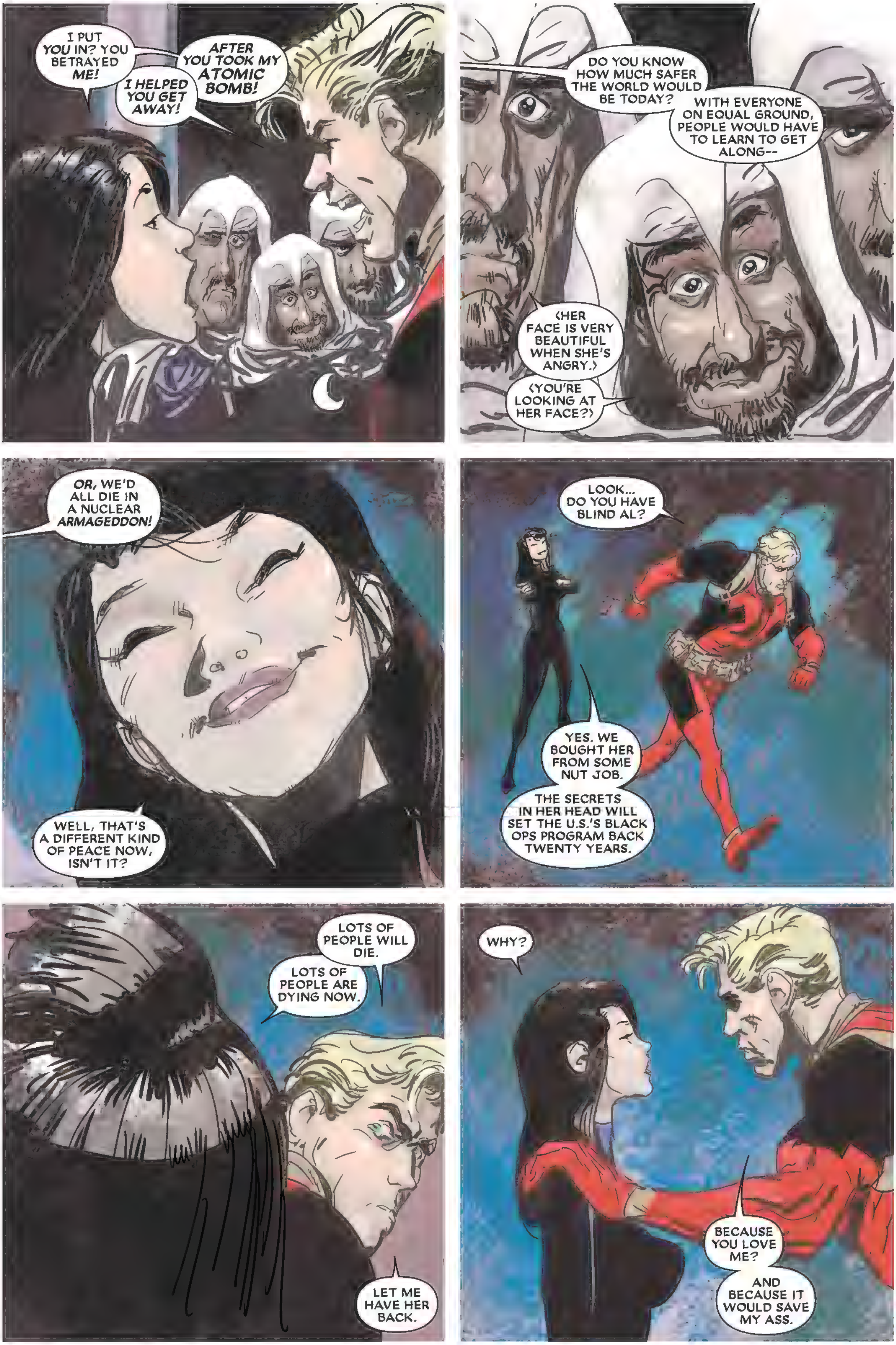

DEADPOOL.
NO LIMIT OF POTENTIAL, COMPLETELY UNCONTROLLABLE, BUT THEY KNEW I WAS THE BEST...
...OR AT LEAST EXPENDABLE.
IF THEY KNEW I'D LOST CONTROL OF MY AGENT, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'D BE.
‹PRAISE ALLAH. DEATH TO THE AMERICAN SATAN!›
HOW, WITH MY INCREDIBLE BRAINS, LOVING MOM, AND GOOD LOOKS, DID THINGS TURN OUT SO SCREWED UP?
A THOUGHT POPS INTO MY HEAD THAT MAYBE THOSE WEREN'T TENNIS BALLS FATHER SHALLY SHOWED ME.
SHIK--
CHING
HUH?

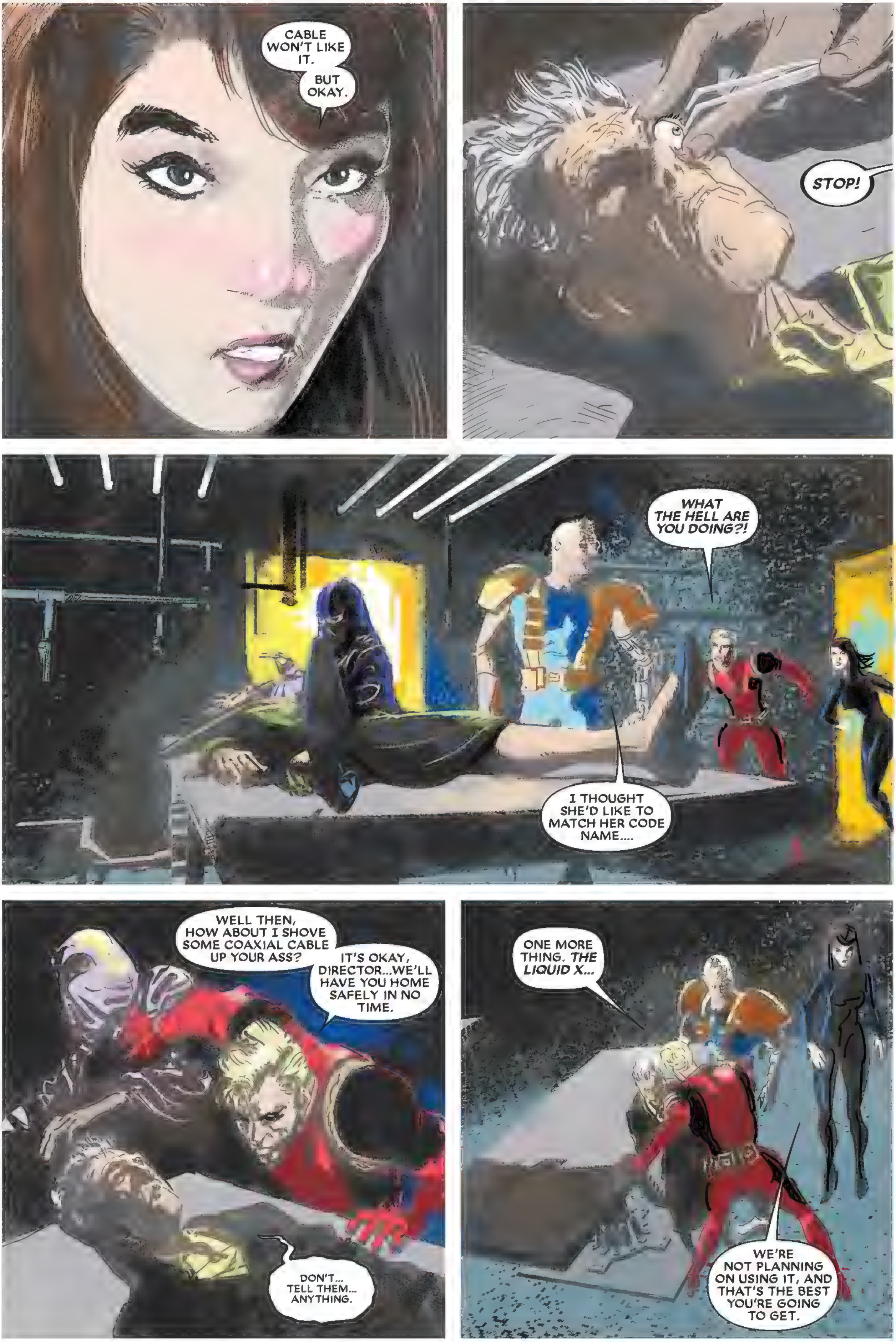

‹WHO AUTHORIZED THIS?›
‹I TOLD YOU, *NO* BEHEADINGS WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION. YOU'LL THROW OFF THE TIMESTREAM.›
COLLEEN?
BOB, YOU DUMB SHIT. WHY DON'T YOU EVER LISTEN?
COLLEEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? ARE YOU--ARE YOU PART OF THIS?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A FREEDOM FIGHTER.
OH, BOB, ONE PERSON'S FREEDOM FIGHTER IS ANOTHER'S--
DON'T PLAY SEMANTICS WITH ME. I CAN ALMOST GET YOU TURNING ON OUR OWN GOVERNMENT, BUT HOOKING UP WITH AL-QAEDA?!
THE MOON KNIGHTS AREN'T AL-QAEDA ANYMORE. WE'VE TAKEN THEM OVER.
THEY WERE ABOUT TO CHOP MY HEAD OFF!
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY, BOB, OLD HABITS DIE HARD.

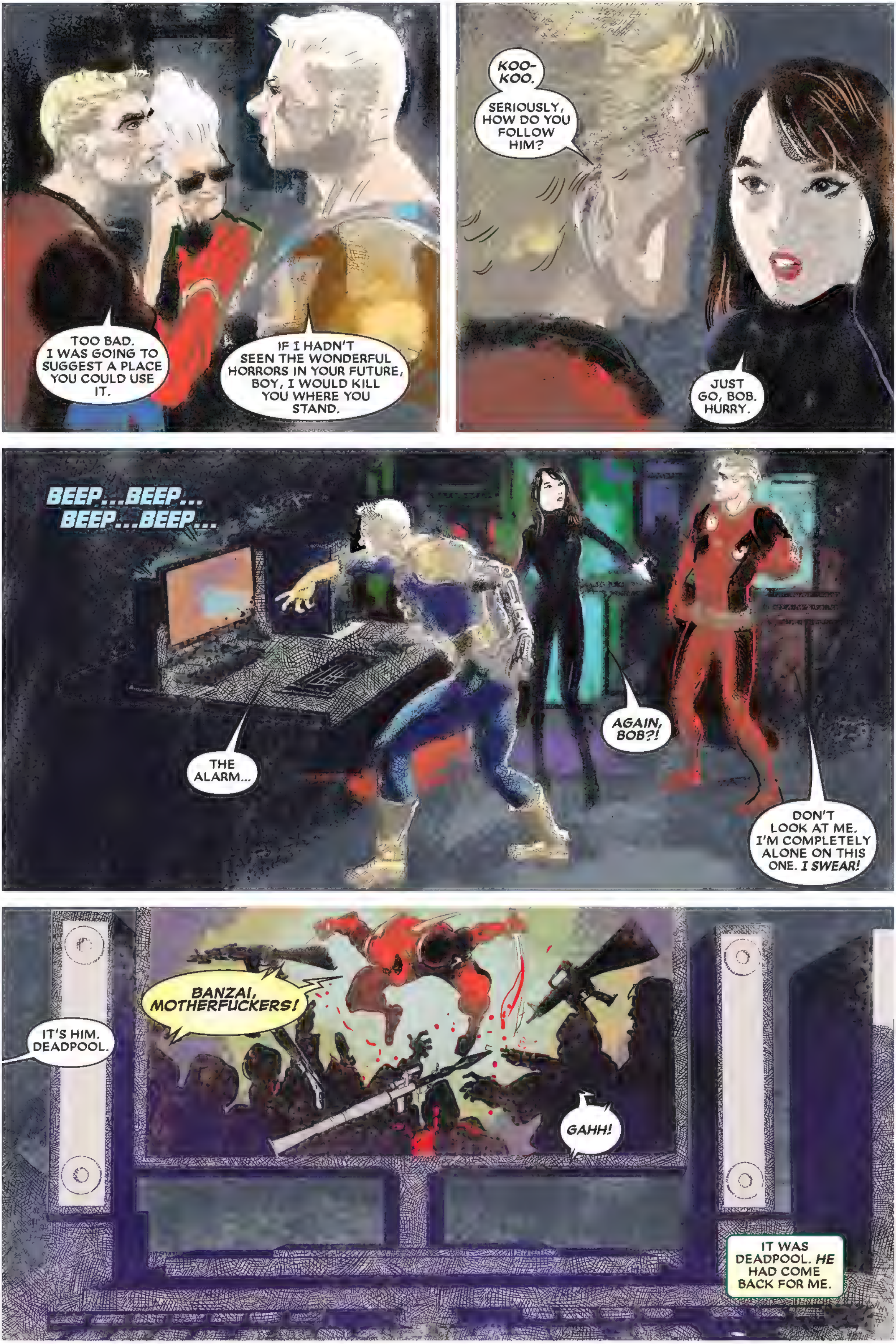

DO THEY?

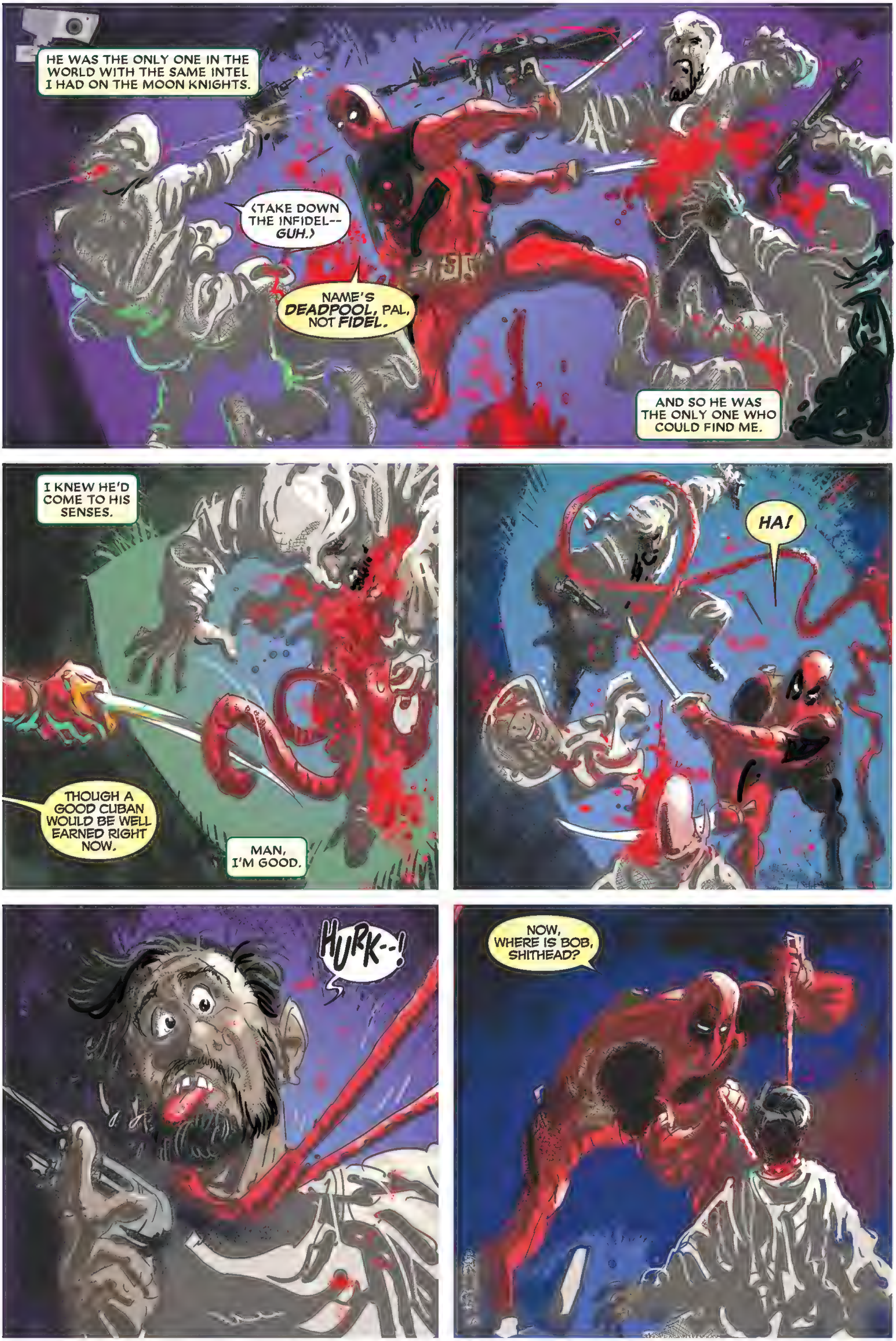

GO HOME, BOB. FIND A NICE GIRL TO MARRY.
I DON'T WANT A NICE GIRL. I WANT YOU.

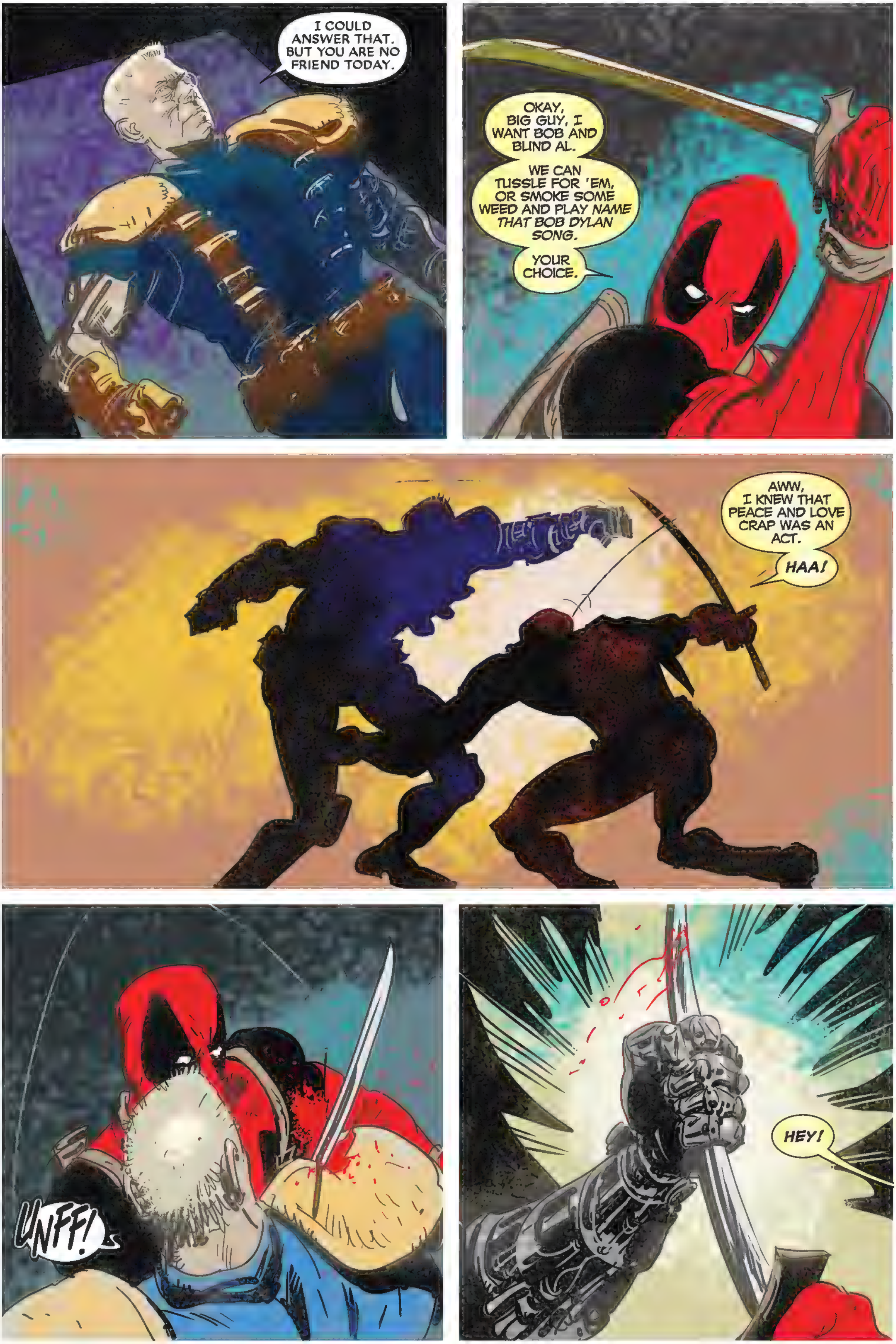

AND ANYWAY, YOU KNOW I CAN'T GO BACK WITHOUT BLIND AL.
OR I'LL BE BACK IN THAT HOLE YOU PUT ME IN.

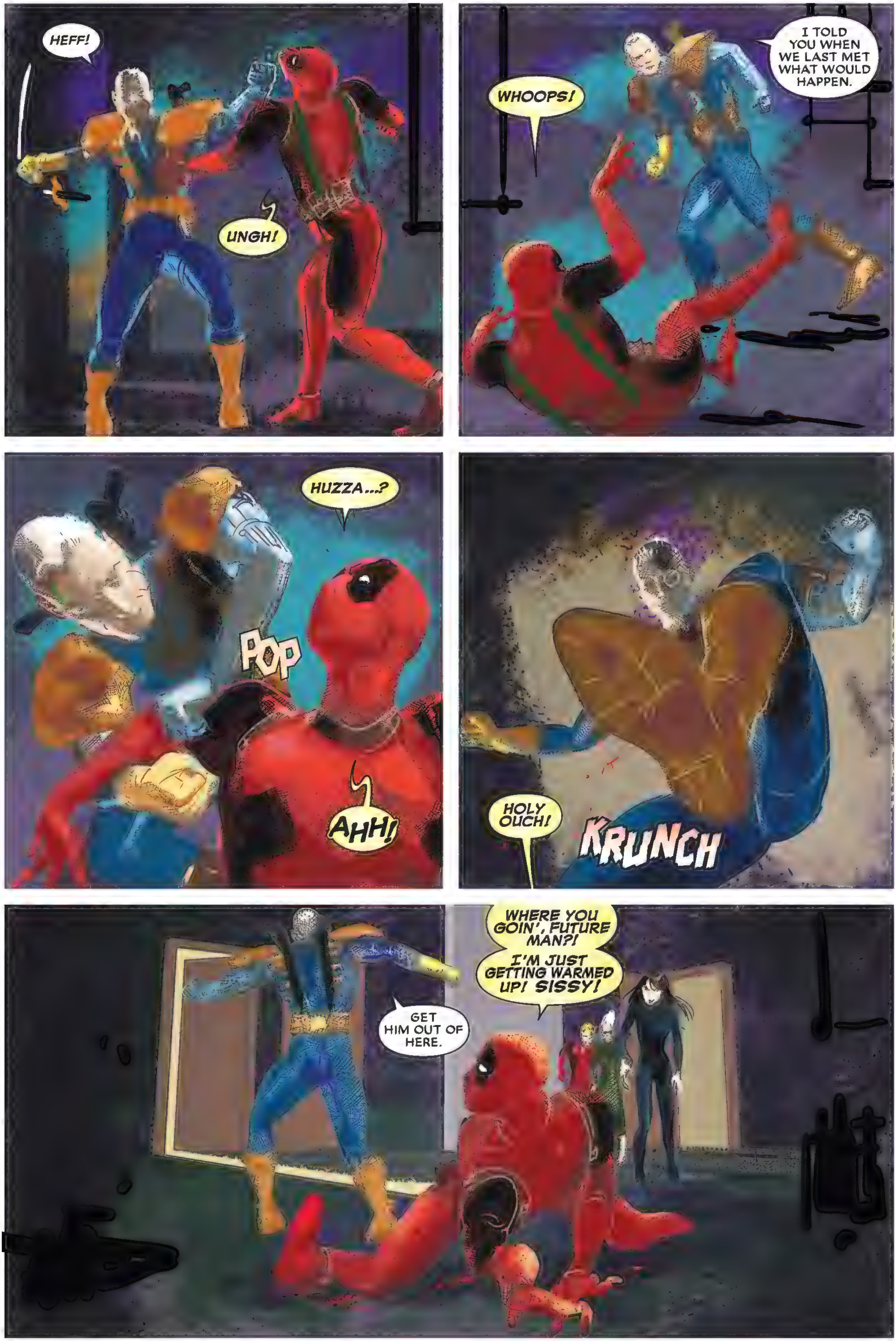

I PUT YOU IN? YOU BETRAYED ME!
AFTER YOU TOOK MY ATOMIC BOMB!
I HELPED YOU GET AWAY!
DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH SAFER THE WORLD WOULD BE TODAY?
WITH EVERYONE ON EQUAL GROUND, PEOPLE WOULD HAVE TO LEARN TO GET ALONG--
‹HER FACE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL WHEN SHE'S ANGRY.›
‹YOU'RE LOOKING AT HER FACE?›
OR, WE'D ALL DIE IN A NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON!
WELL, THAT'S A DIFFERENT KIND OF PEACE NOW, ISN'T IT?
LOOK... DO YOU HAVE BLIND AL?
YES. WE BOUGHT HER FROM SOME NUT JOB.
THE SECRETS IN HER HEAD WILL SET THE U.S.'S BLACK OPS PROGRAM BACK TWENTY YEARS.
LOTS OF PEOPLE WILL DIE.
LOTS OF PEOPLE ARE DYING NOW.
LET ME HAVE HER BACK.
WHY?
BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME?
AND BECAUSE IT WOULD SAVE MY ASS.

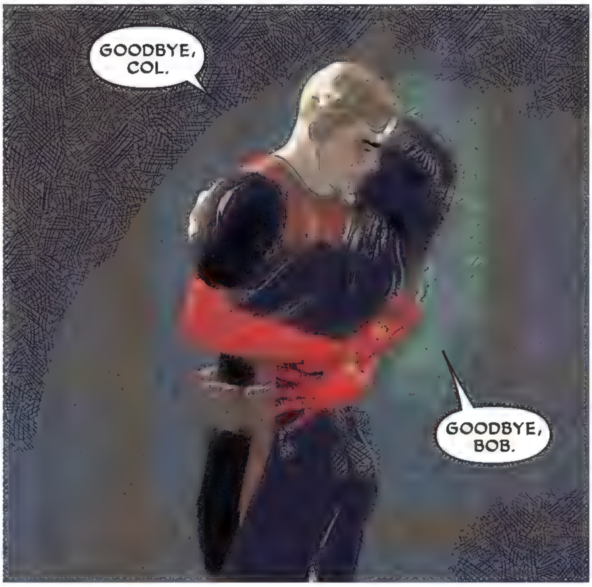

CABLE WON'T LIKE IT.
BUT OKAY.
STOP!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
I THOUGHT SHE'D LIKE TO MATCH HER CODE NAME....
WELL THEN, HOW ABOUT I SHOVE SOME COAXIAL CABLE UP YOUR ASS?
IT'S OKAY, DIRECTOR...WE'LL HAVE YOU HOME SAFELY IN NO TIME.
DON'T... TELL THEM... ANYTHING.
ONE MORE THING. THE LIQUID X...
WE'RE NOT PLANNING ON USING IT, AND THAT'S THE BEST YOU'RE GOING TO GET.

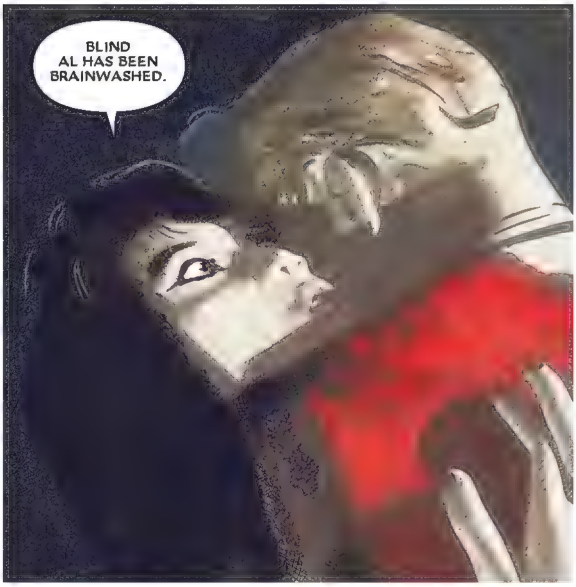

TOO BAD. I WAS GOING TO SUGGEST A PLACE YOU COULD USE IT.
IF I HADN'T SEEN THE WONDERFUL HORRORS IN YOUR FUTURE, BOY, I WOULD KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND.
KOO-KOO.
SERIOUSLY, HOW DO YOU FOLLOW HIM?
JUST GO, BOB. HURRY.
BEEP...BEEP... BEEP...BEEP...
THE ALARM...
AGAIN, BOB?!
DON'T LOOK AT ME. I'M COMPLETELY ALONE ON THIS ONE. *I SWEAR!*
IT'S HIM. DEADPOOL.
BANZAI, MOTHERFUCKERS!
GAHH!
IT WAS DEADPOOL. *HE* HAD COME BACK FOR ME.

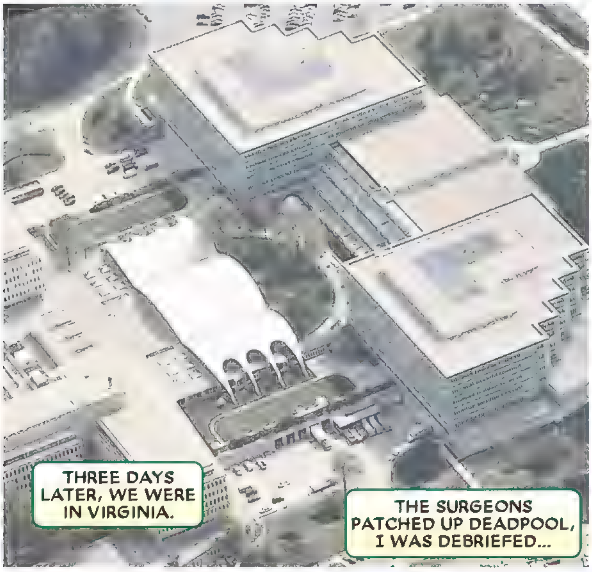

HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD WITH THE SAME INTEL I HAD ON THE MOON KNIGHTS.
‹TAKE DOWN THE INFIDEL-- *GUH.*›
NAME'S ***DEADPOOL***, PAL, NOT ***FIDEL***.
AND SO HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD FIND ME.
I KNEW HE'D COME TO HIS SENSES.
THOUGH A GOOD CUBAN WOULD BE WELL EARNED RIGHT NOW.
MAN, I'M GOOD.
***HA!***
HURK--!
NOW, WHERE IS BOB, SHITHEAD?

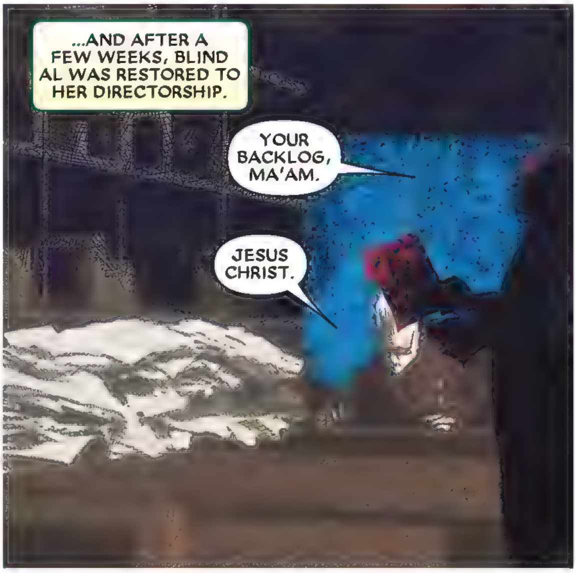

I COULD ANSWER THAT. BUT YOU ARE NO FRIEND TODAY.
OKAY, BIG GUY, I WANT BOB AND BLIND AL.
WE CAN TUSSLE FOR 'EM, OR SMOKE SOME WEED AND PLAY *NAME THAT BOB DYLAN SONG.*
YOUR CHOICE.
AWW, I KNEW THAT PEACE AND LOVE CRAP WAS AN ACT.
*HAA!*
UNFF!
*HEY!*

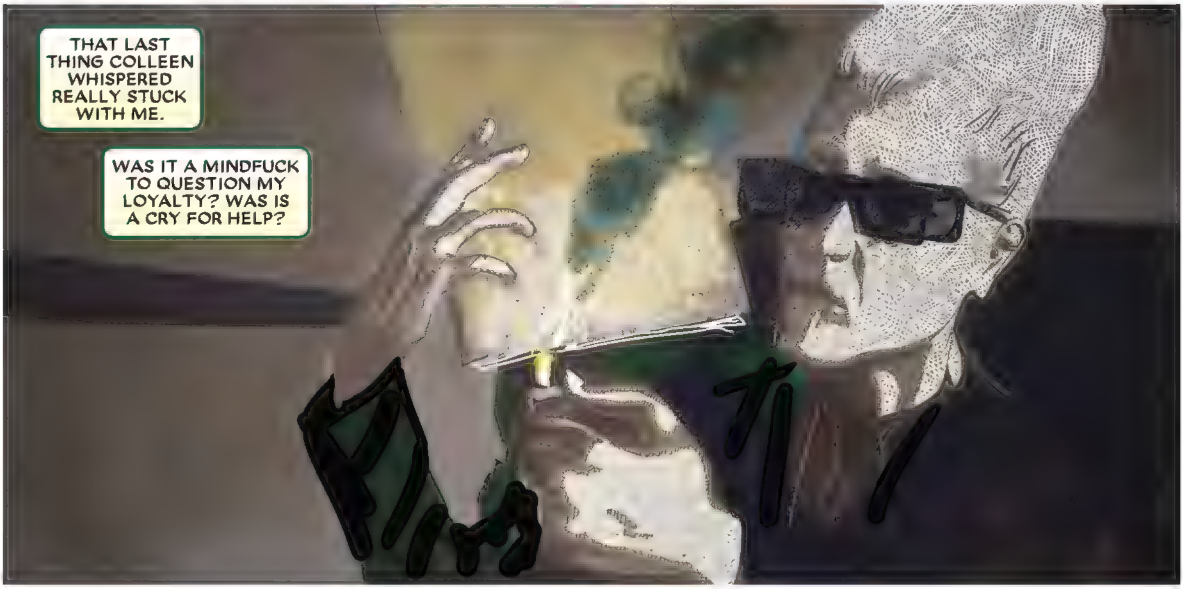

HEFF!
UNGH!
WHOOPS!
I TOLD YOU WHEN WE LAST MET WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.
HUZZA...?
POP
AHH!
HOLY OUCH!
KRUNCH
WHERE YOU GOIN', FUTURE MAN?!
I'M JUST GETTING WARMED UP! SISSY!
GET HIM OUT OF HERE.

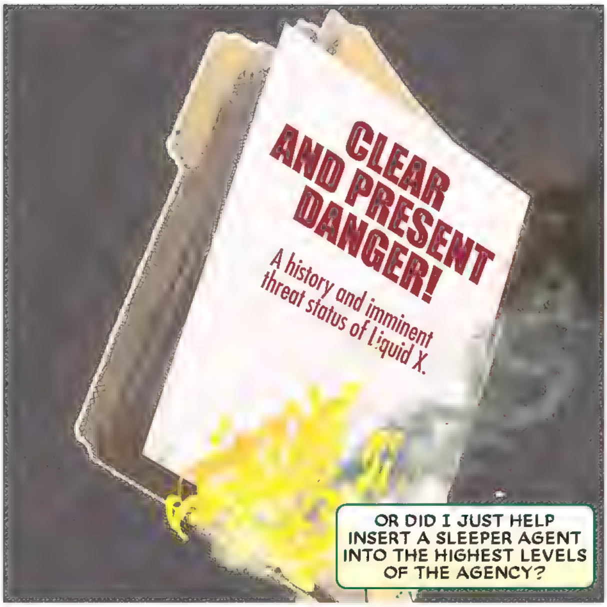

GOODBYE, COL.
GOODBYE, BOB.

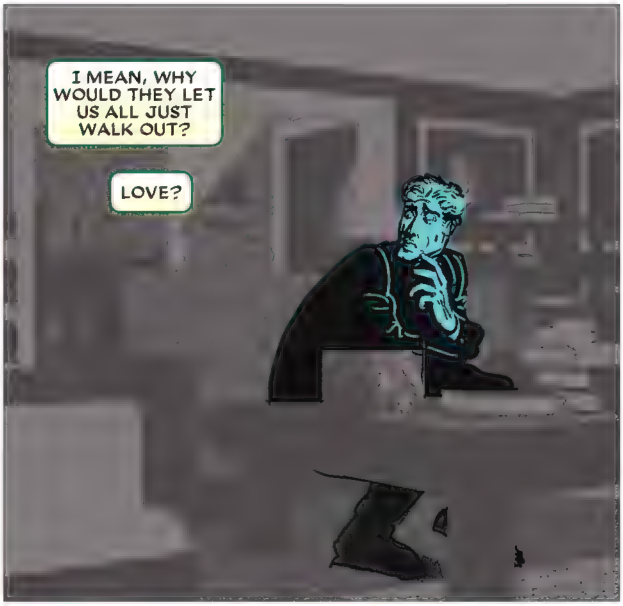

BLIND AL HAS BEEN BRAINWASHED.

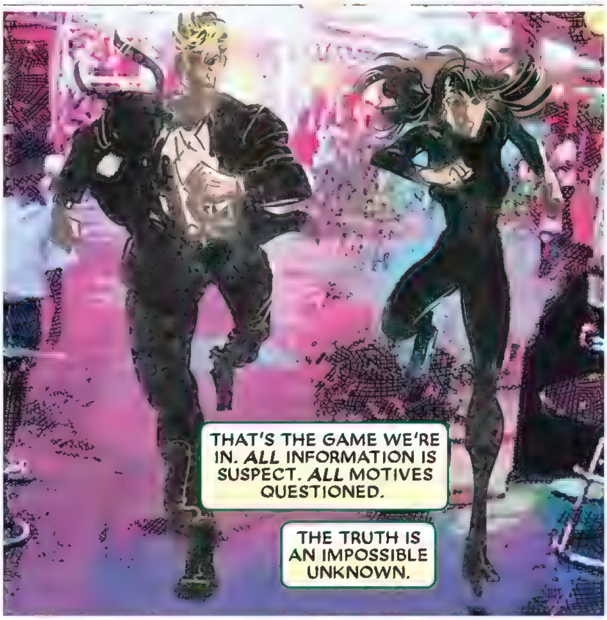

THREE DAYS LATER, WE WERE IN VIRGINIA.
THE SURGEONS PATCHED UP DEADPOOL, I WAS DEBRIEFED...

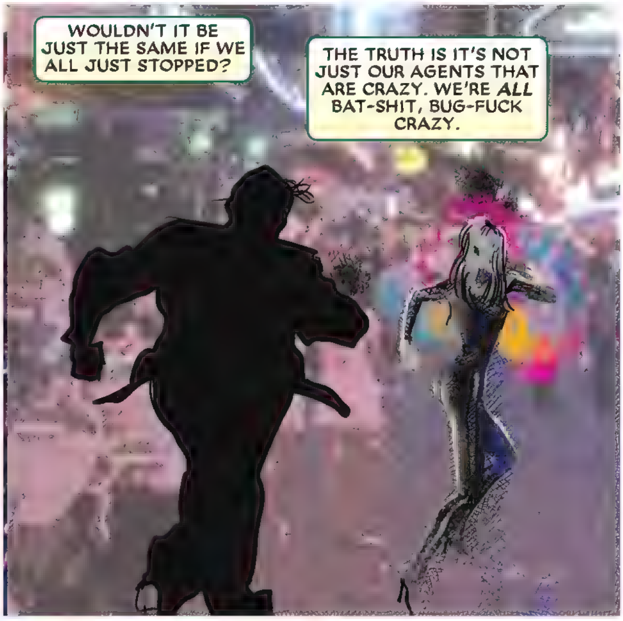

...AND AFTER A FEW WEEKS, BLIND AL WAS RESTORED TO HER DIRECTORSHIP.
YOUR BACKLOG, MA'AM.
JESUS CHRIST.

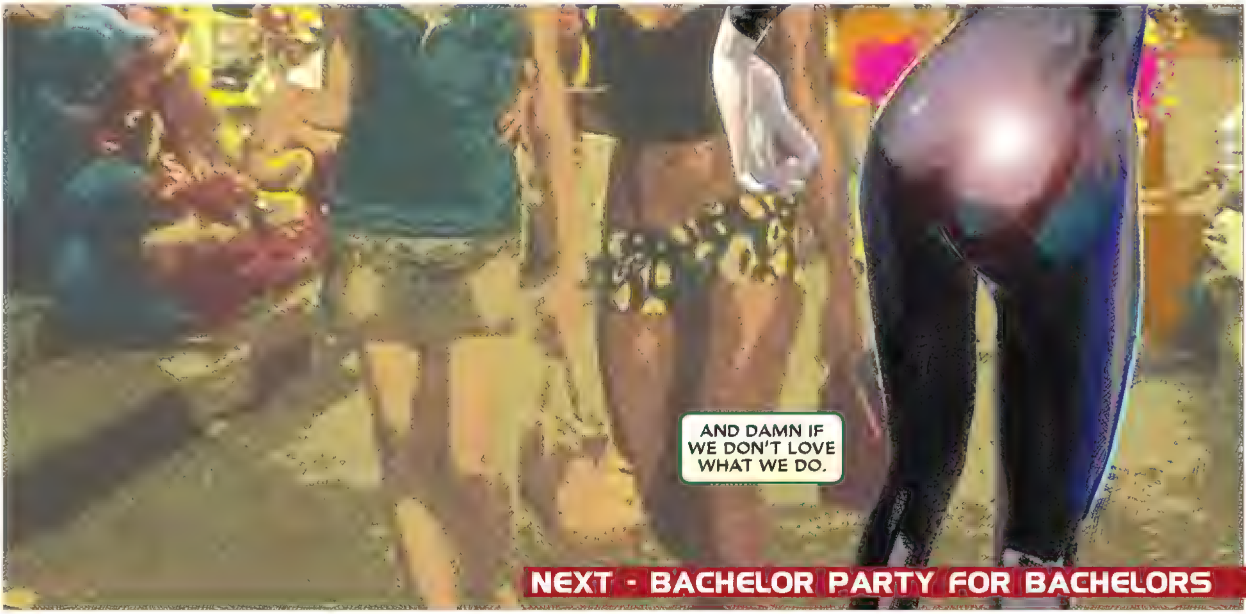

THAT LAST THING COLLEEN WHISPERED REALLY STUCK WITH ME.
WAS IT A MINDFUCK TO QUESTION MY LOYALTY? WAS IS A CRY FOR HELP?


CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER!
A history and imminent threat status of Liquid X.
OR DID I JUST HELP INSERT A SLEEPER AGENT INTO THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF THE AGENCY?


I MEAN, WHY WOULD THEY LET US ALL JUST WALK OUT?
LOVE?

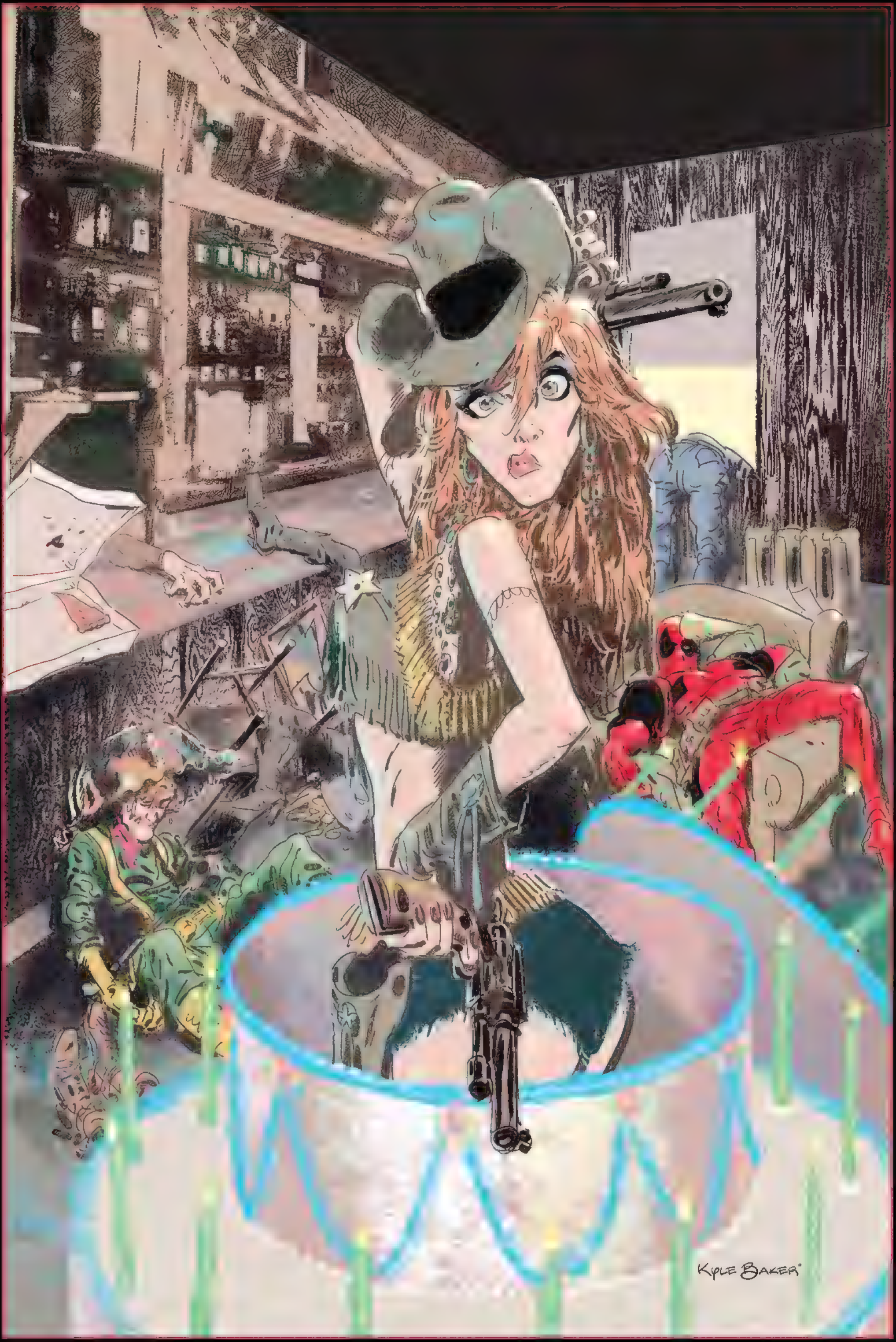

THAT'S THE GAME WE'RE IN. ***ALL*** INFORMATION IS SUSPECT. ***ALL*** MOTIVES QUESTIONED.
THE TRUTH IS AN IMPOSSIBLE UNKNOWN.


WOULDN'T IT BE JUST THE SAME IF WE ALL JUST STOPPED?
THE TRUTH IS IT'S NOT JUST OUR AGENTS THAT ARE CRAZY. WE'RE ***ALL*** BAT-SHIT, BUG-FUCK CRAZY.


AND DAMN IF WE DON'T LOVE WHAT WE DO.

**NEXT - BACHELOR PARTY FOR BACHELORS**

# NEXT:
# DEADPOOL MAX #9



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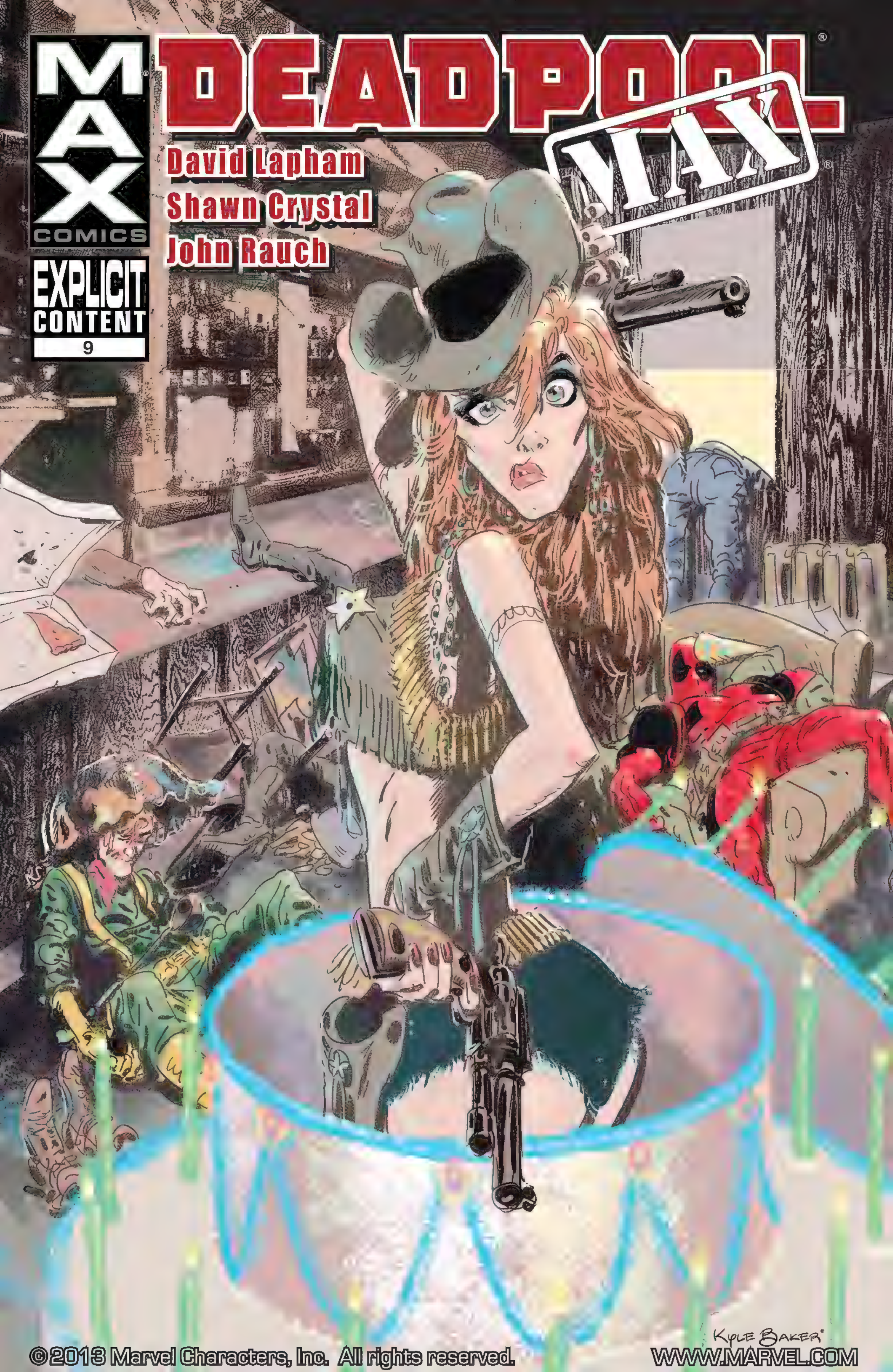
MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

9

# DEADPOOL MAX

David Lapham
Shawn Crystal
John Rauch



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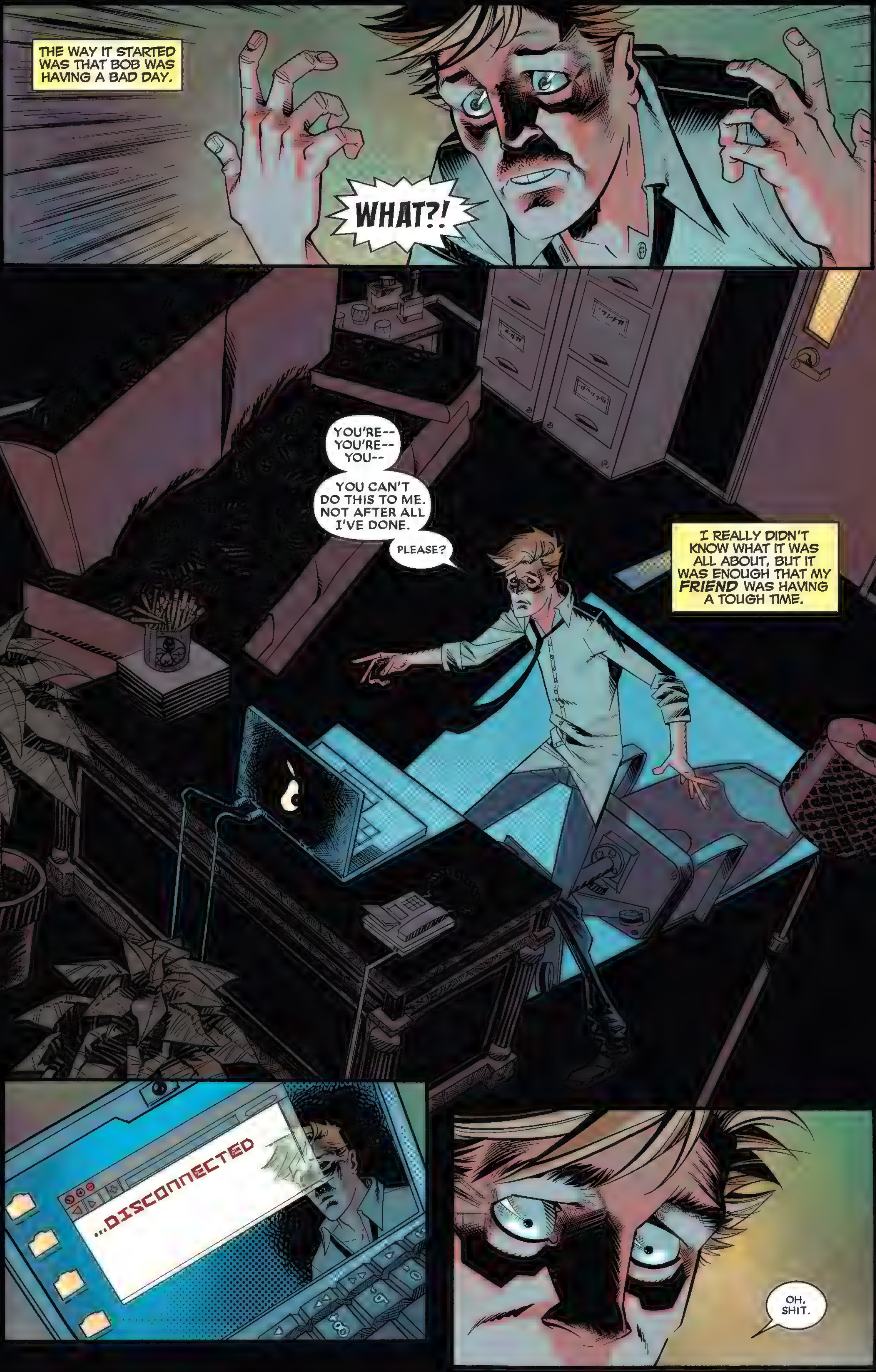
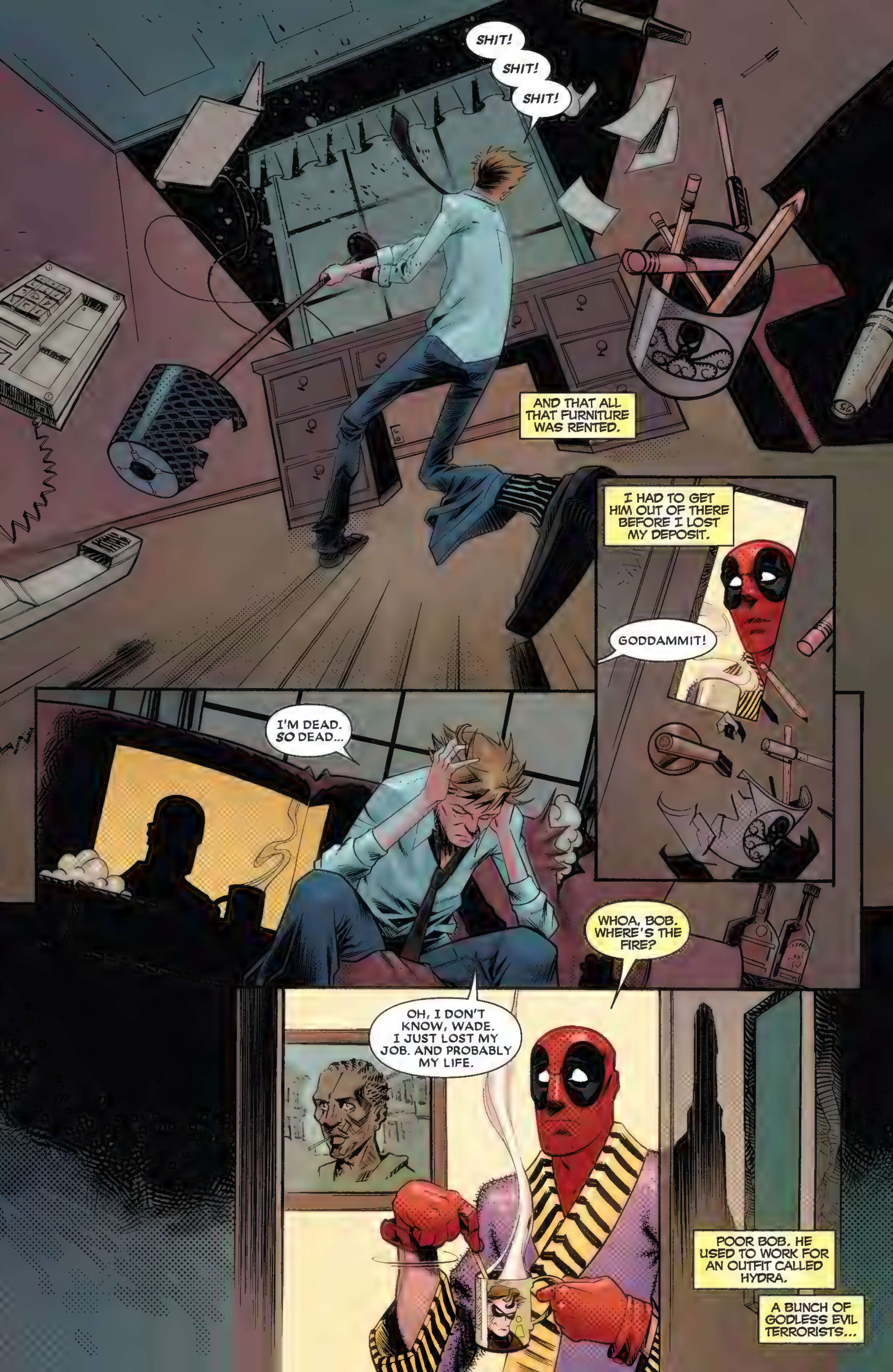
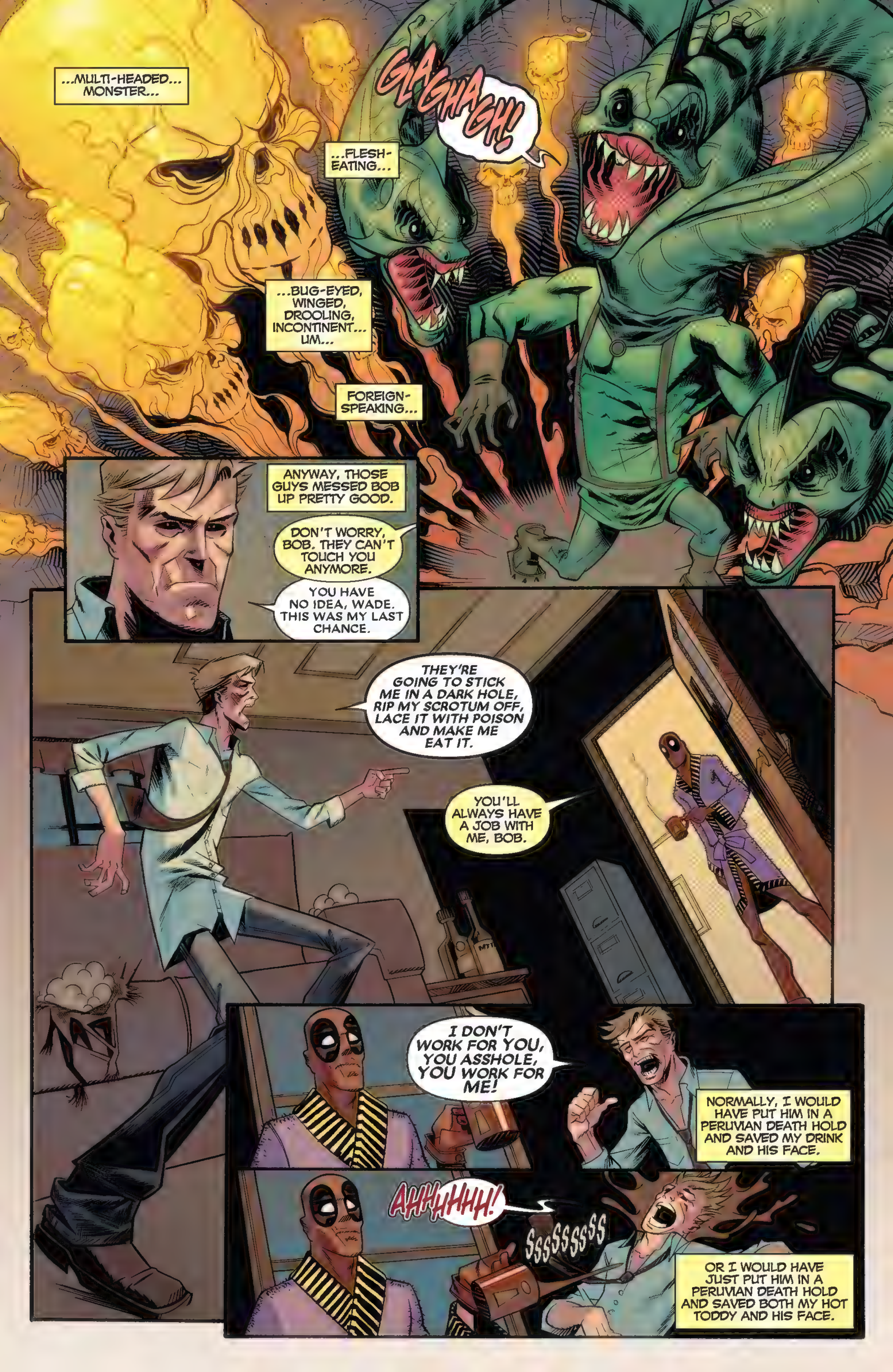
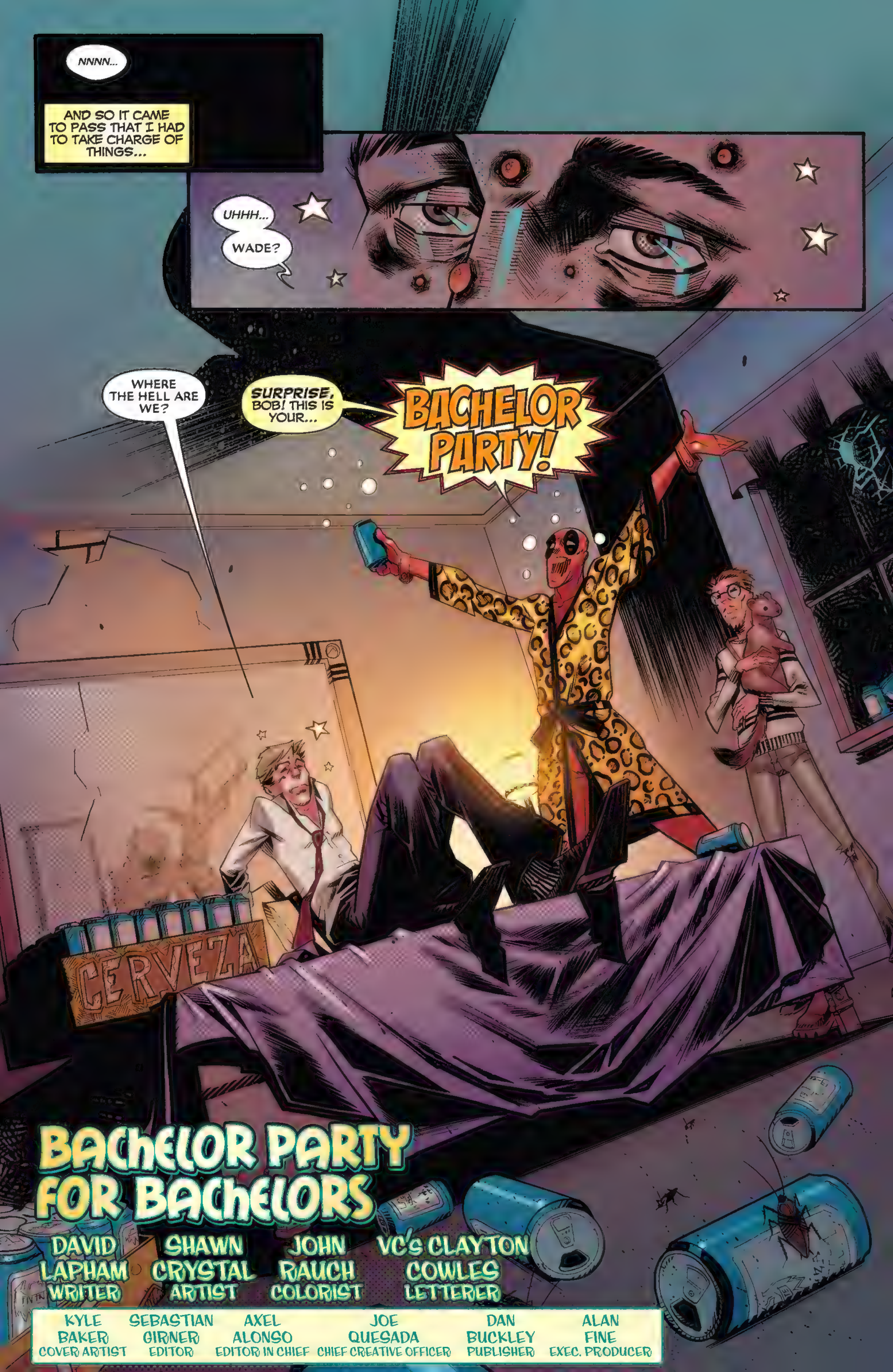

THE WAY IT STARTED WAS THAT BOB WAS HAVING A BAD DAY.
WHAT?!
YOU'RE-- YOU'RE-- YOU--
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. NOT AFTER ALL I'VE DONE.
PLEASE?
I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH THAT MY *FRIEND* WAS HAVING A TOUGH TIME.
...DISCONNECTED
OH, SHIT.


SHIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!
AND THAT ALL THAT FURNITURE WAS RENTED.
I HAD TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE BEFORE I LOST MY DEPOSIT.
GODDAMMIT!
I'M DEAD. SO DEAD...
WHOA, BOB. WHERE'S THE FIRE?
OH, I DON'T KNOW, WADE. I JUST LOST MY JOB. AND PROBABLY MY LIFE.
POOR BOB. HE USED TO WORK FOR AN OUTFIT CALLED HYDRA.
A BUNCH OF GODLESS EVIL TERRORISTS...

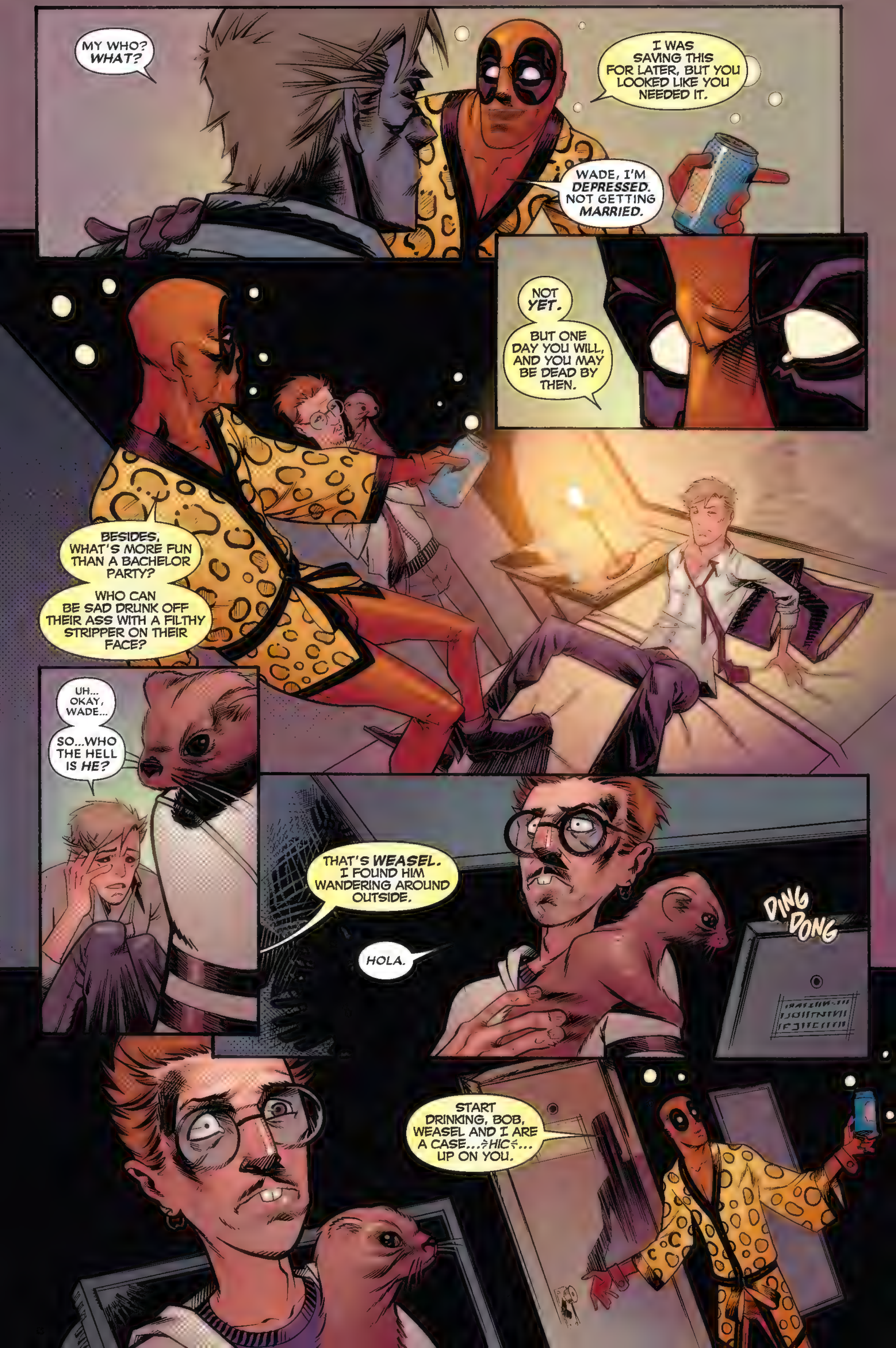

...MULTI-HEADED... MONSTER...
GLAGHAGH!
...FLESH-EATING...
...BUG-EYED, WINGED, DROOLING, INCONTINENT... UM...
FOREIGN-SPEAKING...
ANYWAY, THOSE GUYS MESSED BOB UP PRETTY GOOD.
DON'T WORRY, BOB. THEY CAN'T TOUCH YOU ANYMORE.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA, WADE. THIS WAS MY LAST CHANCE.
THEY'RE GOING TO STICK ME IN A DARK HOLE, RIP MY SCROTUM OFF, LACE IT WITH POISON AND MAKE ME EAT IT.
YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A JOB WITH ME, BOB.
I DON'T WORK FOR YOU, YOU ASSHOLE, YOU WORK FOR ME!
NORMALLY, I WOULD HAVE PUT HIM IN A PERUVIAN DEATH HOLD AND SAVED MY DRINK AND HIS FACE.
AHHHHHH!
SSSSSSSSS
OR I WOULD HAVE JUST PUT HIM IN A PERUVIAN DEATH HOLD AND SAVED BOTH MY HOT TODDY AND HIS FACE.

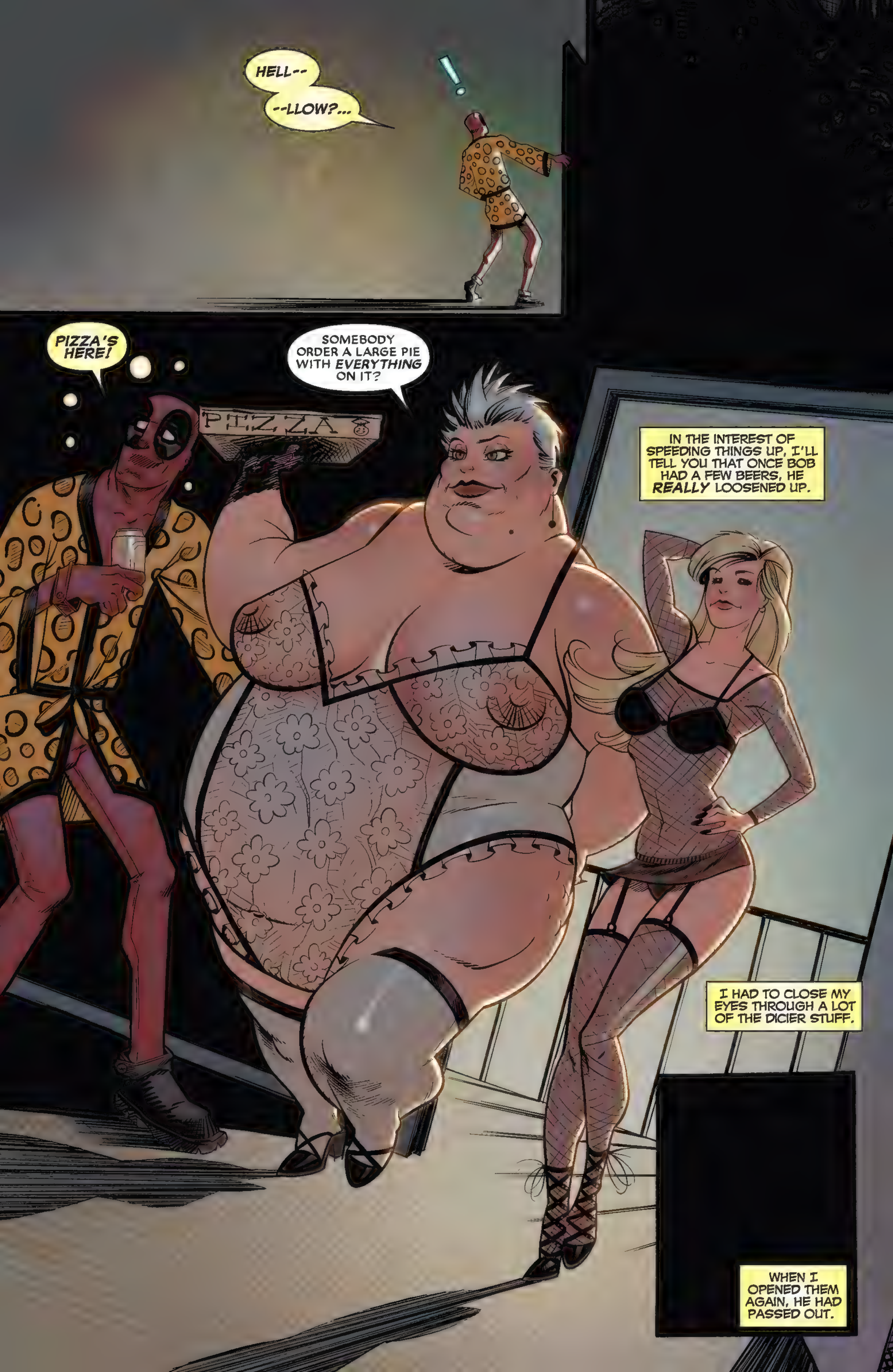

NNNN...
AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT I HAD TO TAKE CHARGE OF THINGS...
UHHH...
WADE?
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
SURPRISE, BOB! THIS IS YOUR...
BACHELOR PARTY!
CERVEZA

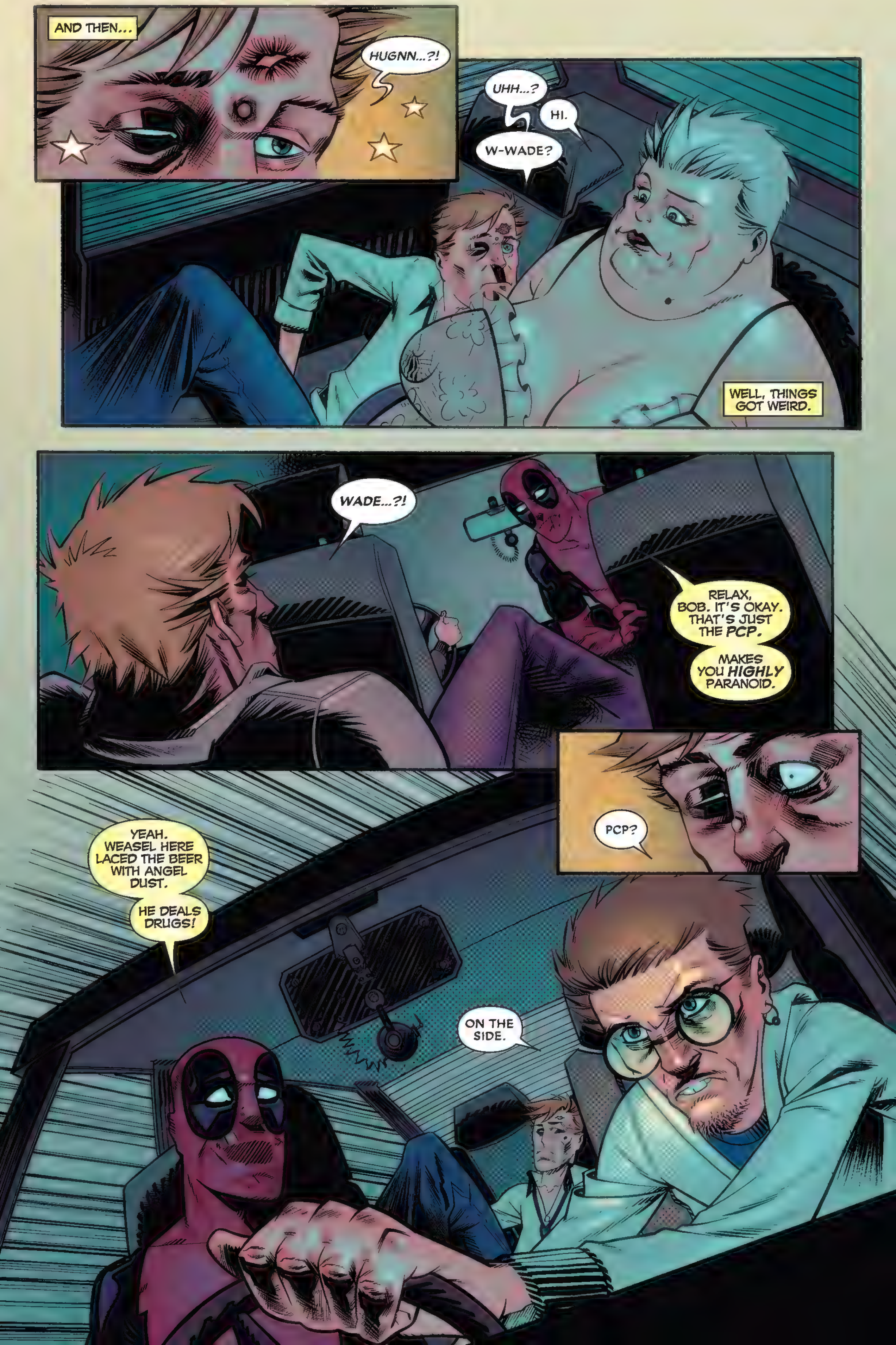
# BACHELOR PARTY FOR BACHELORS

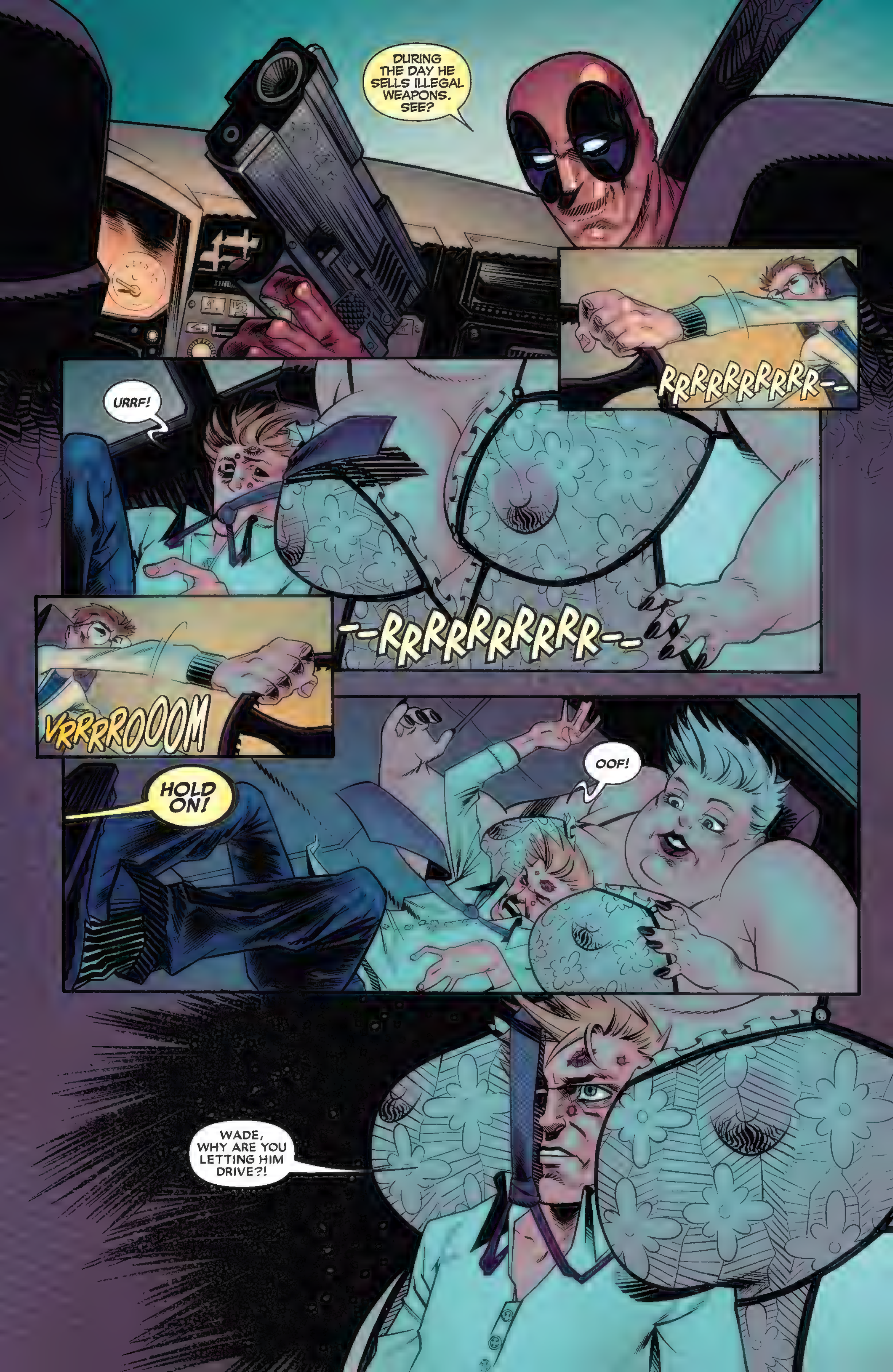
DAVID LAPHAM WRITER
SHAWN CRYSTAL ARTIST
JOHN RAUCH COLORIST
VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER

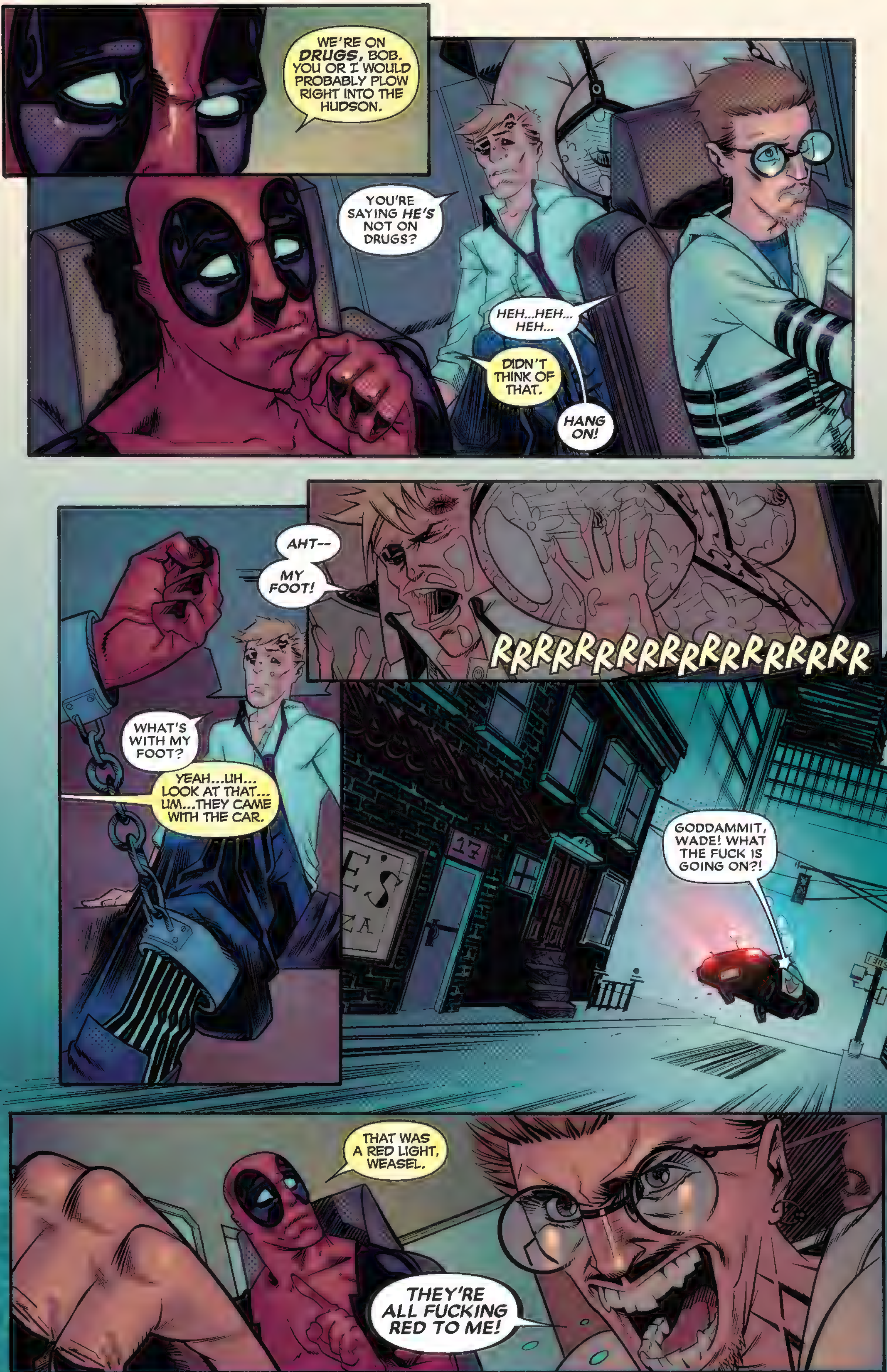
KYLE BAKER COVER ARTIST
SEBASTIAN GIRNER EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

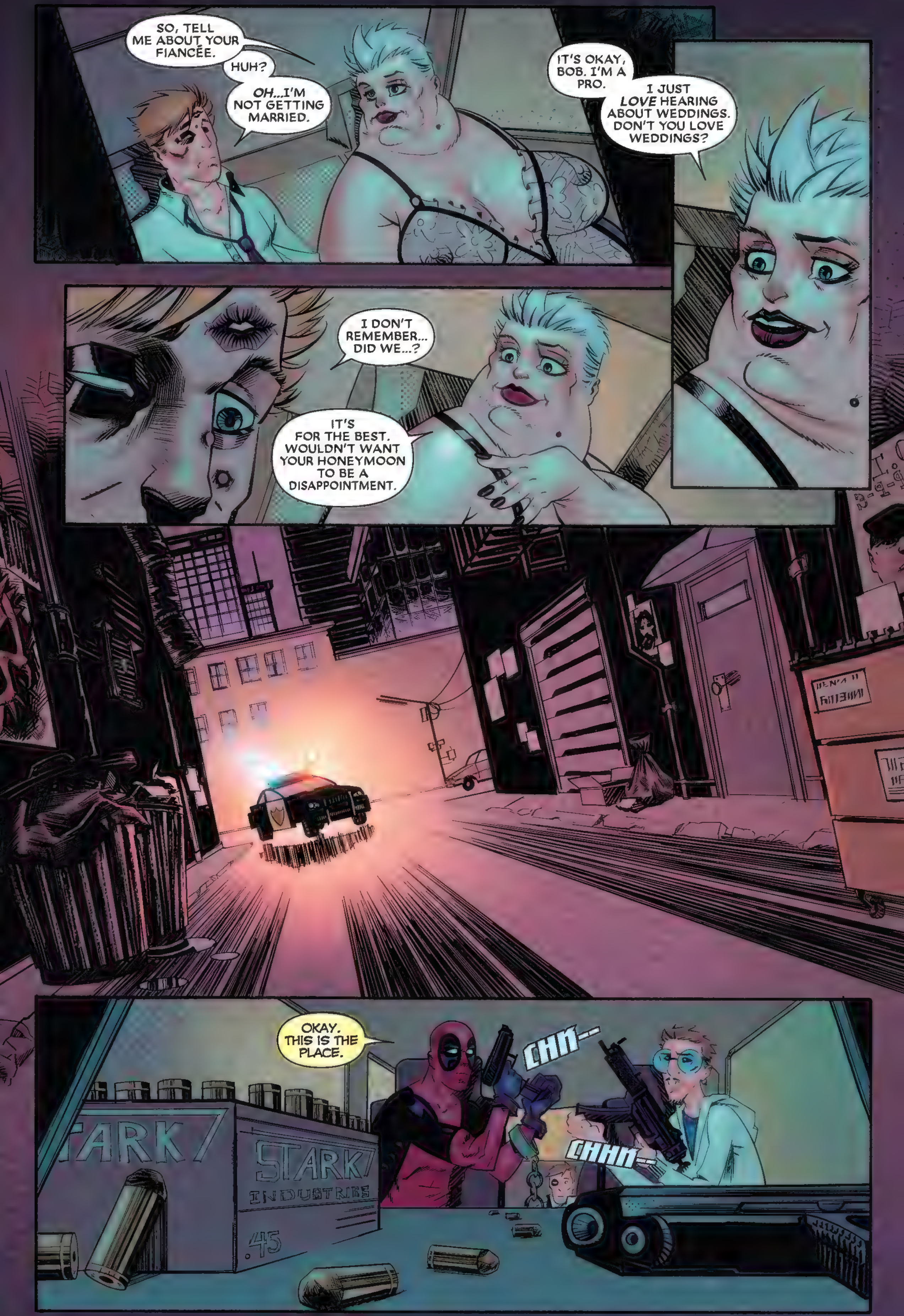

MY WHO? *WHAT?*
I WAS SAVING THIS FOR LATER, BUT YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU NEEDED IT.
WADE, I'M *DEPRESSED*. NOT GETTING *MARRIED*.
NOT *YET*.
BUT ONE DAY YOU WILL, AND YOU MAY BE DEAD BY THEN.
BESIDES, WHAT'S MORE FUN THAN A BACHELOR PARTY?
WHO CAN BE SAD DRUNK OFF THEIR ASS WITH A FILTHY STRIPPER ON THEIR FACE?
UH... OKAY, WADE...
SO...WHO THE HELL IS *HE?*
THAT'S *WEASEL*. I FOUND HIM WANDERING AROUND OUTSIDE.
*HOLA*.
DING DONG
START DRINKING, BOB, WEASEL AND I ARE A CASE... ≽*HIC*≼... UP ON YOU.

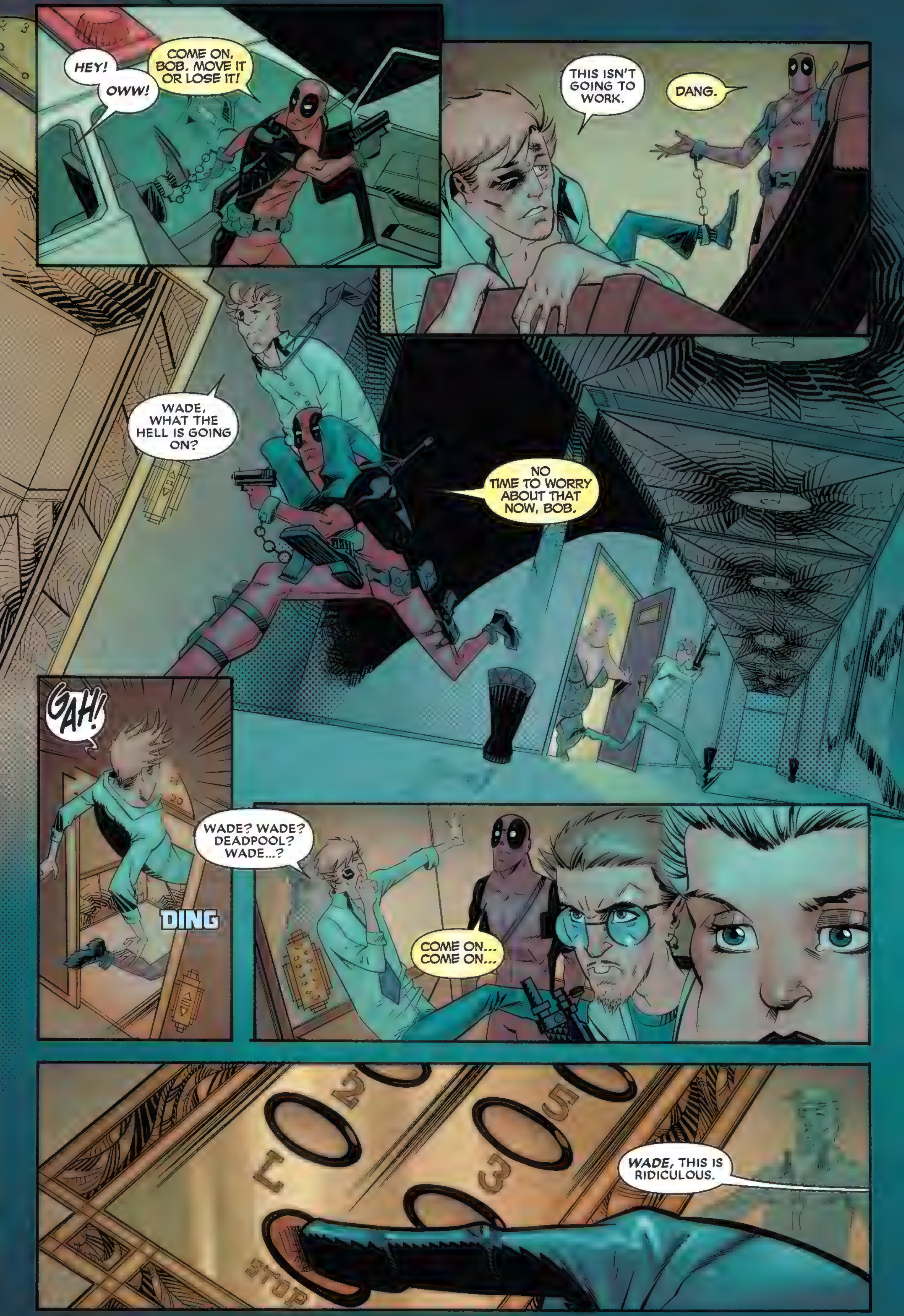

HELL--
--LLOW?...
!
PIZZA'S HERE!
SOMEBODY ORDER A LARGE PIE WITH *EVERYTHING* ON IT?
PIZZA
IN THE INTEREST OF SPEEDING THINGS UP, I'LL TELL YOU THAT ONCE BOB HAD A FEW BEERS, HE *REALLY* LOOSENED UP.
I HAD TO CLOSE MY EYES THROUGH A LOT OF THE DICIER STUFF.
WHEN I OPENED THEM AGAIN, HE HAD PASSED OUT.

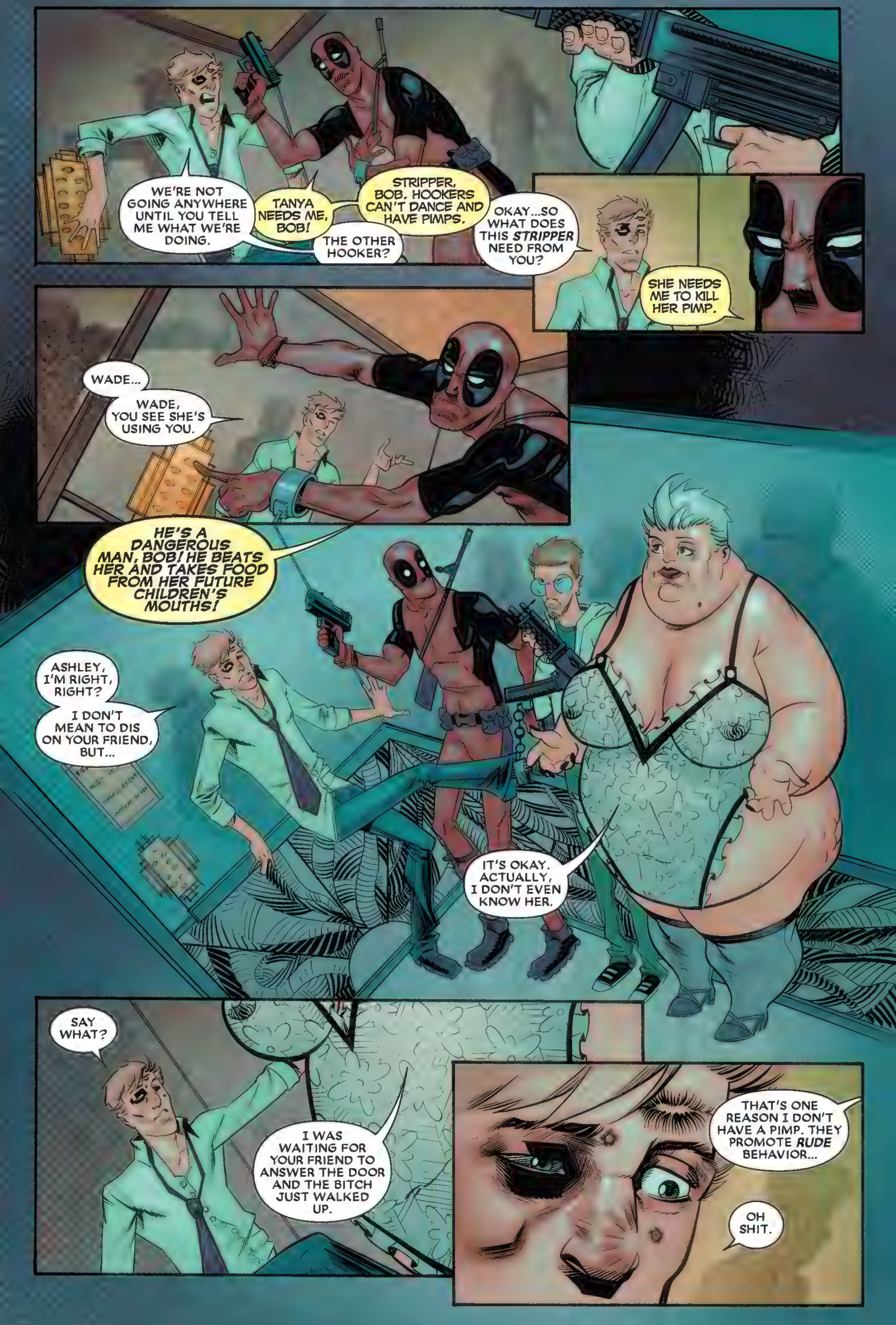

AND THEN...
HUGNN...?!
UHH...?
W-WADE?
HI.
WELL, THINGS GOT WEIRD.
WADE...?!
RELAX, BOB. IT'S OKAY. THAT'S JUST THE *PCP.*
MAKES YOU *HIGHLY* PARANOID.
PCP?
YEAH. WEASEL HERE LACED THE BEER WITH ANGEL DUST.
HE DEALS DRUGS!
ON THE SIDE.

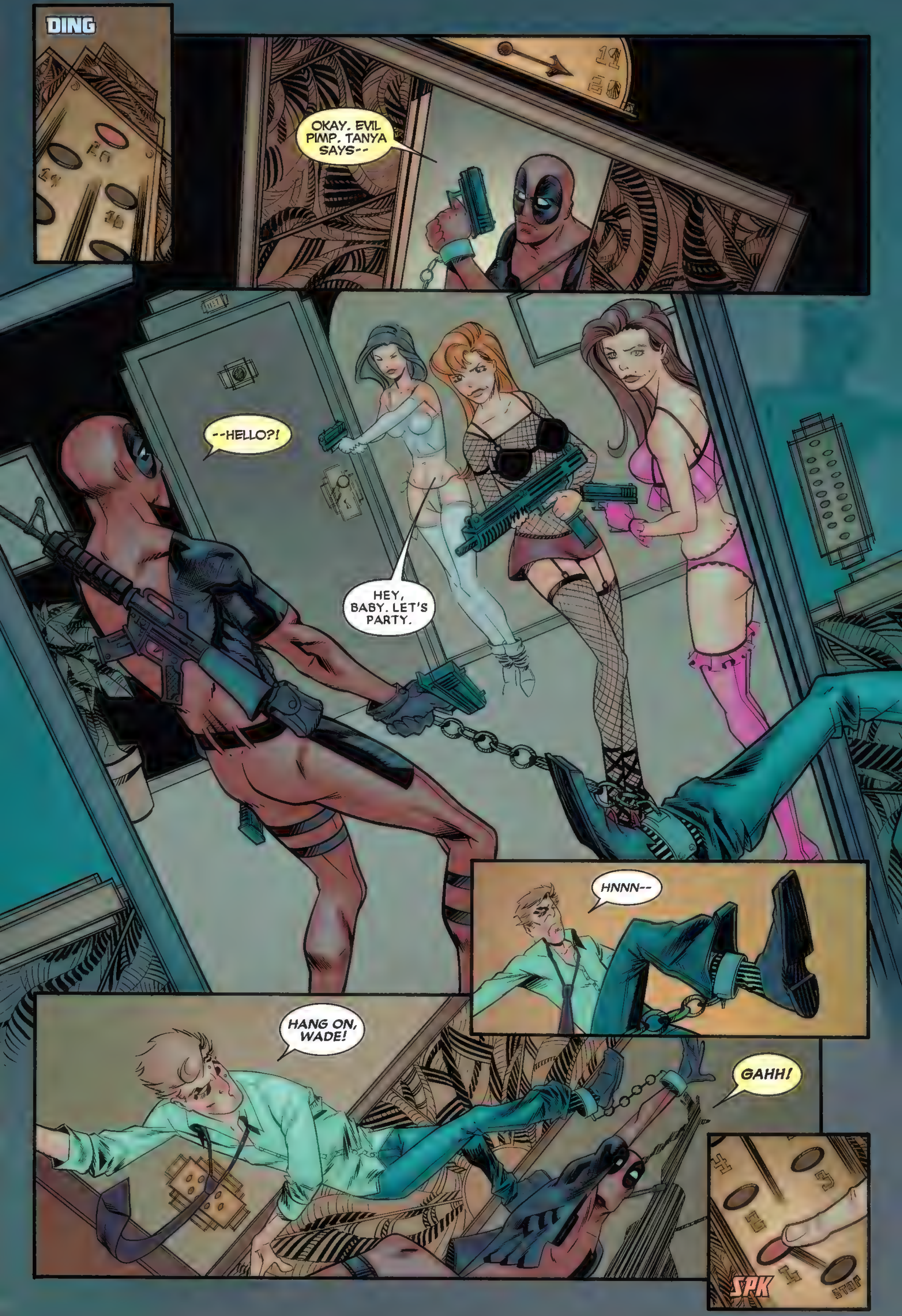

DURING THE DAY HE SELLS ILLEGAL WEAPONS. SEE?
RRRRRRRRRR--
URRF!
--RRRRRRRRRR--
VRRRROOOM
HOLD ON!
OOF!
WADE, WHY ARE YOU LETTING HIM DRIVE?!

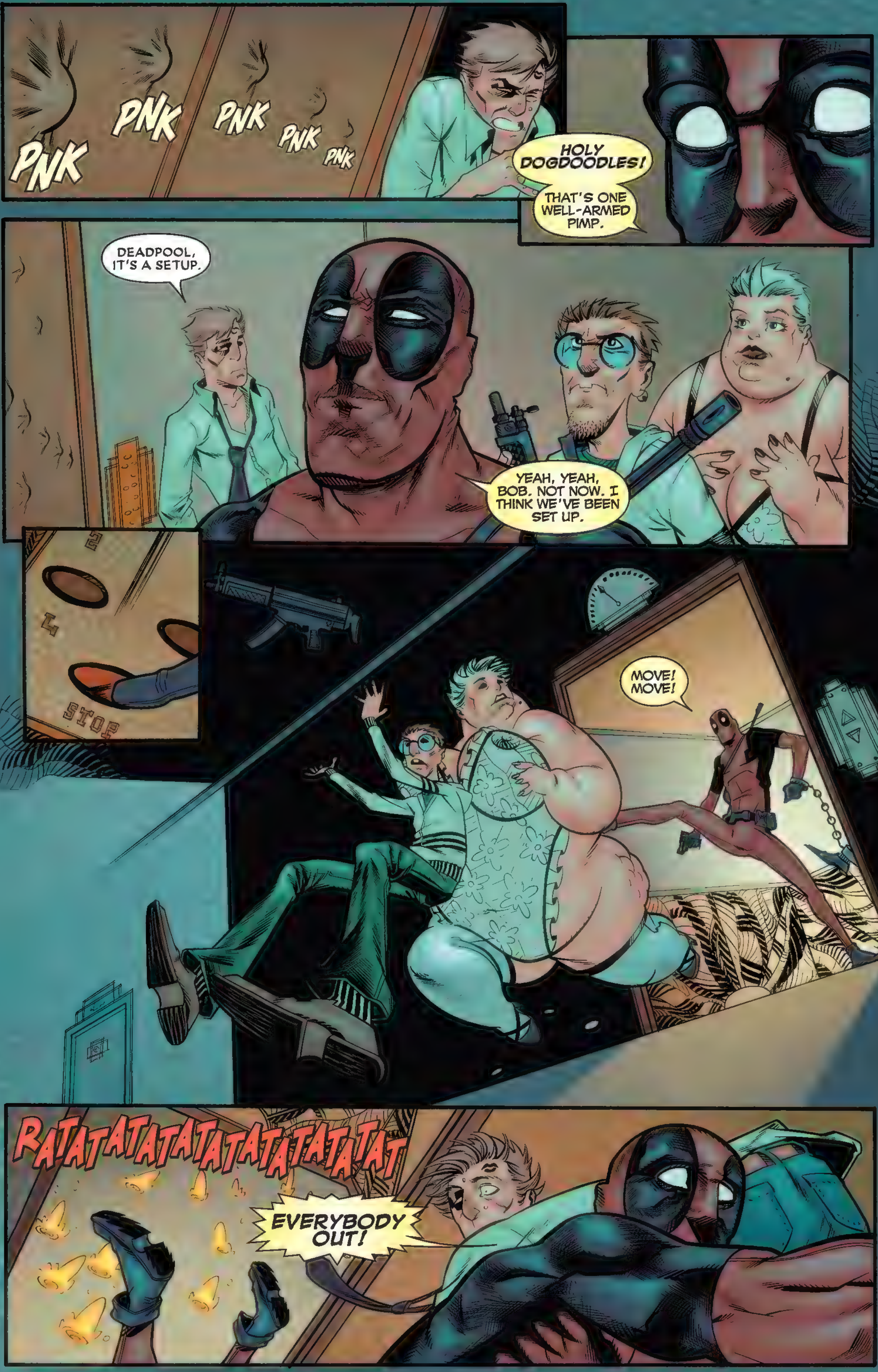

WE'RE ON DRUGS, BOB. YOU OR I WOULD PROBABLY PLOW RIGHT INTO THE HUDSON.
YOU'RE SAYING HE'S NOT ON DRUGS?
HEH...HEH... HEH...
DIDN'T THINK OF THAT.
HANG ON!
AHT--
MY FOOT!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
WHAT'S WITH MY FOOT?
YEAH...UH... LOOK AT THAT... UM...THEY CAME WITH THE CAR.
GODDAMMIT, WADE! WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!
THAT WAS A RED LIGHT, WEASEL.
THEY'RE ALL FUCKING RED TO ME!

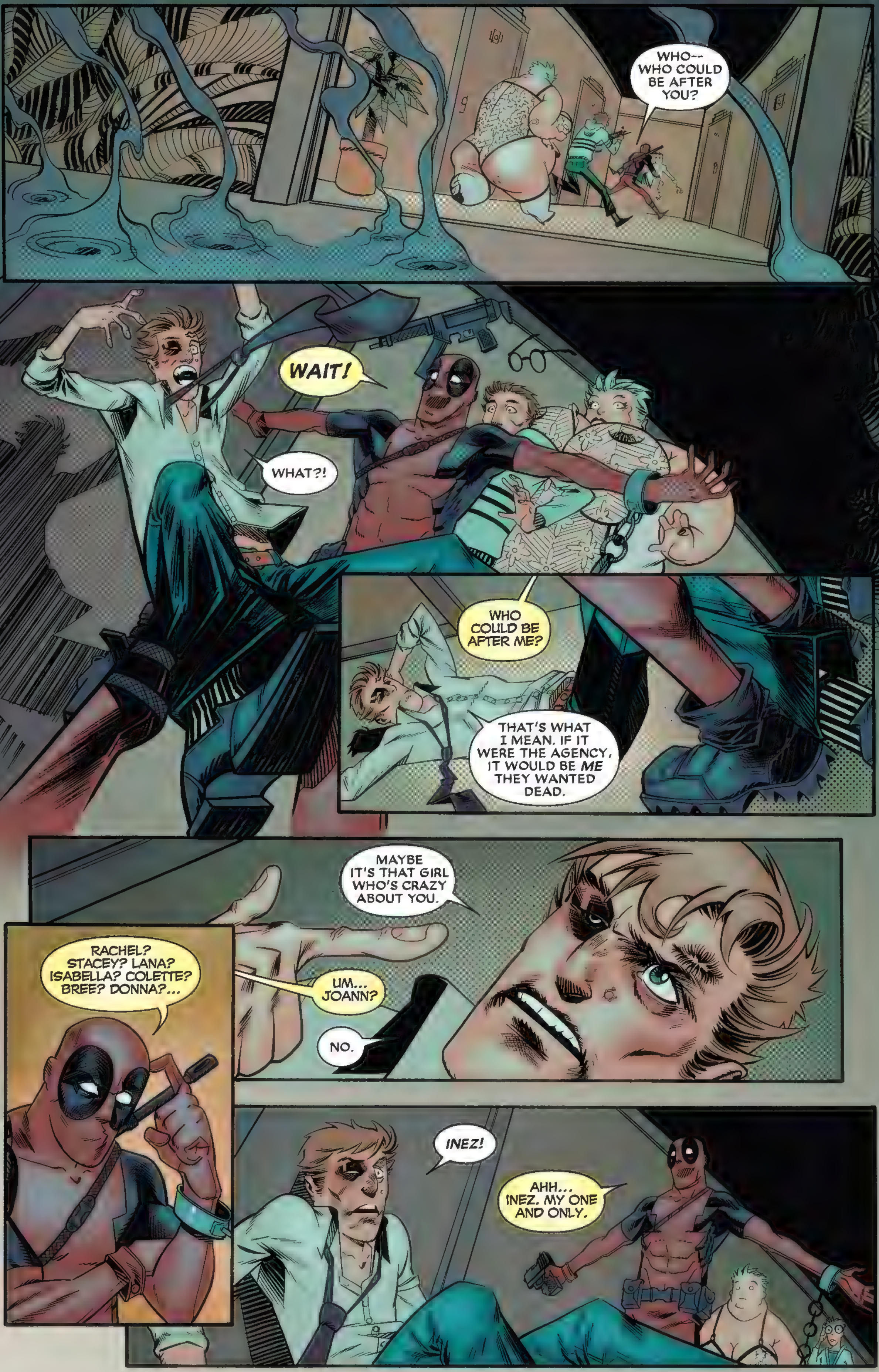

SO, TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FIANCÉE.
HUH?
*OH*...I'M NOT GETTING MARRIED.
IT'S OKAY, BOB. I'M A PRO.
I JUST *LOVE* HEARING ABOUT WEDDINGS. DON'T YOU LOVE WEDDINGS?
I DON'T REMEMBER... DID WE...?
IT'S FOR THE BEST. WOULDN'T WANT YOUR HONEYMOON TO BE A DISAPPOINTMENT.
OKAY. THIS IS THE PLACE.
CHK--
CHHK--
STARK
STARK INDUSTRIES
.45

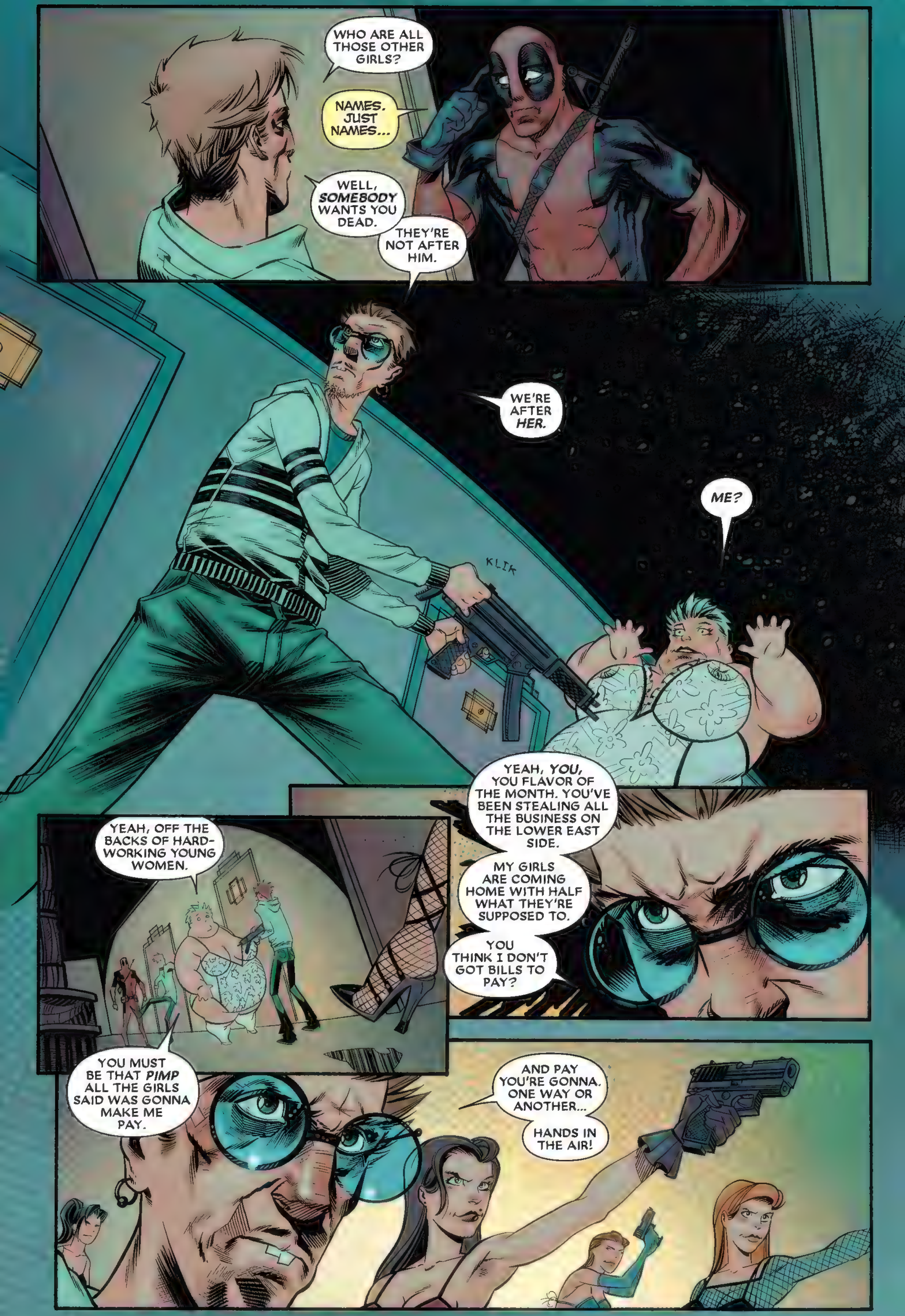

HEY!
OWW!
COME ON, BOB. MOVE IT OR LOSE IT!
THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK.
DANG.
WADE, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW, BOB.
GAH!
DING
WADE? WADE? DEADPOOL? WADE...?
COME ON... COME ON...
2
5
L
3
STOP
WADE, THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

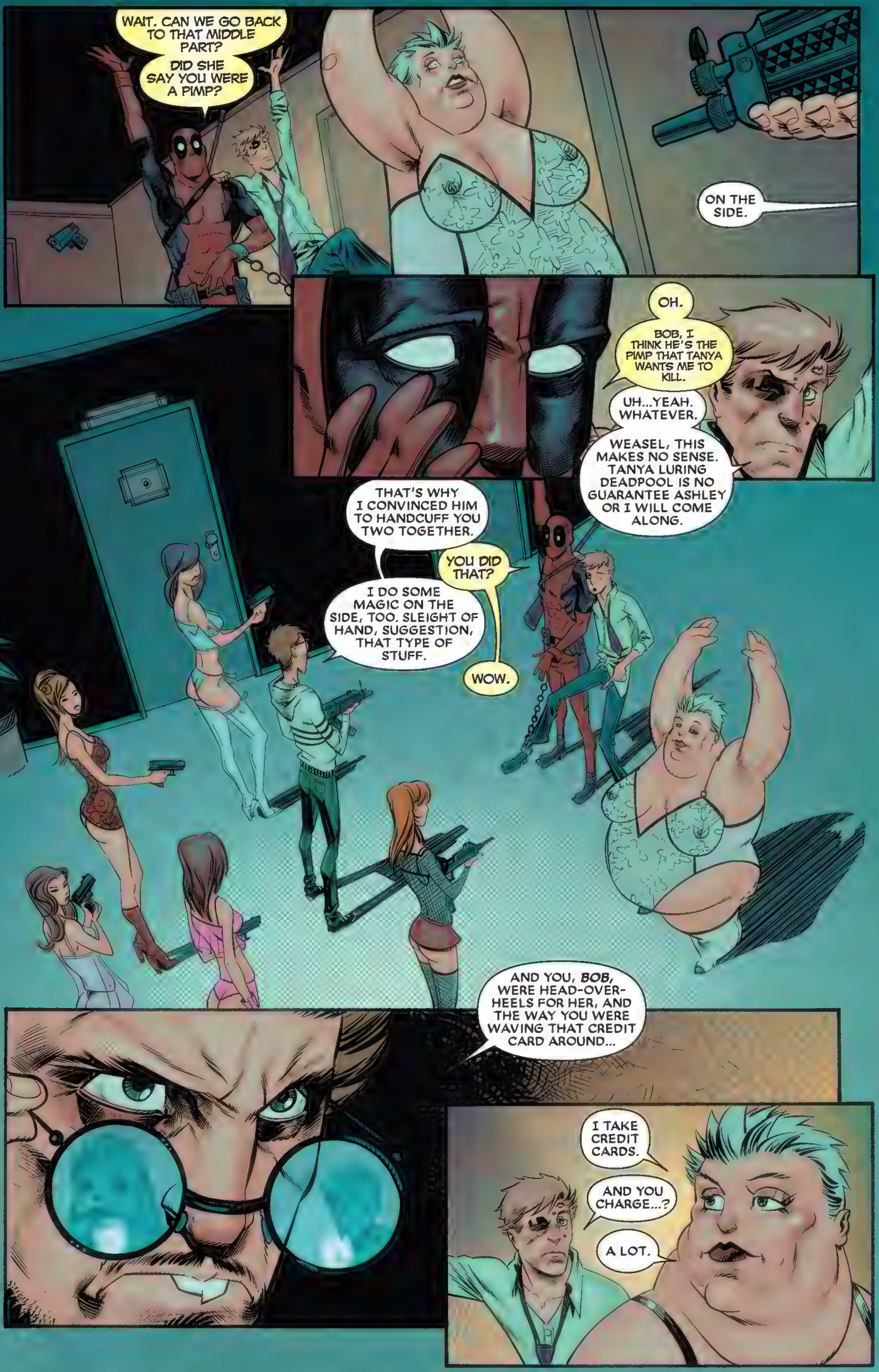

WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT WE'RE DOING.
TANYA NEEDS ME, BOB!
THE OTHER HOOKER?
STRIPPER, BOB. HOOKERS CAN'T DANCE AND HAVE PIMPS.
OKAY...SO WHAT DOES THIS STRIPPER NEED FROM YOU?
SHE NEEDS ME TO KILL HER PIMP.
WADE...
WADE, YOU SEE SHE'S USING YOU.
HE'S A DANGEROUS MAN, BOB! HE BEATS HER AND TAKES FOOD FROM HER FUTURE CHILDREN'S MOUTHS!
ASHLEY, I'M RIGHT, RIGHT?
I DON'T MEAN TO DIS ON YOUR FRIEND, BUT...
IT'S OKAY. ACTUALLY, I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER.
SAY WHAT?
I WAS WAITING FOR YOUR FRIEND TO ANSWER THE DOOR AND THE BITCH JUST WALKED UP.
THAT'S ONE REASON I DON'T HAVE A PIMP. THEY PROMOTE RUDE BEHAVIOR...
OH SHIT.

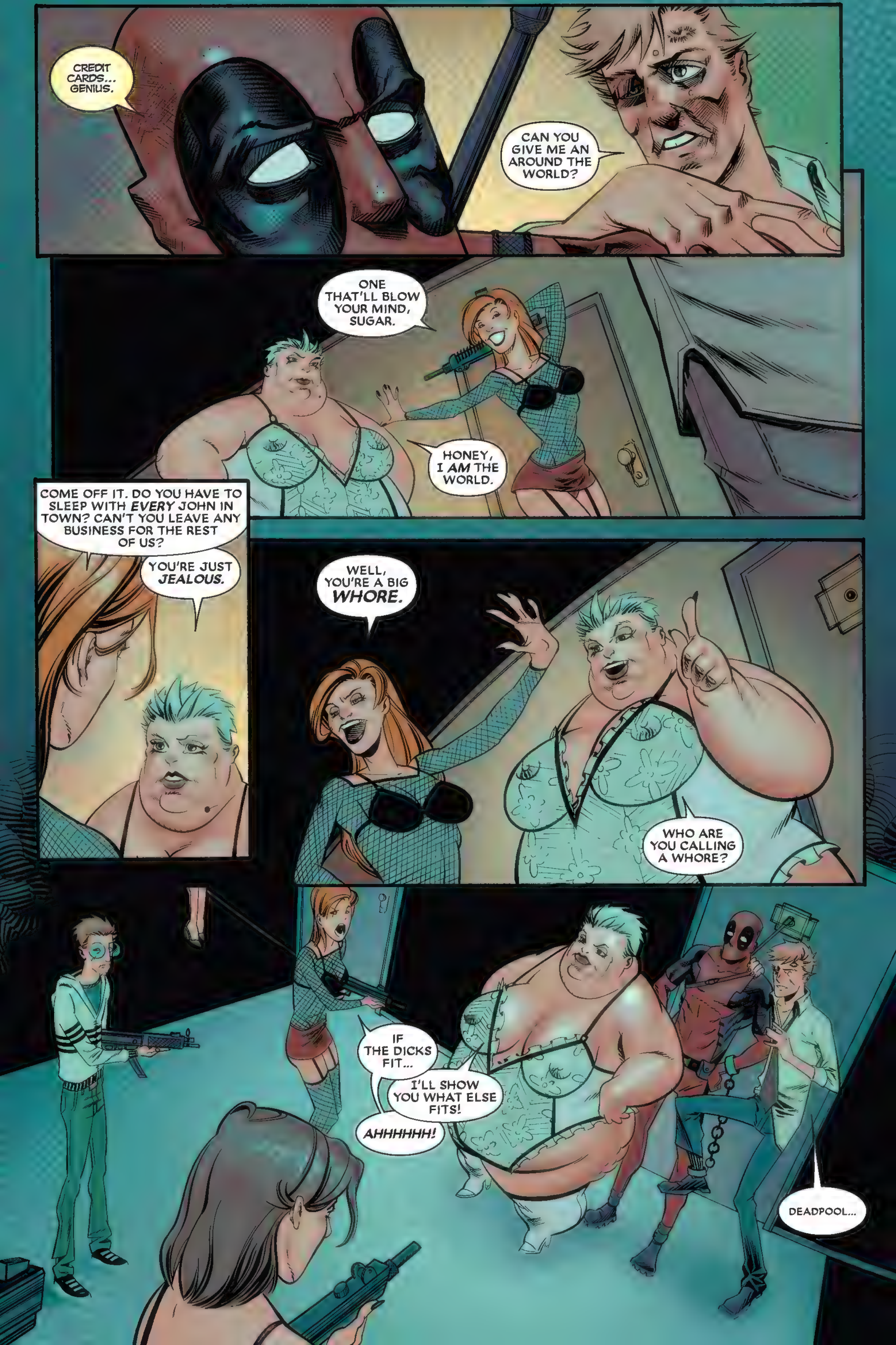

DING
OKAY. EVIL PIMP. TANYA SAYS--
--HELLO?!
HEY, BABY. LET'S PARTY.
HNNN--
HANG ON, WADE!
GAHH!
SPK

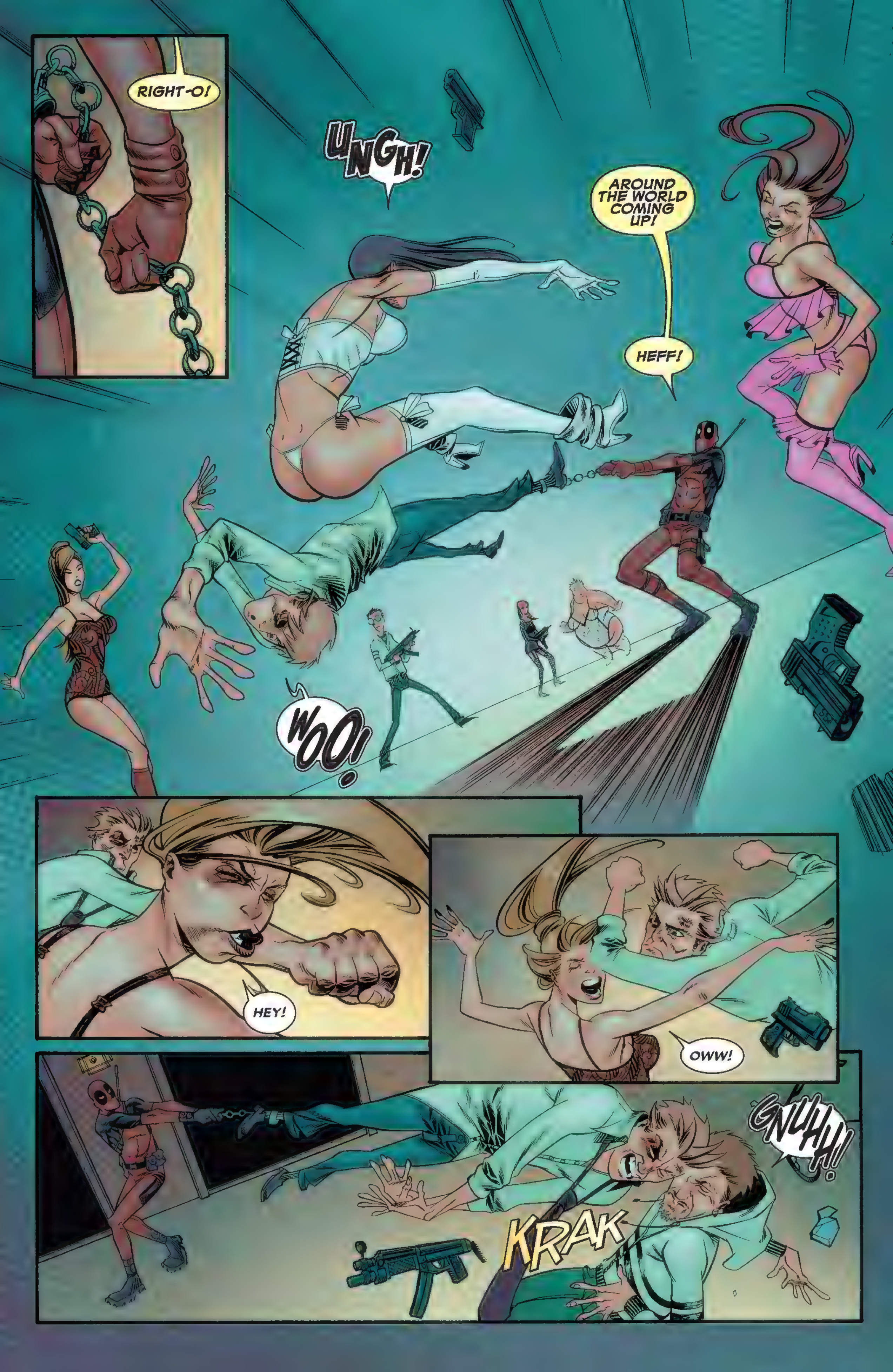

PNK
PNK
PNK
PNK
PNK
HOLY DOGDOODLES!
THAT'S ONE WELL-ARMED PIMP.
DEADPOOL, IT'S A SETUP.
YEAH, YEAH, BOB. NOT NOW. I THINK WE'VE BEEN SET UP.
STOP
MOVE! MOVE!
RATATATATATATATATATATATATAT
EVERYBODY OUT!

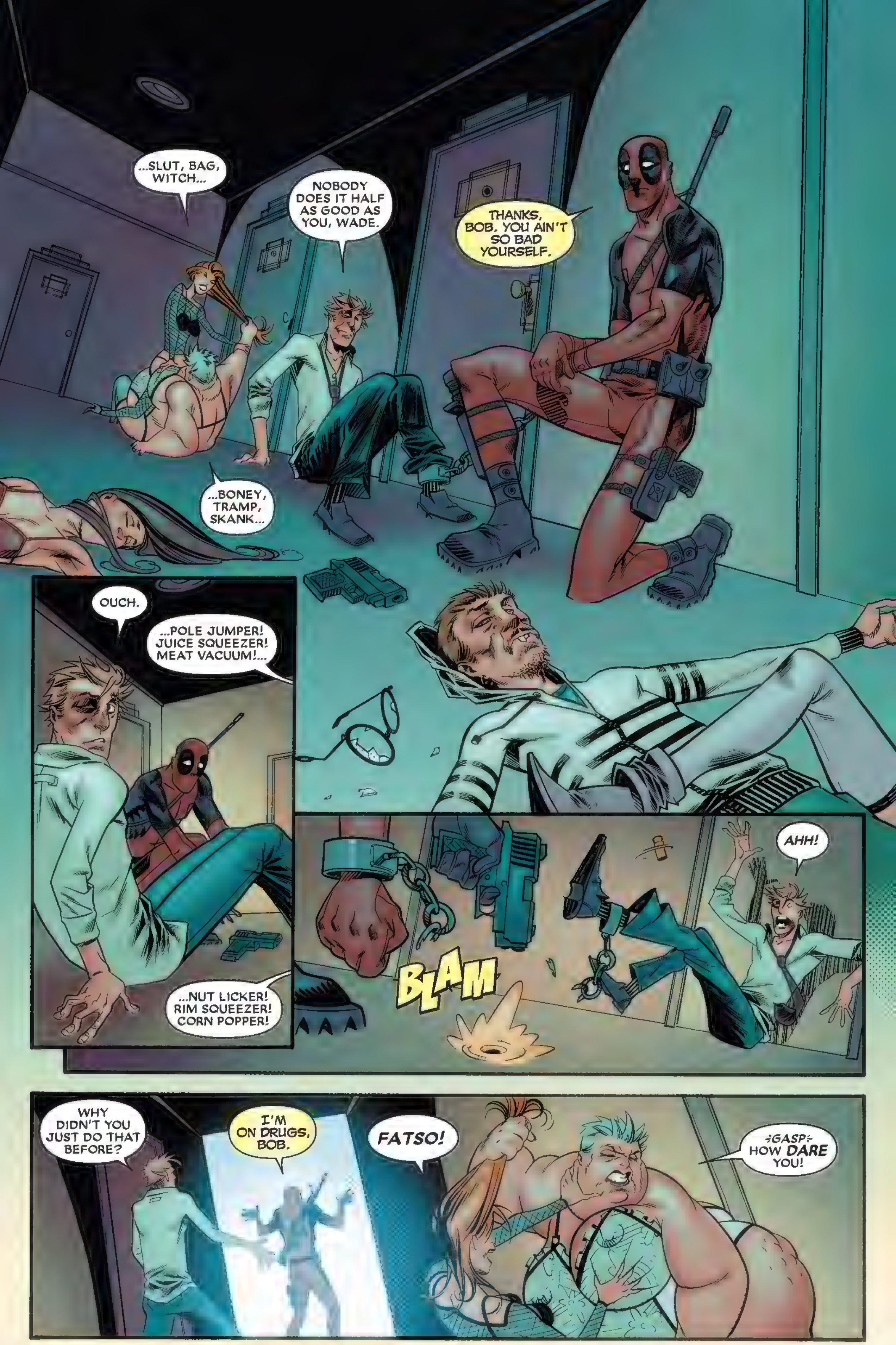

WHO-- WHO COULD BE AFTER YOU?
WAIT!
WHAT?!
WHO COULD BE AFTER ME?
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN. IF IT WERE THE AGENCY, IT WOULD BE *ME* THEY WANTED DEAD.
MAYBE IT'S THAT GIRL WHO'S CRAZY ABOUT YOU.
RACHEL? STACEY? LANA? ISABELLA? COLETTE? BREE? DONNA?...
UM... JOANN?
NO.
INEZ!
AHH... INEZ. MY ONE AND ONLY.

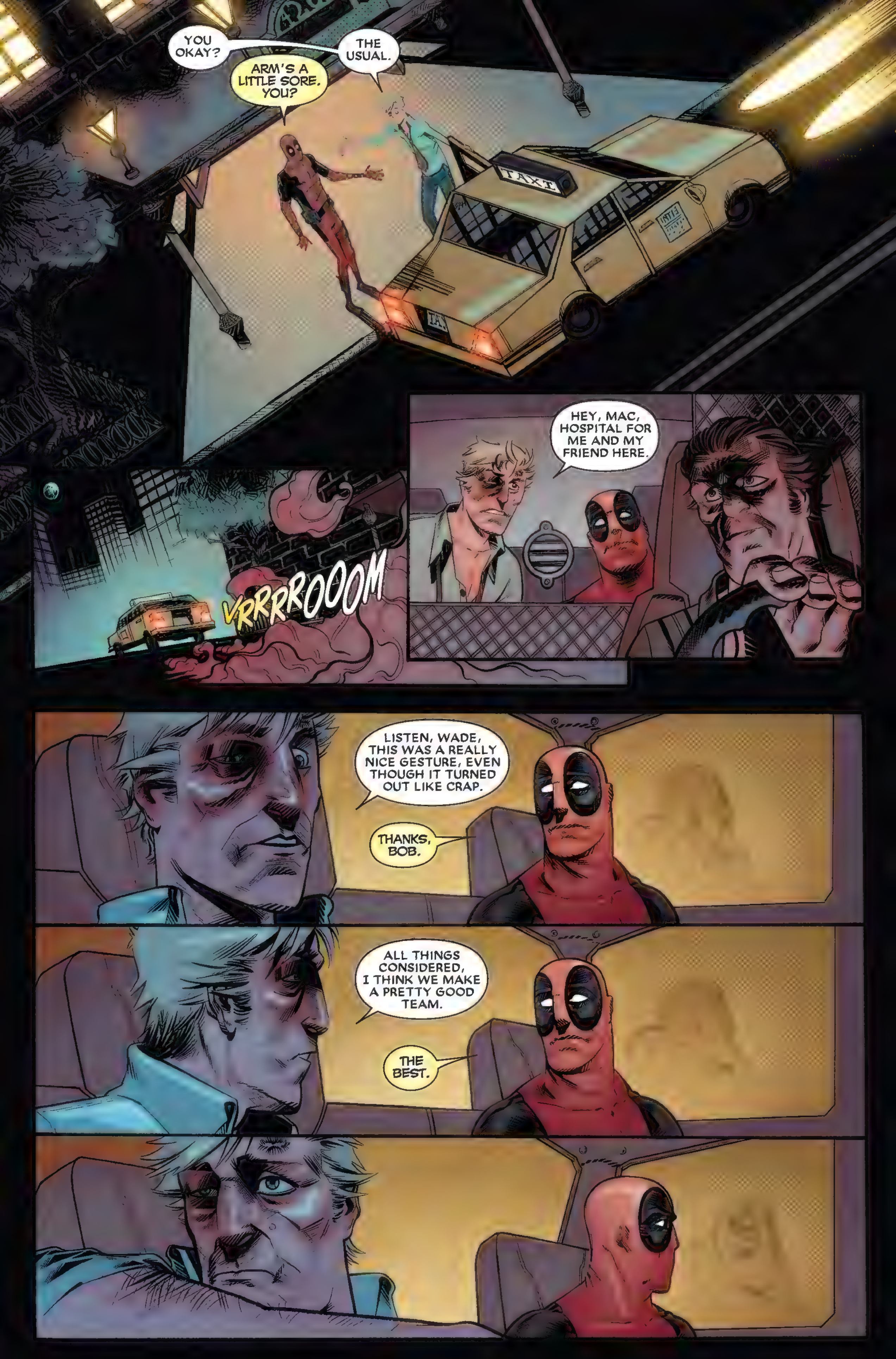

WHO ARE ALL THOSE OTHER GIRLS?
NAMES. JUST NAMES...
WELL, *SOMEBODY* WANTS YOU DEAD.
THEY'RE NOT AFTER HIM.
WE'RE AFTER *HER*.
KLIK
*ME?*
YEAH, *YOU*, YOU FLAVOR OF THE MONTH. YOU'VE BEEN STEALING ALL THE BUSINESS ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE.
MY GIRLS ARE COMING HOME WITH HALF WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO.
YOU THINK I DON'T GOT BILLS TO PAY?
YEAH, OFF THE BACKS OF HARD-WORKING YOUNG WOMEN.
YOU MUST BE THAT *PIMP* ALL THE GIRLS SAID WAS GONNA MAKE ME PAY.
AND PAY YOU'RE GONNA, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER...
HANDS IN THE AIR!

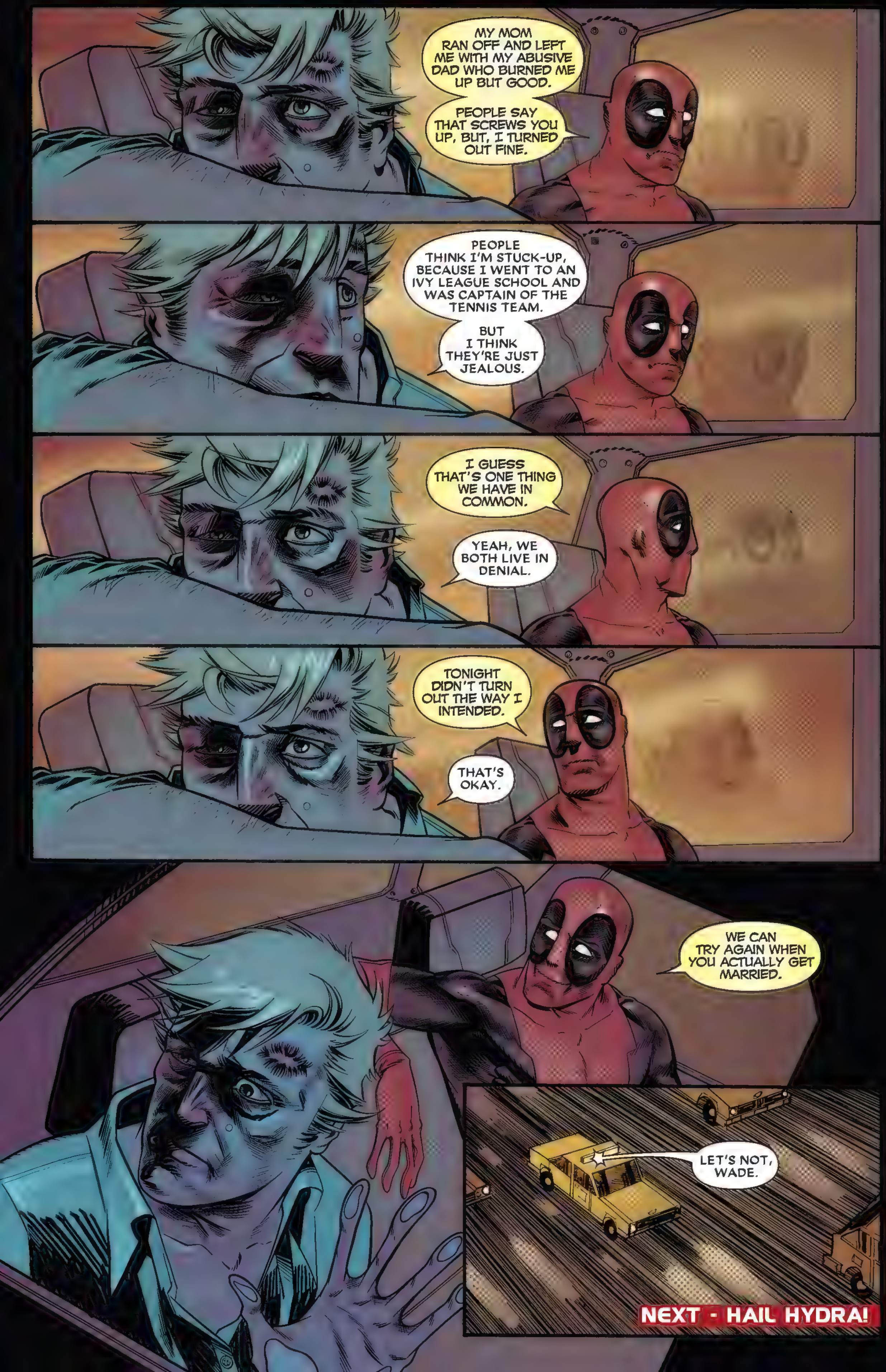

WAIT. CAN WE GO BACK TO THAT MIDDLE PART?
DID SHE SAY YOU WERE A PIMP?
ON THE SIDE.
OH.
BOB, I THINK HE'S THE PIMP THAT TANYA WANTS ME TO KILL.
UH...YEAH, WHATEVER.
WEASEL, THIS MAKES NO SENSE. TANYA LURING DEADPOOL IS NO GUARANTEE ASHLEY OR I WILL COME ALONG.
THAT'S WHY I CONVINCED HIM TO HANDCUFF YOU TWO TOGETHER.
YOU DID THAT?
I DO SOME MAGIC ON THE SIDE, TOO. SLEIGHT OF HAND, SUGGESTION, THAT TYPE OF STUFF.
WOW.
AND YOU, *BOB*, WERE HEAD-OVER-HEELS FOR HER, AND THE WAY YOU WERE WAVING THAT CREDIT CARD AROUND...
I TAKE CREDIT CARDS.
AND YOU CHARGE...?
A LOT.


CREDIT CARDS... GENIUS.
CAN YOU GIVE ME AN AROUND THE WORLD?
ONE THAT'LL BLOW YOUR MIND, SUGAR.
HONEY, I *AM* THE WORLD.
COME OFF IT. DO YOU HAVE TO SLEEP WITH *EVERY* JOHN IN TOWN? CAN'T YOU LEAVE ANY BUSINESS FOR THE REST OF US?
YOU'RE JUST *JEALOUS.*
WELL, YOU'RE A BIG *WHORE.*
WHO ARE YOU CALLING A WHORE?
IF THE DICKS FIT...
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT ELSE FITS!
*AHHHHHH!*
DEADPOOL...

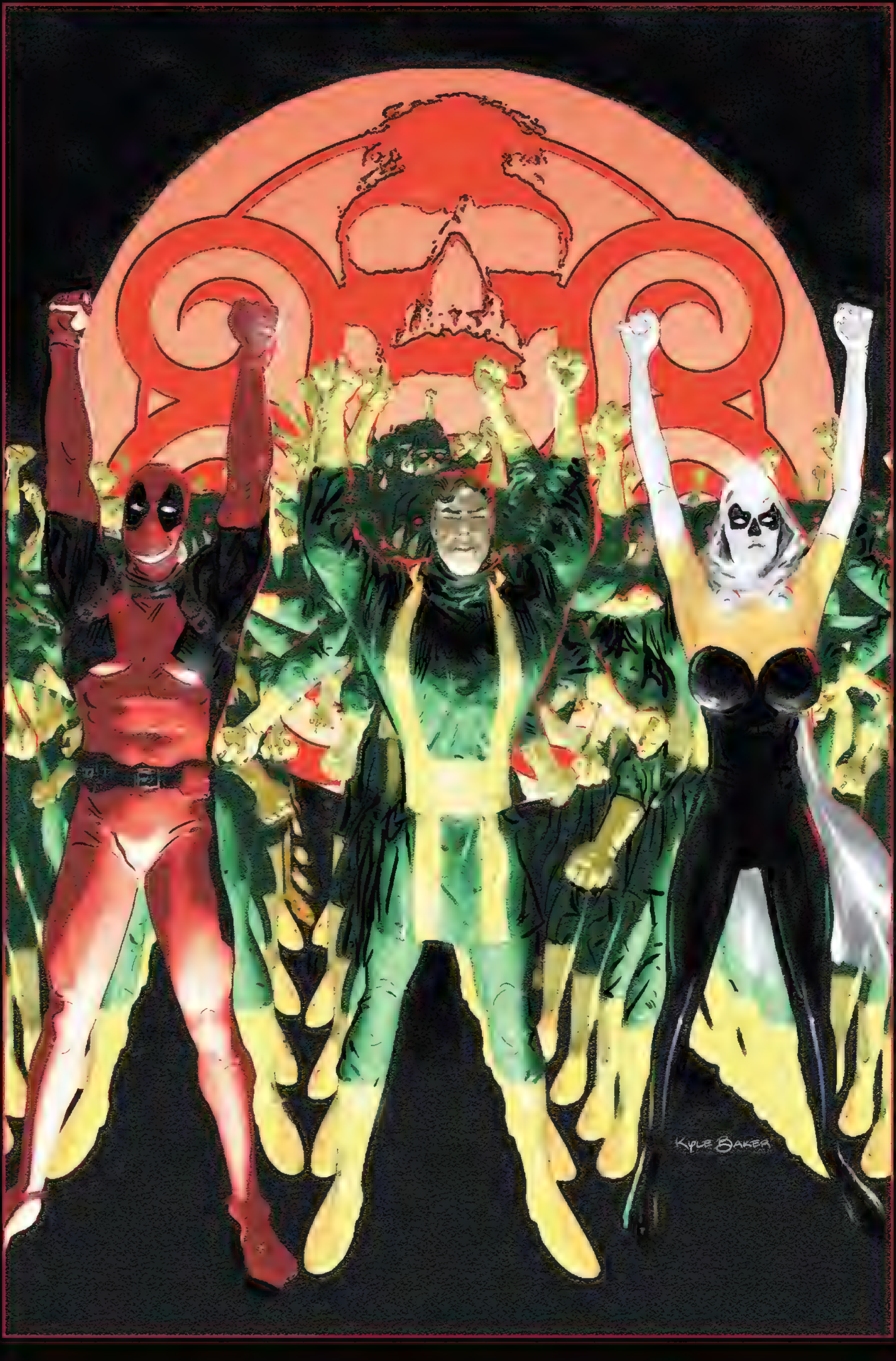

RIGHT-O!
UNGH!
AROUND THE WORLD COMING UP!
HEFF!
WOO!
HEY!
OWW!
GNUHH!
KRAK


...SLUT, BAG, WITCH...
NOBODY DOES IT HALF AS GOOD AS YOU, WADE.
THANKS, BOB. YOU AIN'T SO BAD YOURSELF.
...BONEY, TRAMP, SKANK...
OUCH.
...POLE JUMPER! JUICE SQUEEZER! MEAT VACUUM!...
...NUT LICKER! RIM SQUEEZER! CORN POPPER!
BLAM
AHH!
WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST DO THAT BEFORE?
I'M ON DRUGS, BOB.
FATSO!
÷GASP÷ HOW DARE YOU!


YOU OKAY?
THE USUAL.
ARM'S A LITTLE SORE. YOU?
TAXI
VRRRROOOM
HEY, MAC, HOSPITAL FOR ME AND MY FRIEND HERE.
LISTEN, WADE, THIS WAS A REALLY NICE GESTURE, EVEN THOUGH IT TURNED OUT LIKE CRAP.
THANKS, BOB.
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I THINK WE MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM.
THE BEST.


MY MOM RAN OFF AND LEFT ME WITH MY ABUSIVE DAD WHO BURNED ME UP BUT GOOD.
PEOPLE SAY THAT SCREWS YOU UP, BUT, I TURNED OUT FINE.
PEOPLE THINK I'M STUCK-UP, BECAUSE I WENT TO AN IVY LEAGUE SCHOOL AND WAS CAPTAIN OF THE TENNIS TEAM.
BUT I THINK THEY'RE JUST JEALOUS.
I GUESS THAT'S ONE THING WE HAVE IN COMMON.
YEAH, WE BOTH LIVE IN DENIAL.
TONIGHT DIDN'T TURN OUT THE WAY I INTENDED.
THAT'S OKAY.
WE CAN TRY AGAIN WHEN YOU ACTUALLY GET MARRIED.
LET'S NOT, WADE.
NEXT - HAIL HYDRA!

# NEXT:
# DEADPOOL MAX #10



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MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

10

# DEADPOOL MAX

David Lapham

Kyle Baker

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*The Deadpool is a super-top-secret government C.I.A. program to train the deadliest members of society to become even more deadly...and a bit unhinged. The greatest agent The Deadpool ever produced was Wade Wilson, AKA Deadpool. In order to keep Deadpool in line and killing who the C.I.A. wants, slightly masochistic Action Officer Bob has been assigned as Deadpool's handler. Of course, keeping an insane super-agent in line is not the easiest task in the world. But Bob has discovered his trump card in Deadpool's obsession with a completely fictional evil organization called Hydra.*

# DEADPOOL MAX

WRITER:
**DAVID LAPHAM**

ARTIST:
**KYLE BAKER**

LETTERER:
**VC's CLAYTON COWLES**

COVER:
**KYLE BAKER**

EDITOR:
**SEBASTIAN GIRNER**

SENIOR EDITOR:
**NICK LOWE**

EDITOR IN CHIEF:
**AXEL ALONSO**

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER:
**JOE QUESADA**

PUBLISHER:
**DAN BUCKLEY**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:
**ALAN FINE**

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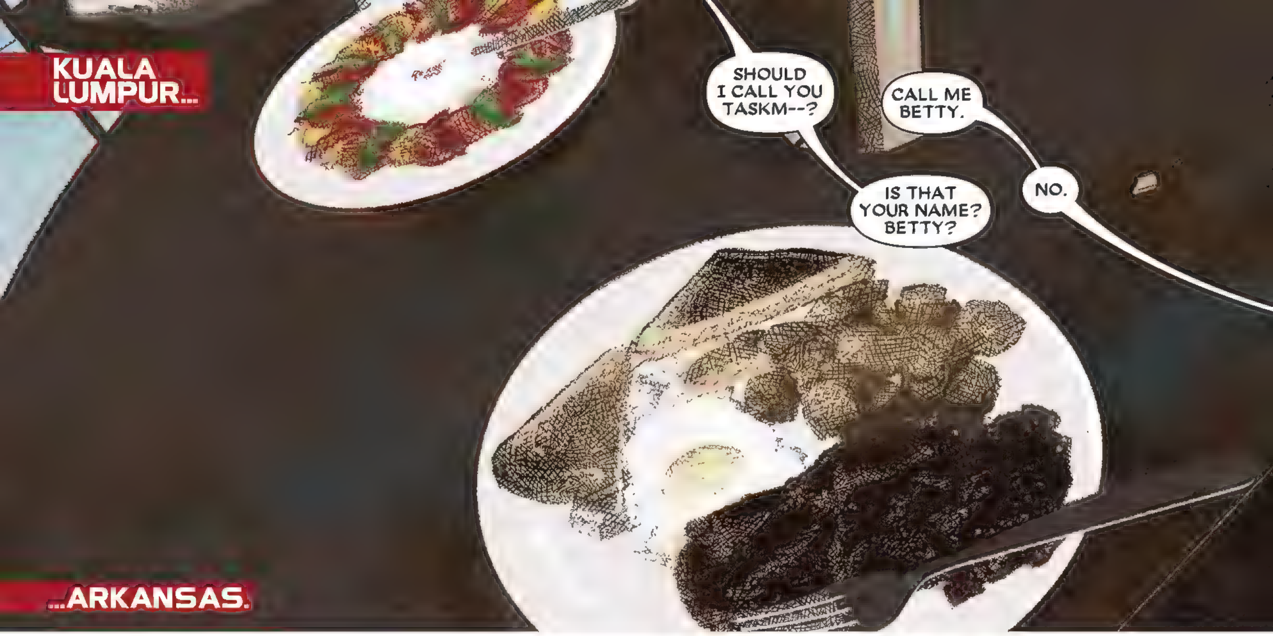
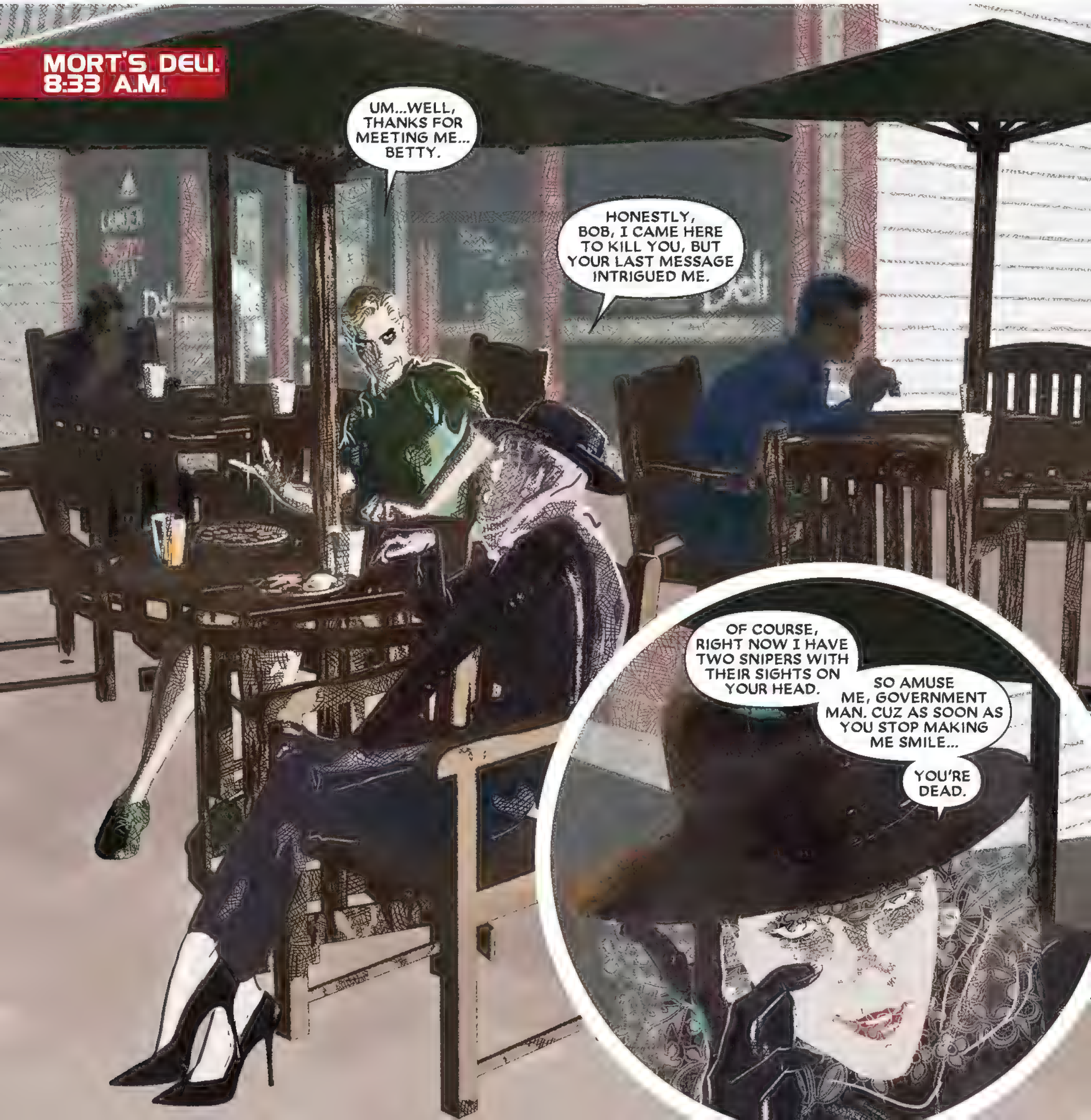
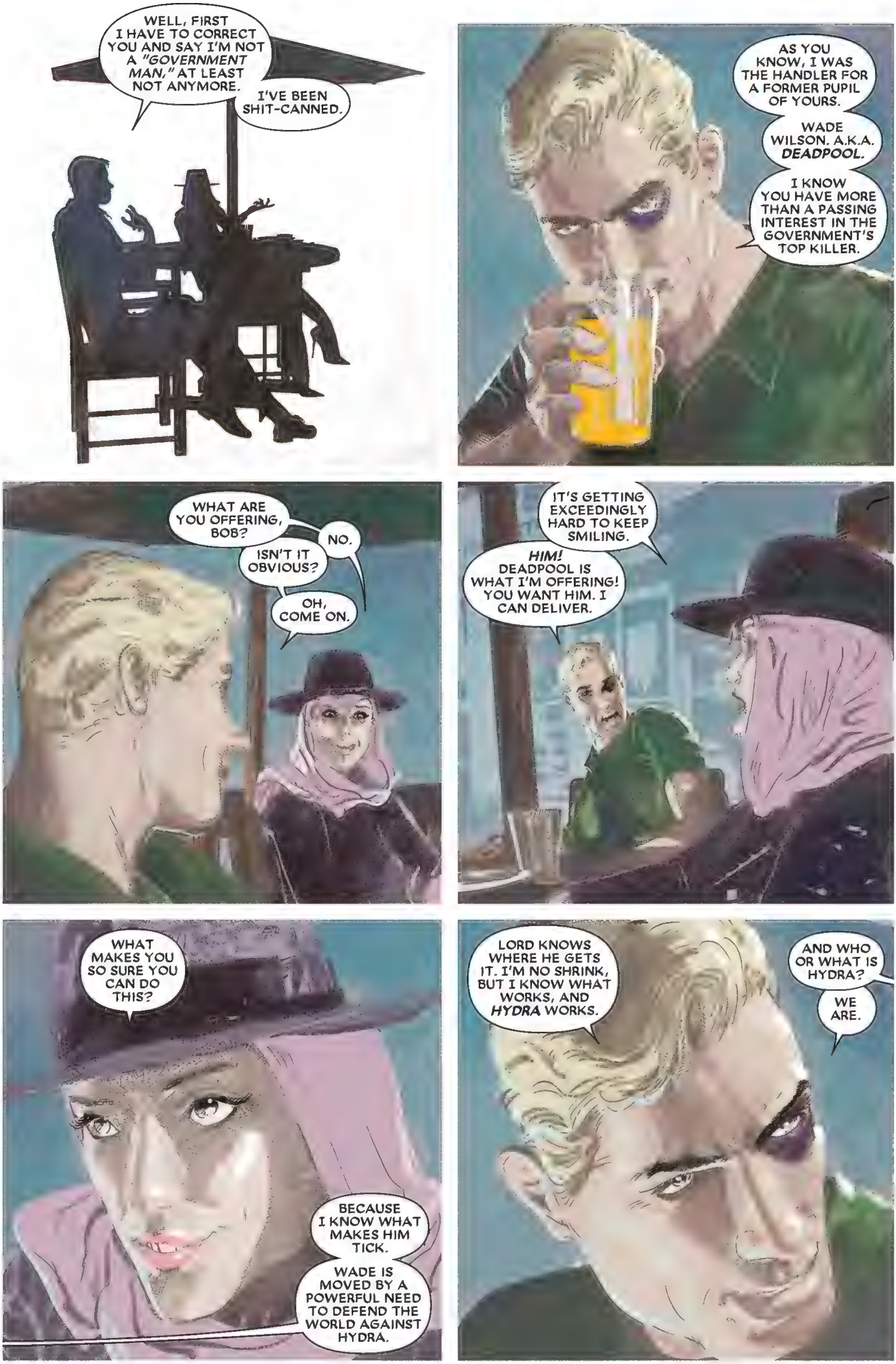
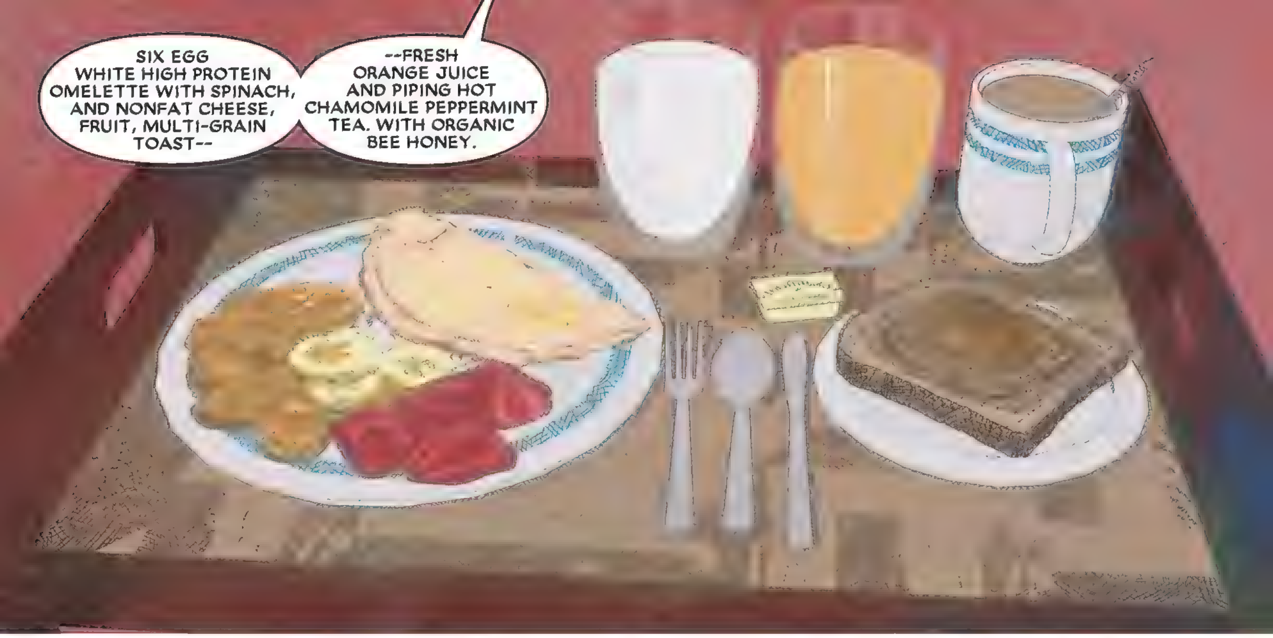
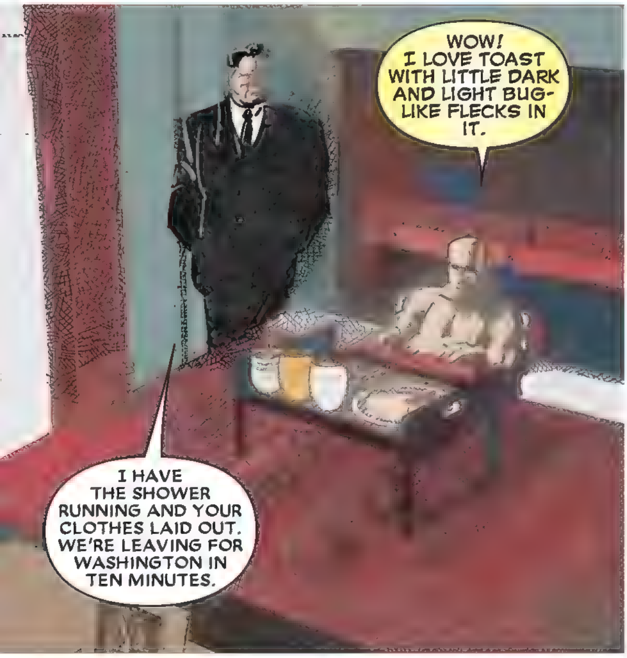
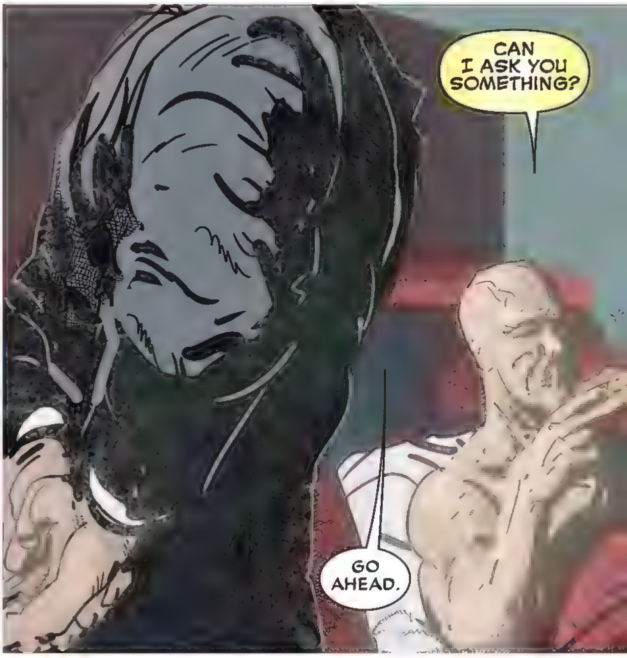

KUALA LUMPUR...
SHOULD I CALL YOU TASKM--?
CALL ME BETTY.
IS THAT YOUR NAME? BETTY?
NO.
...ARKANSAS.

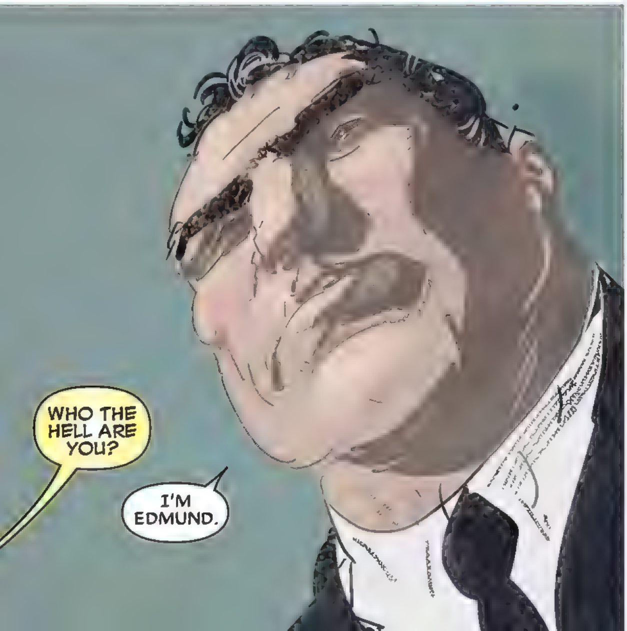

MORT'S DELI. 8:33 A.M.
UM...WELL, THANKS FOR MEETING ME... BETTY.
HONESTLY, BOB, I CAME HERE TO KILL YOU, BUT YOUR LAST MESSAGE INTRIGUED ME.
OF COURSE, RIGHT NOW I HAVE TWO SNIPERS WITH THEIR SIGHTS ON YOUR HEAD.
SO AMUSE ME, GOVERNMENT MAN. CUZ AS SOON AS YOU STOP MAKING ME SMILE...
YOU'RE DEAD.

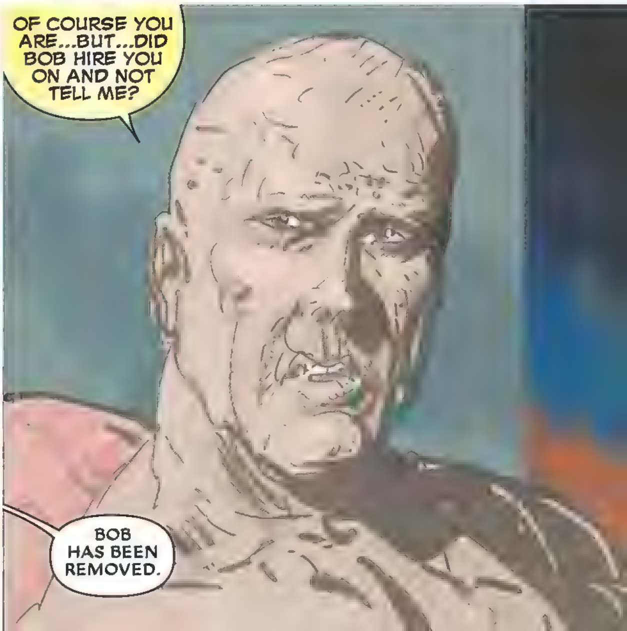

WELL, FIRST I HAVE TO CORRECT YOU AND SAY I'M NOT A *"GOVERNMENT MAN,"* AT LEAST NOT ANYMORE.
I'VE BEEN SHIT-CANNED.
AS YOU KNOW, I WAS THE HANDLER FOR A FORMER PUPIL OF YOURS.
WADE WILSON, A.K.A. ***DEADPOOL.***
I KNOW YOU HAVE MORE THAN A PASSING INTEREST IN THE GOVERNMENT'S TOP KILLER.
WHAT ARE YOU OFFERING, BOB?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?
NO.
OH, COME ON.
IT'S GETTING EXCEEDINGLY HARD TO KEEP SMILING.
***HIM!*** DEADPOOL IS WHAT I'M OFFERING! YOU WANT HIM. I CAN DELIVER.
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE YOU CAN DO THIS?
BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT MAKES HIM TICK.
WADE IS MOVED BY A POWERFUL NEED TO DEFEND THE WORLD AGAINST HYDRA.
LORD KNOWS WHERE HE GETS IT. I'M NO SHRINK, BUT I KNOW WHAT WORKS, AND ***HYDRA*** WORKS.
AND WHO OR WHAT IS HYDRA?
WE ARE.

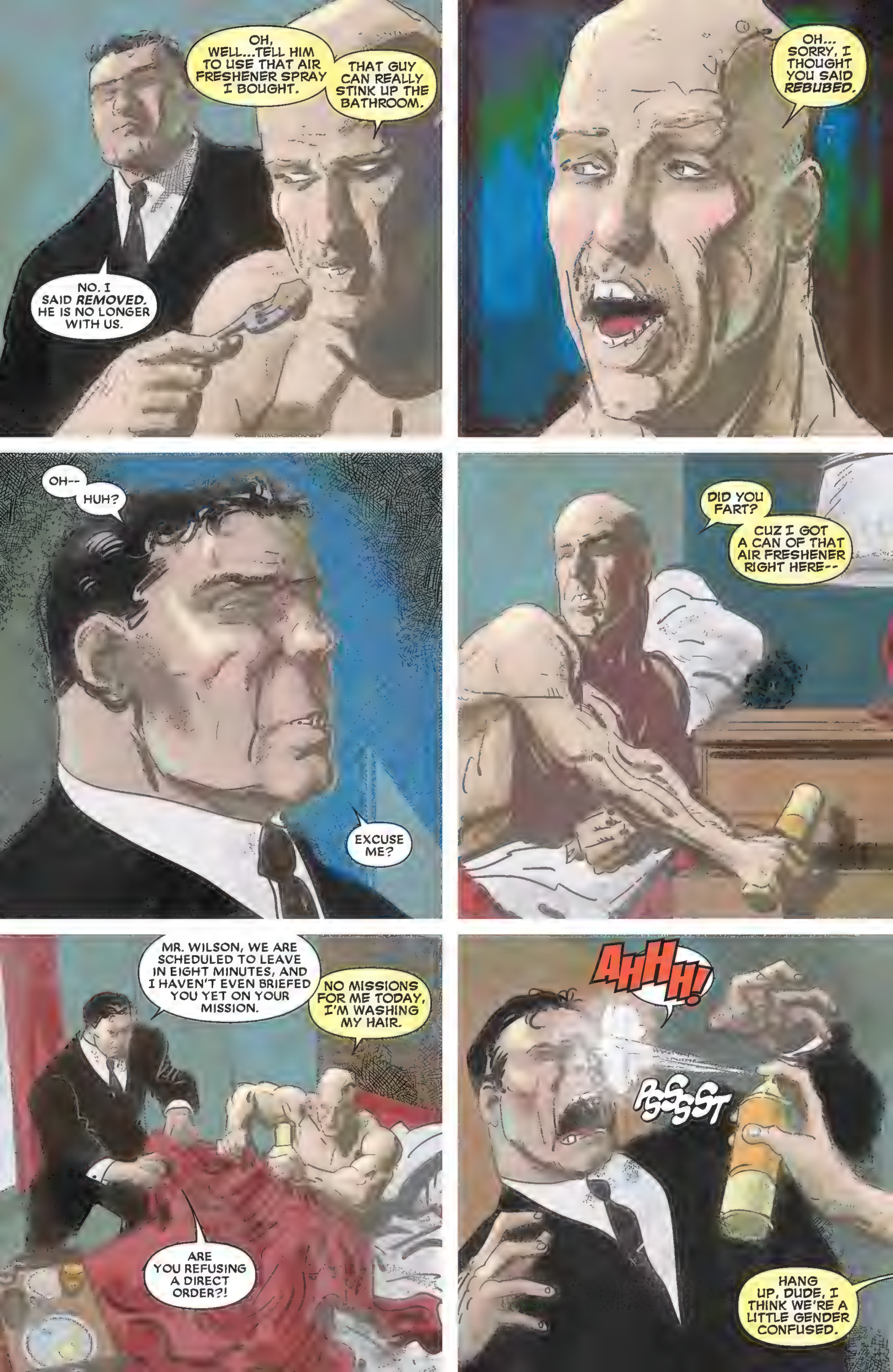

SIX EGG WHITE HIGH PROTEIN OMELETTE WITH SPINACH, AND NONFAT CHEESE, FRUIT, MULTI-GRAIN TOAST--
--FRESH ORANGE JUICE AND PIPING HOT CHAMOMILE PEPPERMINT TEA. WITH ORGANIC BEE HONEY.

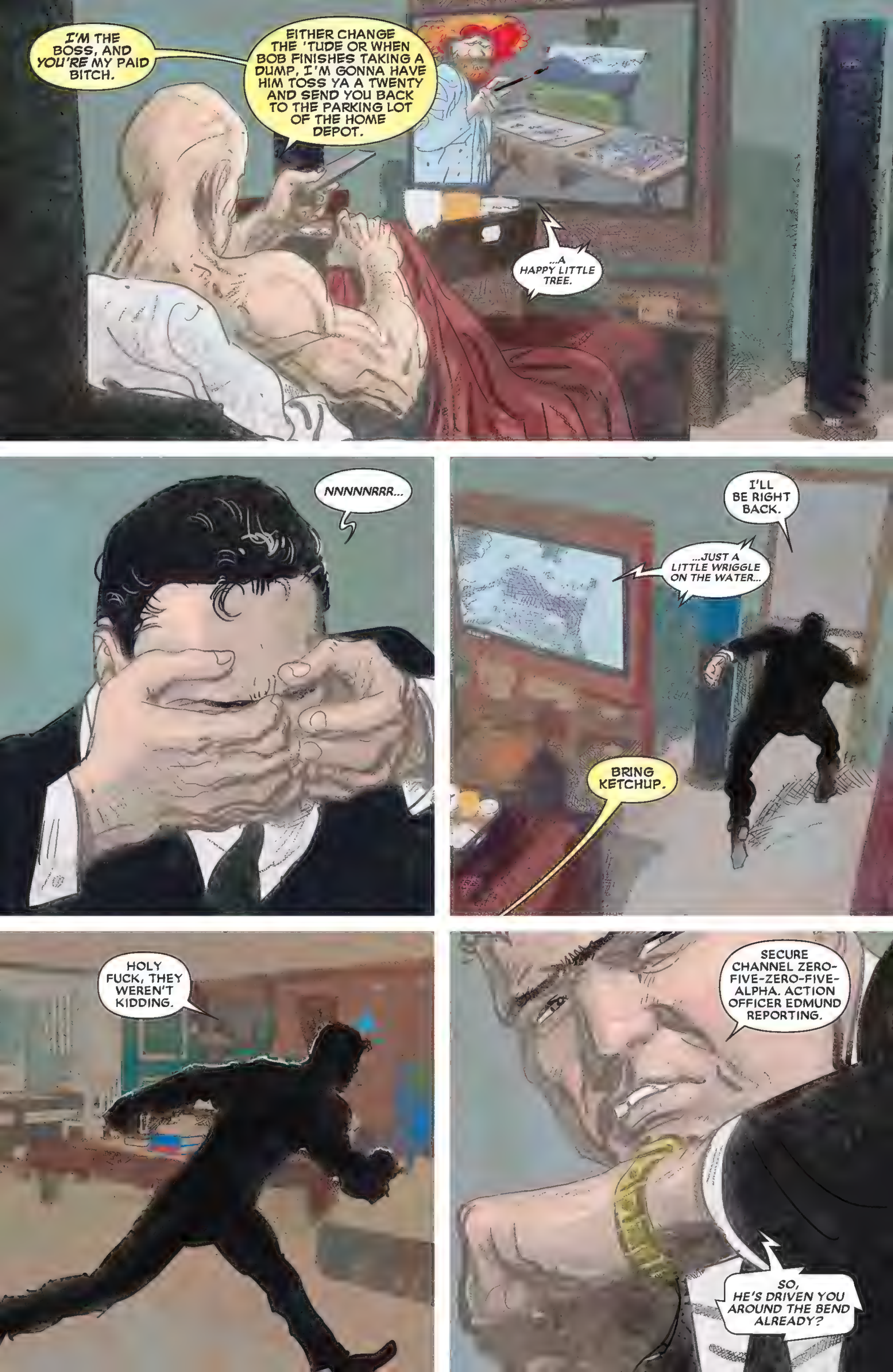

WOW! I LOVE TOAST WITH LITTLE DARK AND LIGHT BUG-LIKE FLECKS IN IT.
I HAVE THE SHOWER RUNNING AND YOUR CLOTHES LAID OUT. WE'RE LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON IN TEN MINUTES.

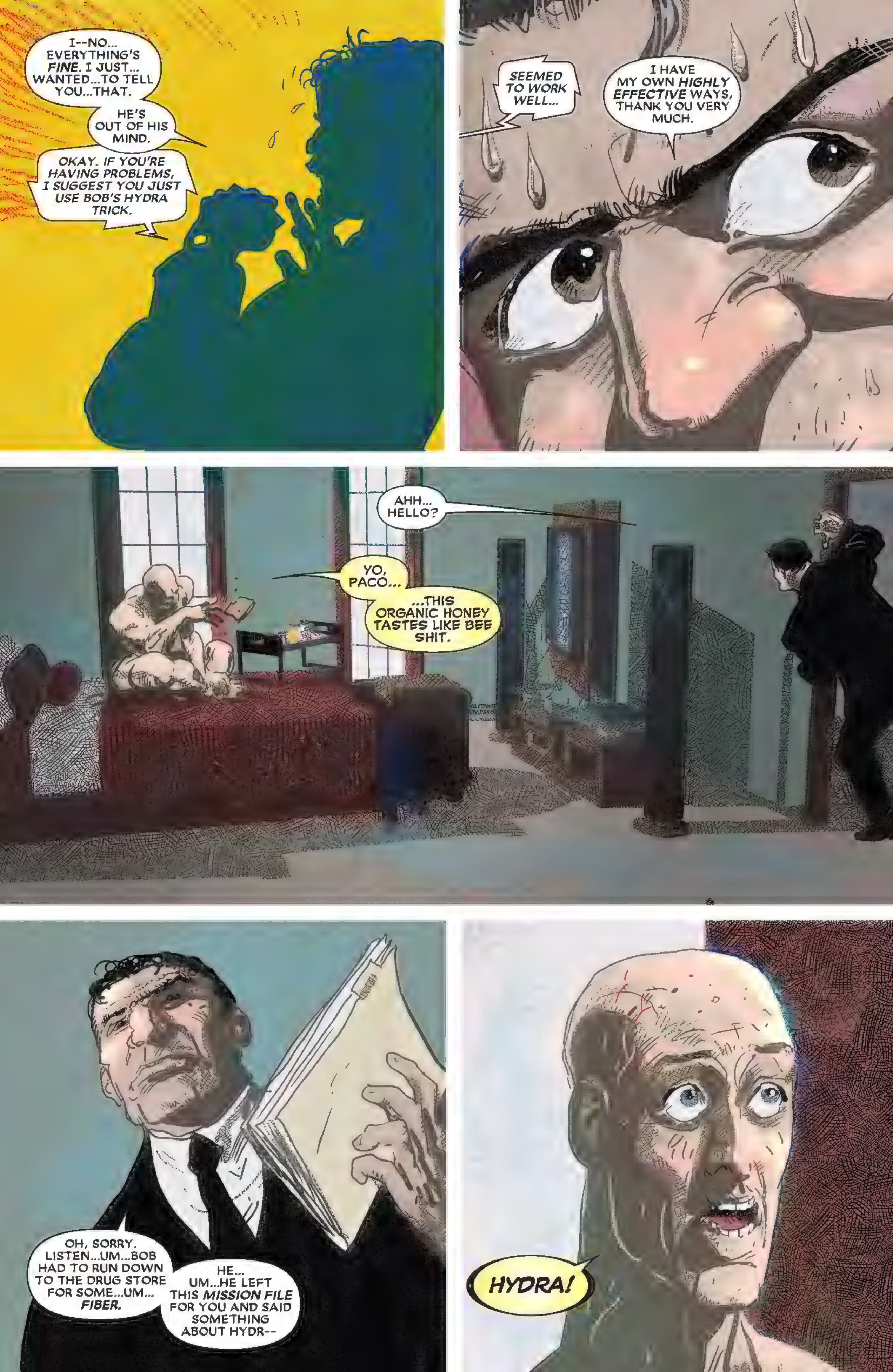

CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
GO AHEAD.

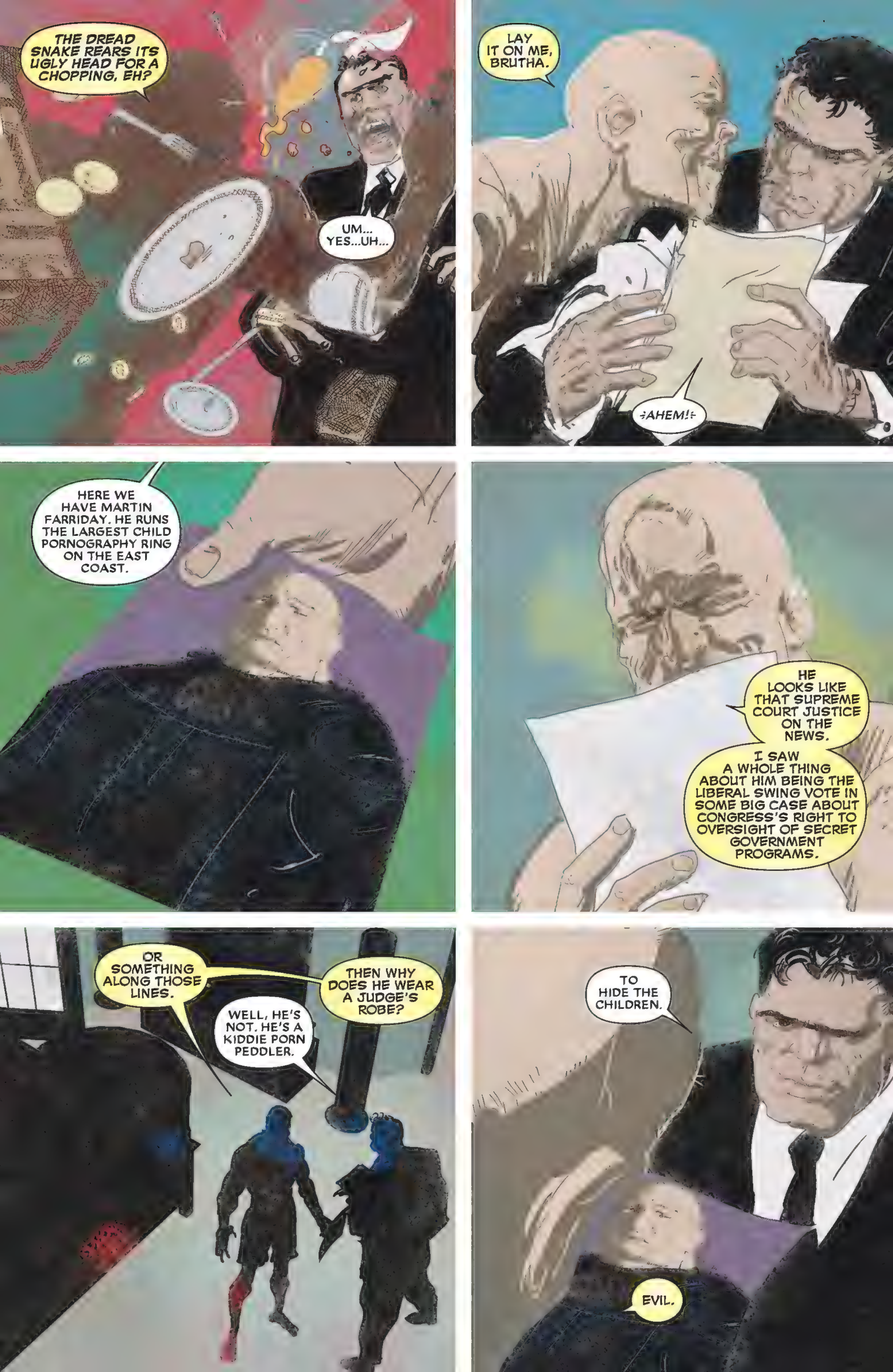

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
I'M EDMUND.

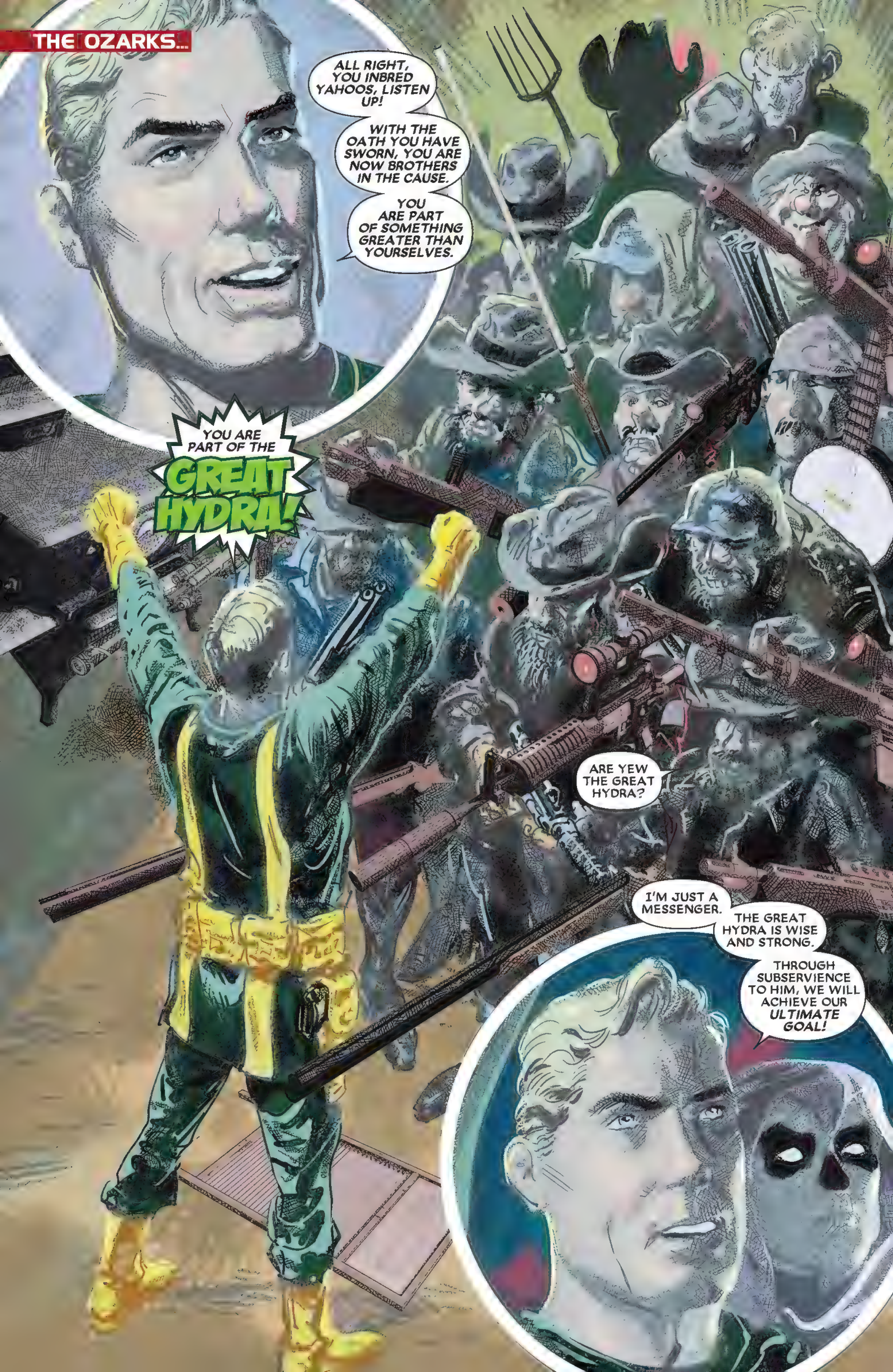

OF COURSE YOU ARE...BUT...DID BOB HIRE YOU ON AND NOT TELL ME?
BOB HAS BEEN REMOVED.

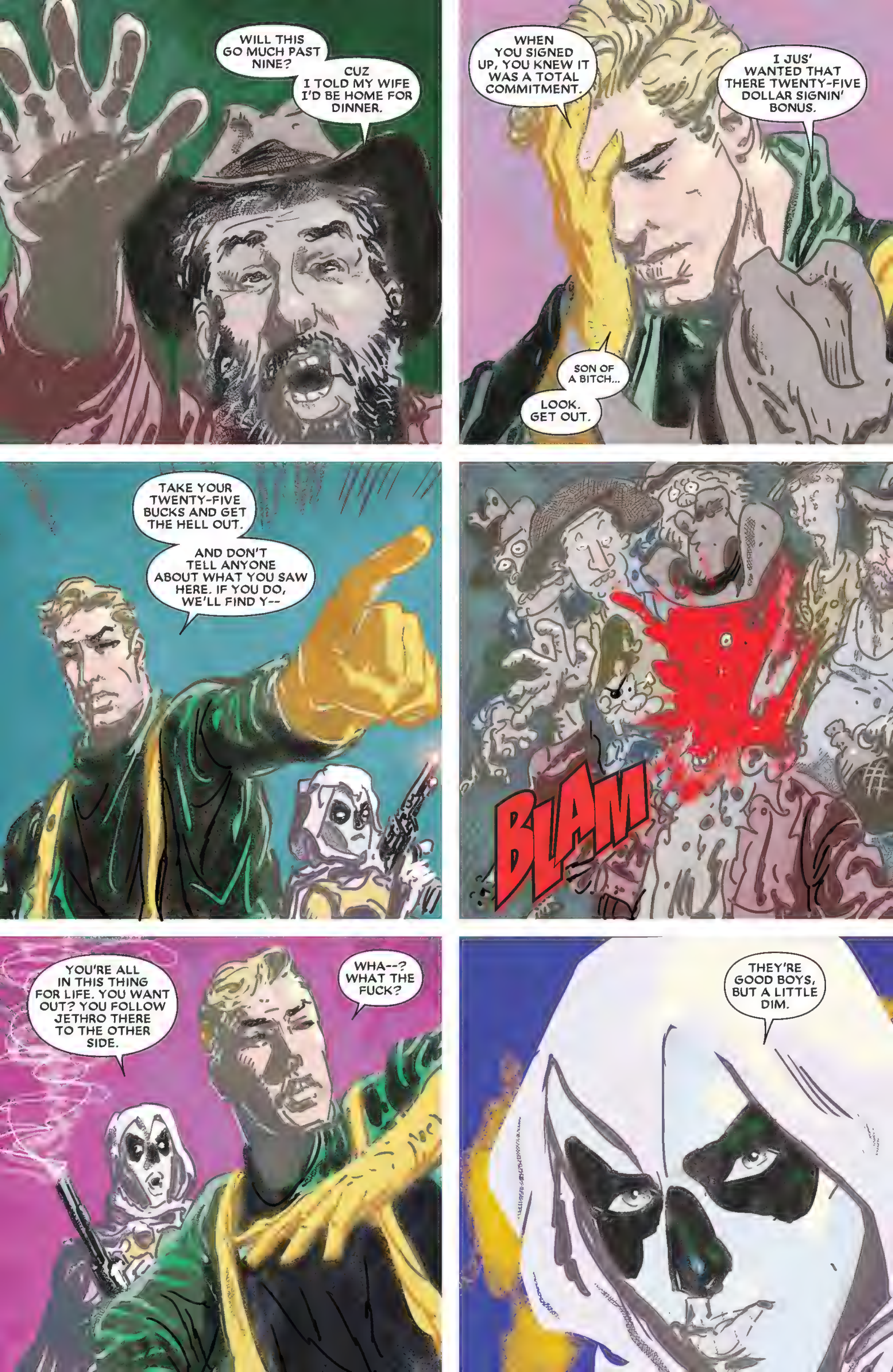

OH, WELL...TELL HIM TO USE THAT AIR FRESHENER SPRAY I BOUGHT.
THAT GUY CAN REALLY STINK UP THE BATHROOM.
NO. I SAID *REMOVED.* HE IS NO LONGER WITH US.
OH... SORRY, I THOUGHT YOU SAID *REBUBED.*
OH--
HUH?
EXCUSE ME?
DID YOU FART?
CUZ I GOT A CAN OF THAT AIR FRESHENER RIGHT HERE--
MR. WILSON, WE ARE SCHEDULED TO LEAVE IN EIGHT MINUTES, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN BRIEFED YOU YET ON YOUR MISSION.
NO MISSIONS FOR ME TODAY, I'M WASHING MY HAIR.
ARE YOU REFUSING A DIRECT ORDER?!
AHHH!
PSSSST
HANG UP, DUDE, I THINK WE'RE A LITTLE GENDER CONFUSED.

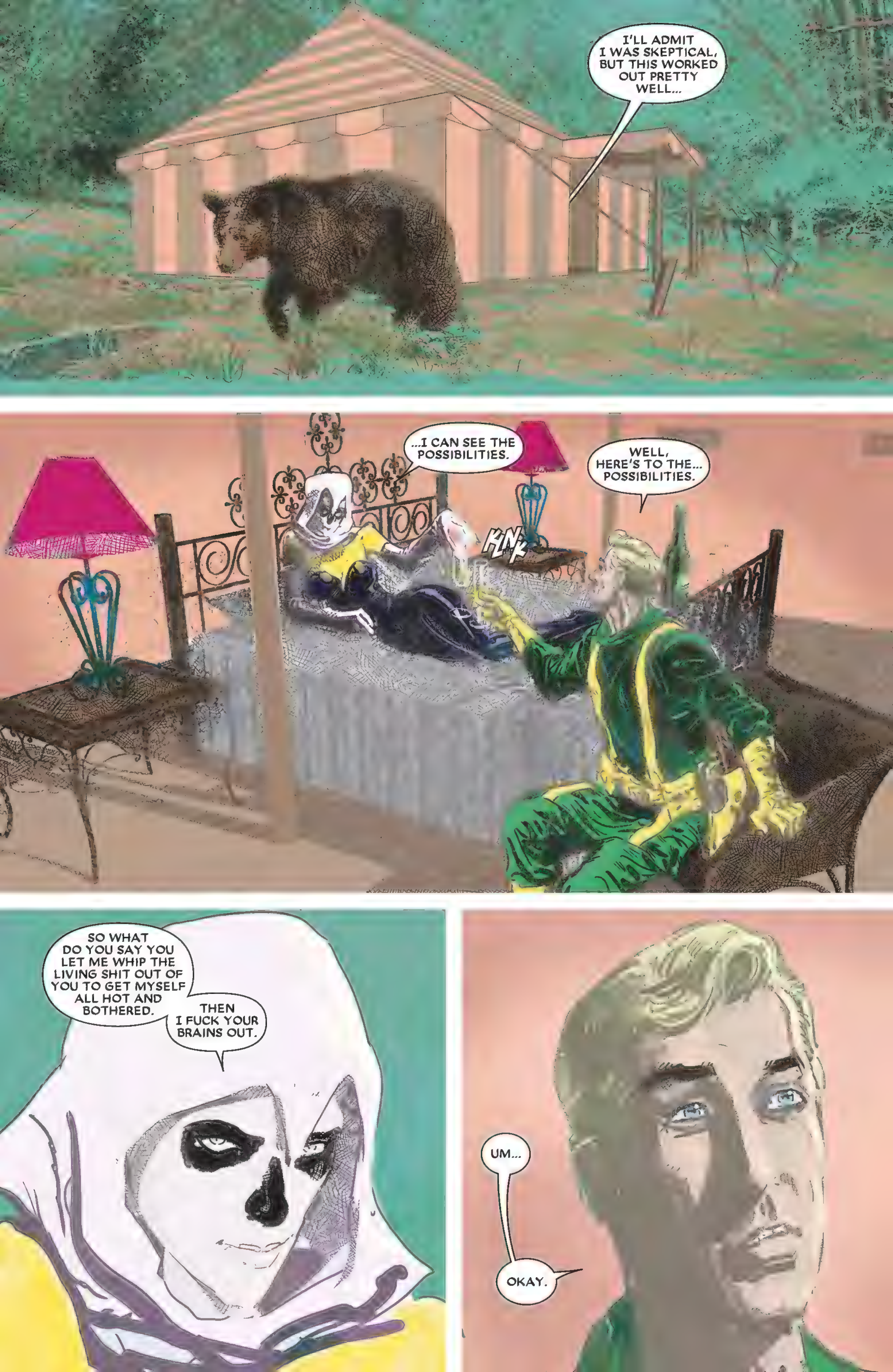

I'M THE BOSS, AND *YOU'RE* MY PAID BITCH.
EITHER CHANGE THE 'TUDE OR WHEN BOB FINISHES TAKING A DUMP, I'M GONNA HAVE HIM TOSS YA A TWENTY AND SEND YOU BACK TO THE PARKING LOT OF THE HOME DEPOT.
...A HAPPY LITTLE TREE.
NNNNNRRR...
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
...JUST A LITTLE WRIGGLE ON THE WATER...
BRING KETCHUP.
HOLY FUCK, THEY WEREN'T KIDDING.
SECURE CHANNEL ZERO-FIVE-ZERO-FIVE-ALPHA. ACTION OFFICER EDMUND REPORTING.
SO, HE'S DRIVEN YOU AROUND THE BEND ALREADY?

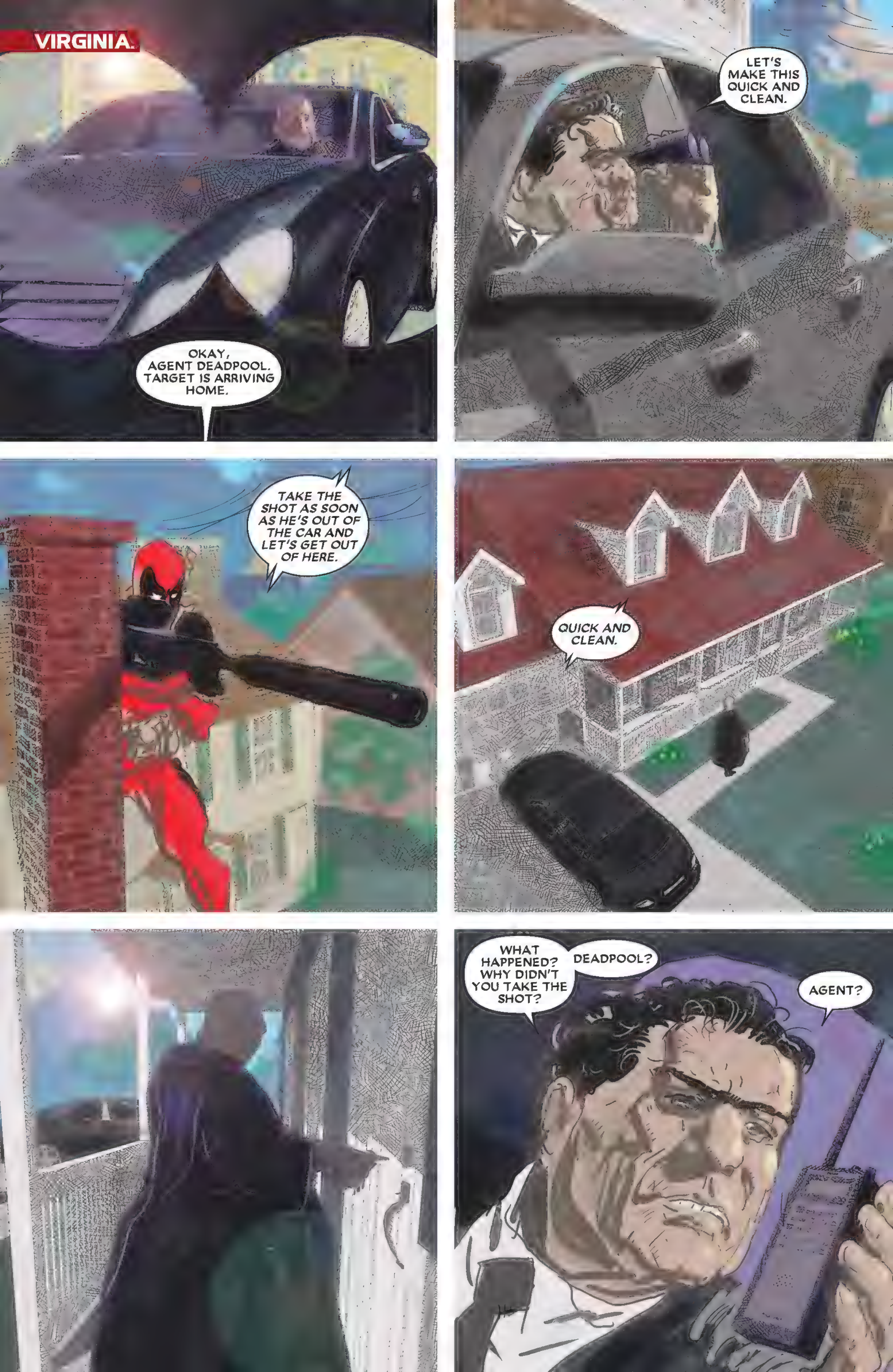

I--NO... EVERYTHING'S *FINE*. I JUST... WANTED...TO TELL YOU...THAT.
HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND.
*OKAY. IF YOU'RE HAVING PROBLEMS, I SUGGEST YOU JUST USE BOB'S HYDRA TRICK.*
*SEEMED TO WORK WELL...*
I HAVE MY OWN *HIGHLY EFFECTIVE* WAYS, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
AHH... HELLO?
YO, PACO...
...THIS ORGANIC HONEY TASTES LIKE BEE SHIT.
OH, SORRY. LISTEN...UM...BOB HAD TO RUN DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE FOR SOME...UM... *FIBER*.
HE... UM...HE LEFT THIS *MISSION FILE* FOR YOU AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HYDR--
*HYDRA!*

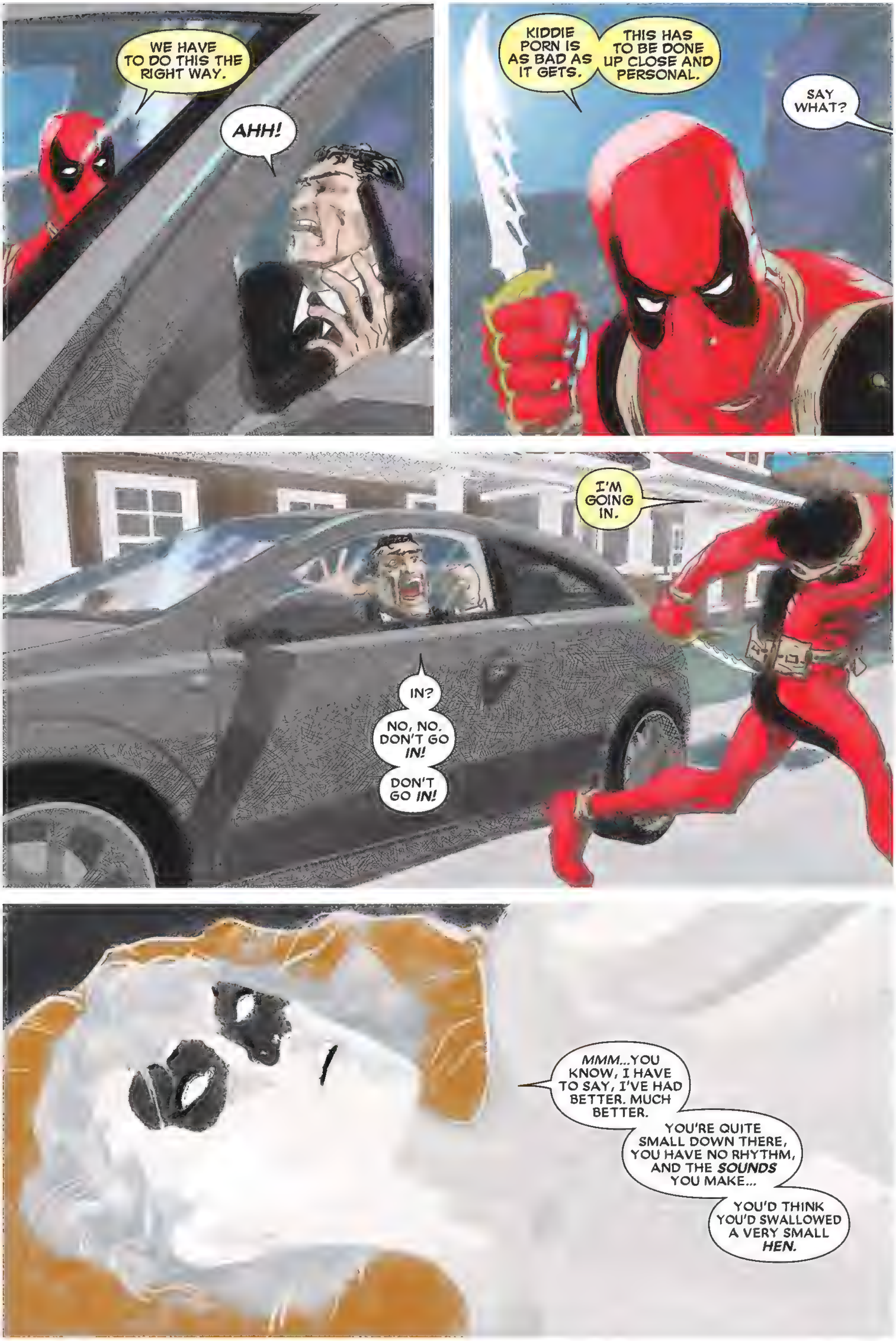

THE DREAD SNAKE REARS ITS UGLY HEAD FOR A CHOPPING, EH?
UM... YES...UH...
LAY IT ON ME, BRUTHA.
≠AHEM!≠
HERE WE HAVE MARTIN FARRIDAY. HE RUNS THE LARGEST CHILD PORNOGRAPHY RING ON THE EAST COAST.
HE LOOKS LIKE THAT SUPREME COURT JUSTICE ON THE NEWS.
I SAW A WHOLE THING ABOUT HIM BEING THE LIBERAL SWING VOTE IN SOME BIG CASE ABOUT CONGRESS'S RIGHT TO OVERSIGHT OF SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAMS.
OR SOMETHING ALONG THOSE LINES.
THEN WHY DOES HE WEAR A JUDGE'S ROBE?
WELL, HE'S NOT. HE'S A KIDDIE PORN PEDDLER.
TO HIDE THE CHILDREN.
EVIL.

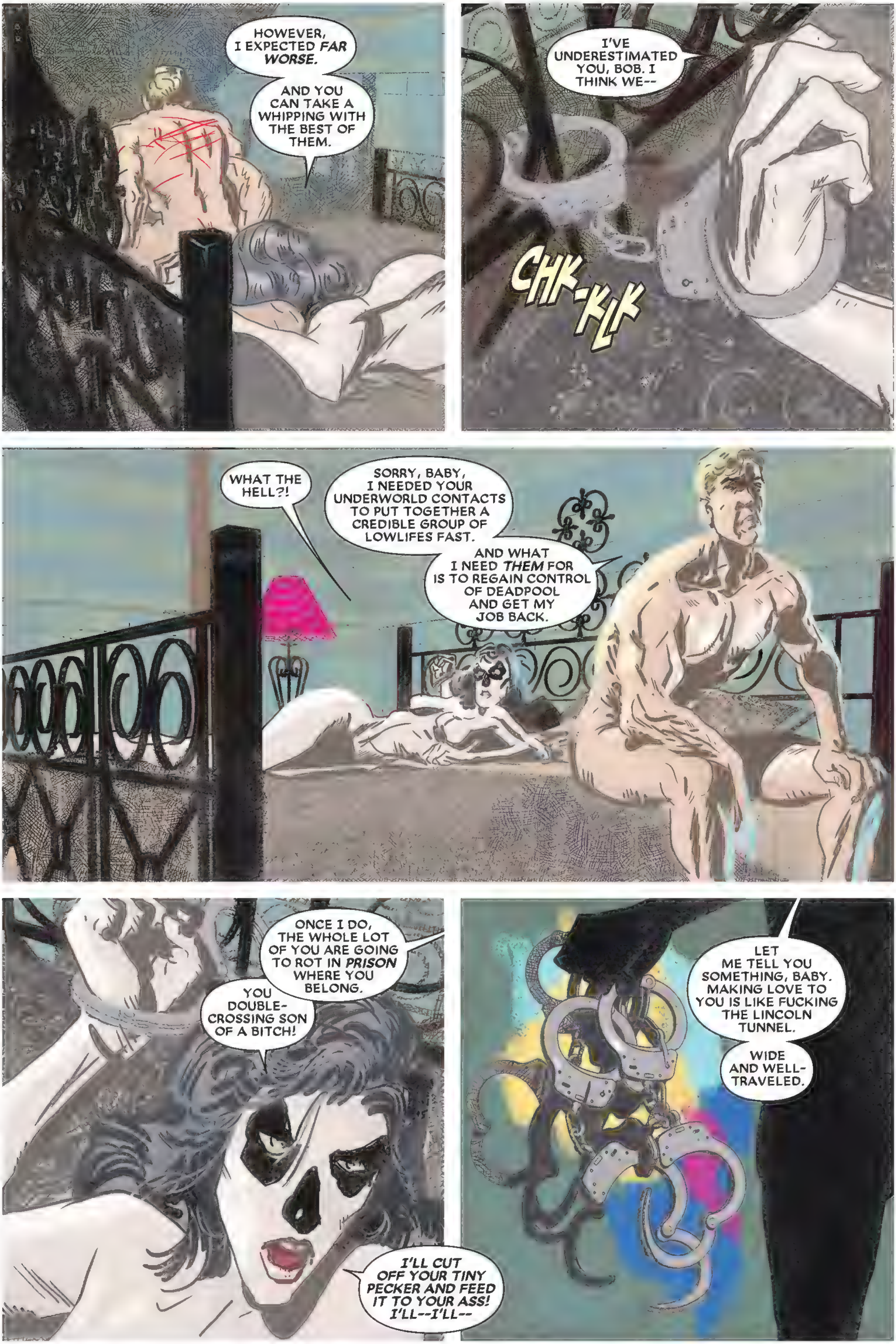

THE OZARKS...
ALL RIGHT, YOU INBRED YAHOOS, LISTEN UP!
WITH THE OATH YOU HAVE SWORN, YOU ARE NOW BROTHERS IN THE CAUSE.
YOU ARE PART OF SOMETHING GREATER THAN YOURSELVES.
YOU ARE PART OF THE GREAT HYDRA!
ARE YEW THE GREAT HYDRA?
I'M JUST A MESSENGER.
THE GREAT HYDRA IS WISE AND STRONG.
THROUGH SUBSERVIENCE TO HIM, WE WILL ACHIEVE OUR ULTIMATE GOAL!

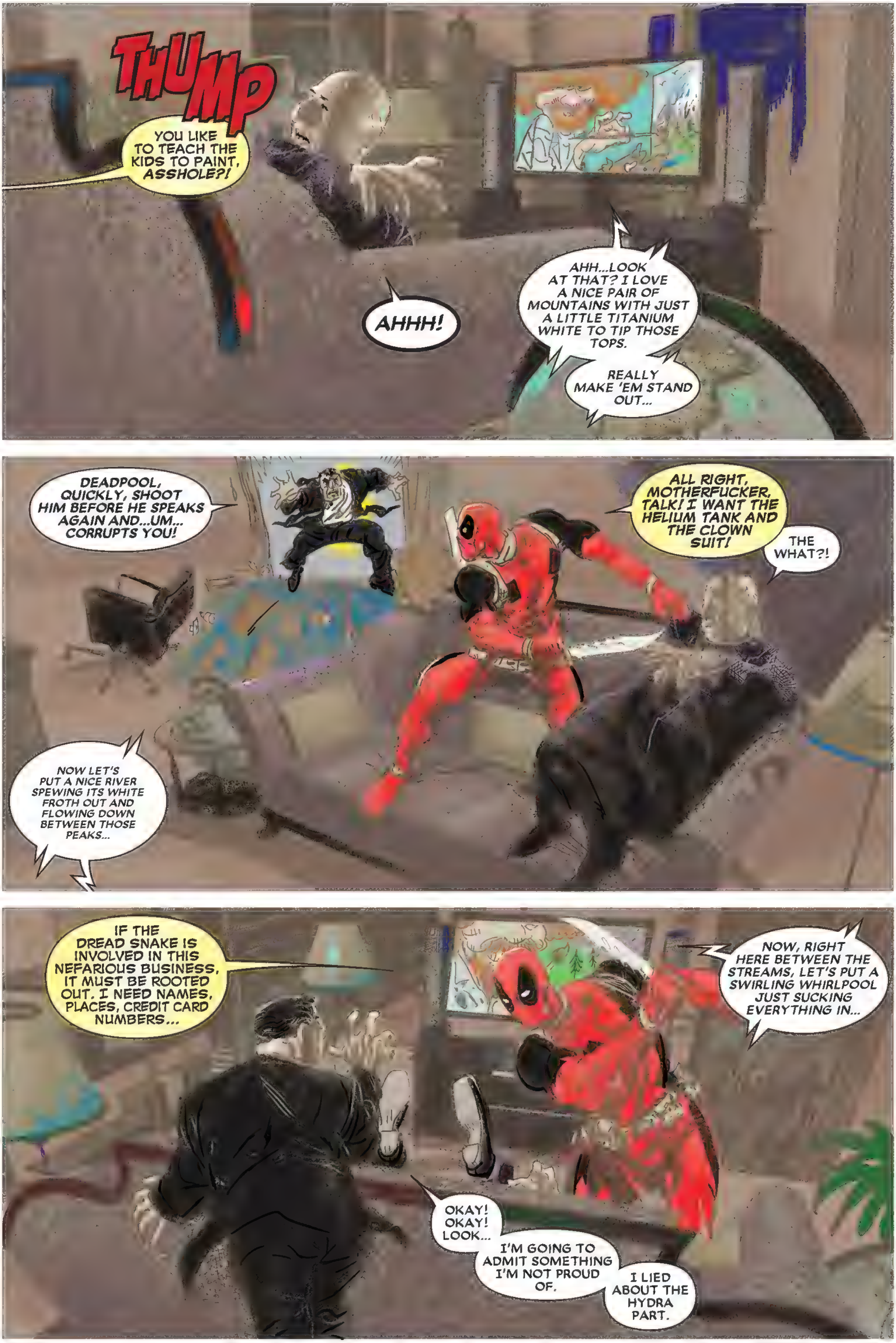

WILL THIS GO MUCH PAST NINE?
CUZ I TOLD MY WIFE I'D BE HOME FOR DINNER.
WHEN YOU SIGNED UP, YOU KNEW IT WAS A TOTAL COMMITMENT.
I JUS' WANTED THAT THERE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR SIGNIN' BONUS.
SON OF A BITCH...
LOOK. GET OUT.
TAKE YOUR TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS AND GET THE HELL OUT.
AND DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT WHAT YOU SAW HERE. IF YOU DO, WE'LL FIND Y--
BLAM
YOU'RE ALL IN THIS THING FOR LIFE. YOU WANT OUT? YOU FOLLOW JETHRO THERE TO THE OTHER SIDE.
WHA--? WHAT THE FUCK?
THEY'RE GOOD BOYS, BUT A LITTLE DIM.

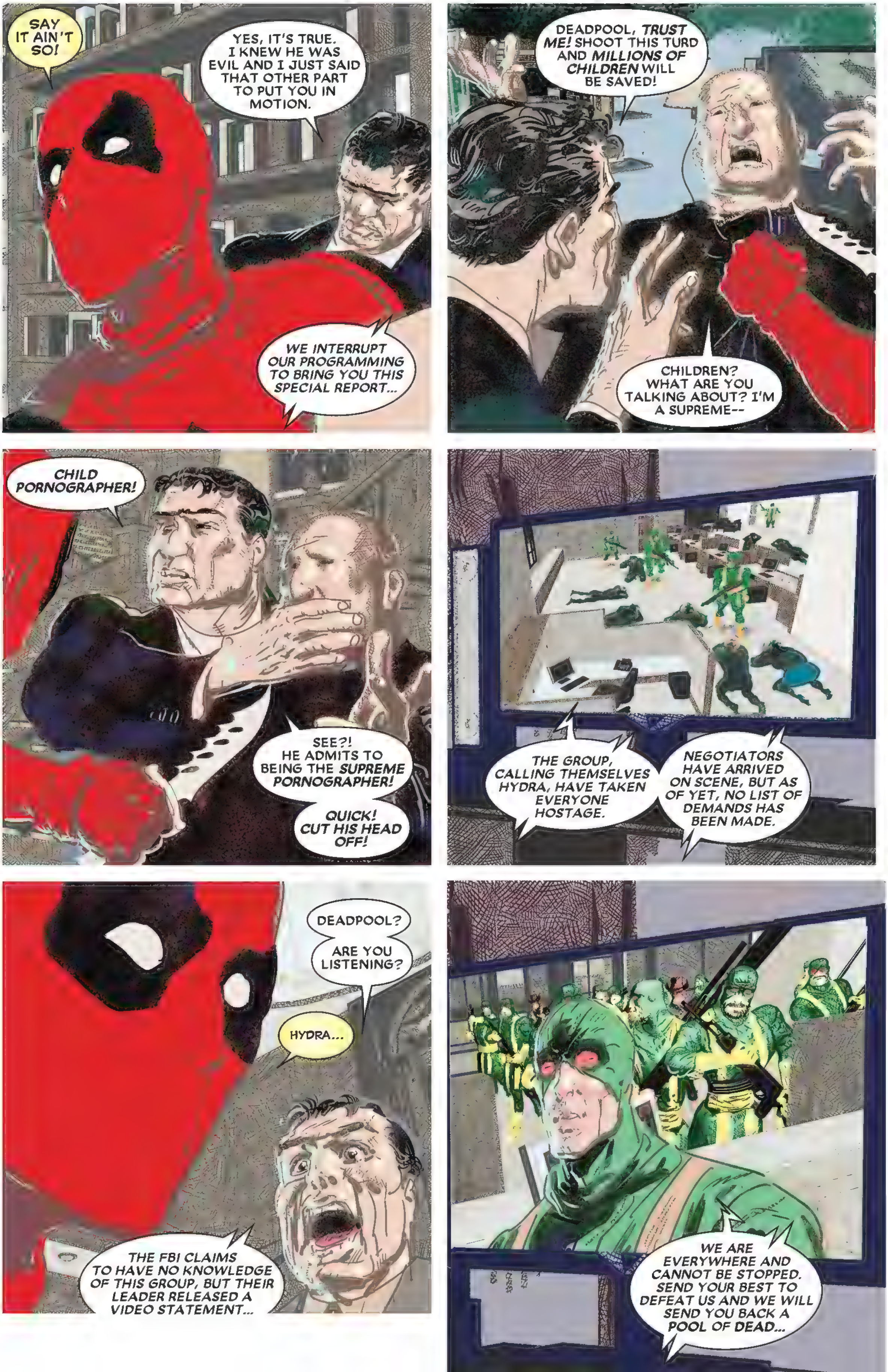

I'LL ADMIT I WAS SKEPTICAL, BUT THIS WORKED OUT PRETTY WELL...
...I CAN SEE THE POSSIBILITIES.
WELL, HERE'S TO THE... POSSIBILITIES.
KLINK
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU LET ME WHIP THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF YOU TO GET MYSELF ALL HOT AND BOTHERED.
THEN I FUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT.
UM...
OKAY.

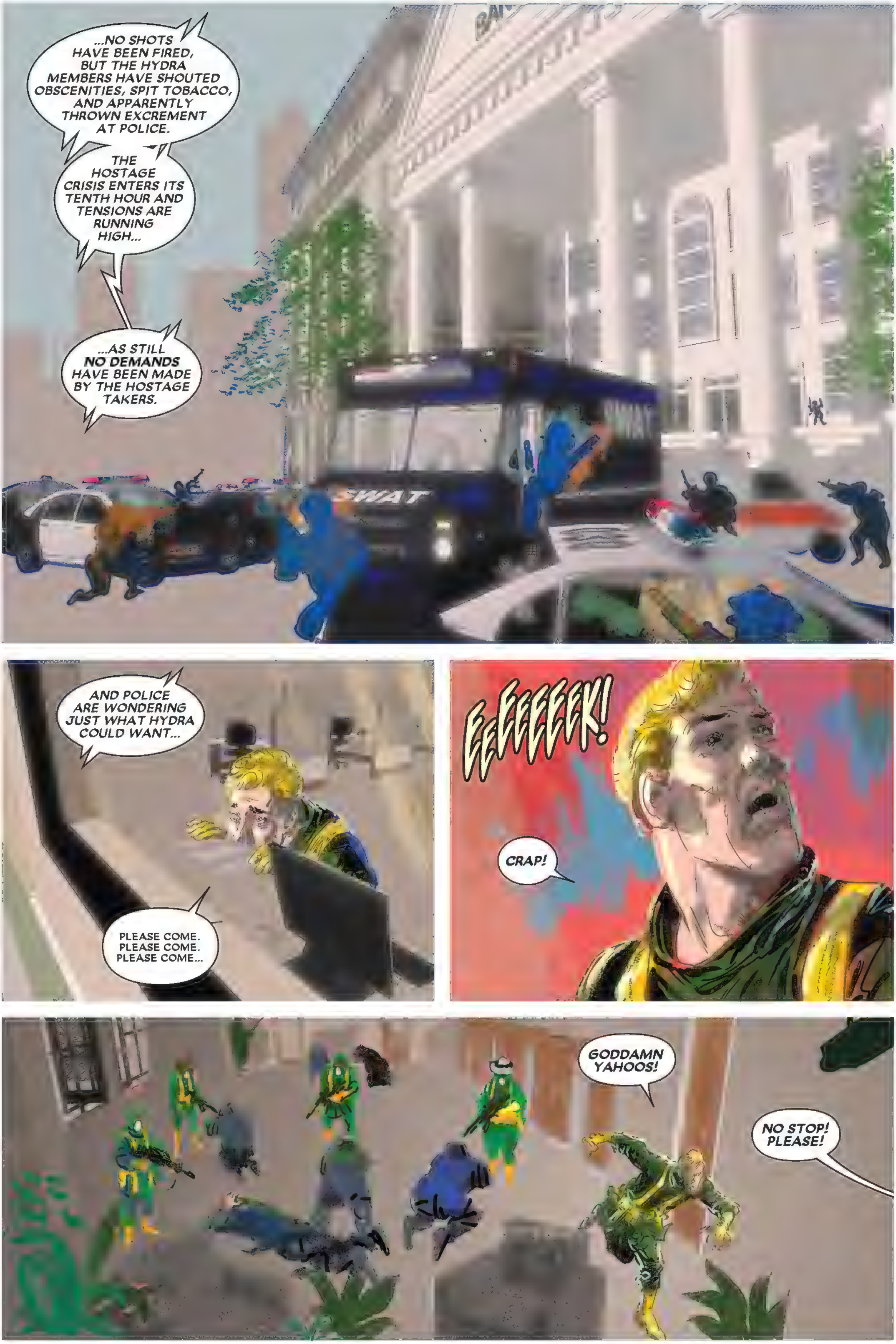

VIRGINIA
OKAY, AGENT DEADPOOL. TARGET IS ARRIVING HOME.
LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK AND CLEAN.
TAKE THE SHOT AS SOON AS HE'S OUT OF THE CAR AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
QUICK AND CLEAN.
WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE SHOT?
DEADPOOL?
AGENT?

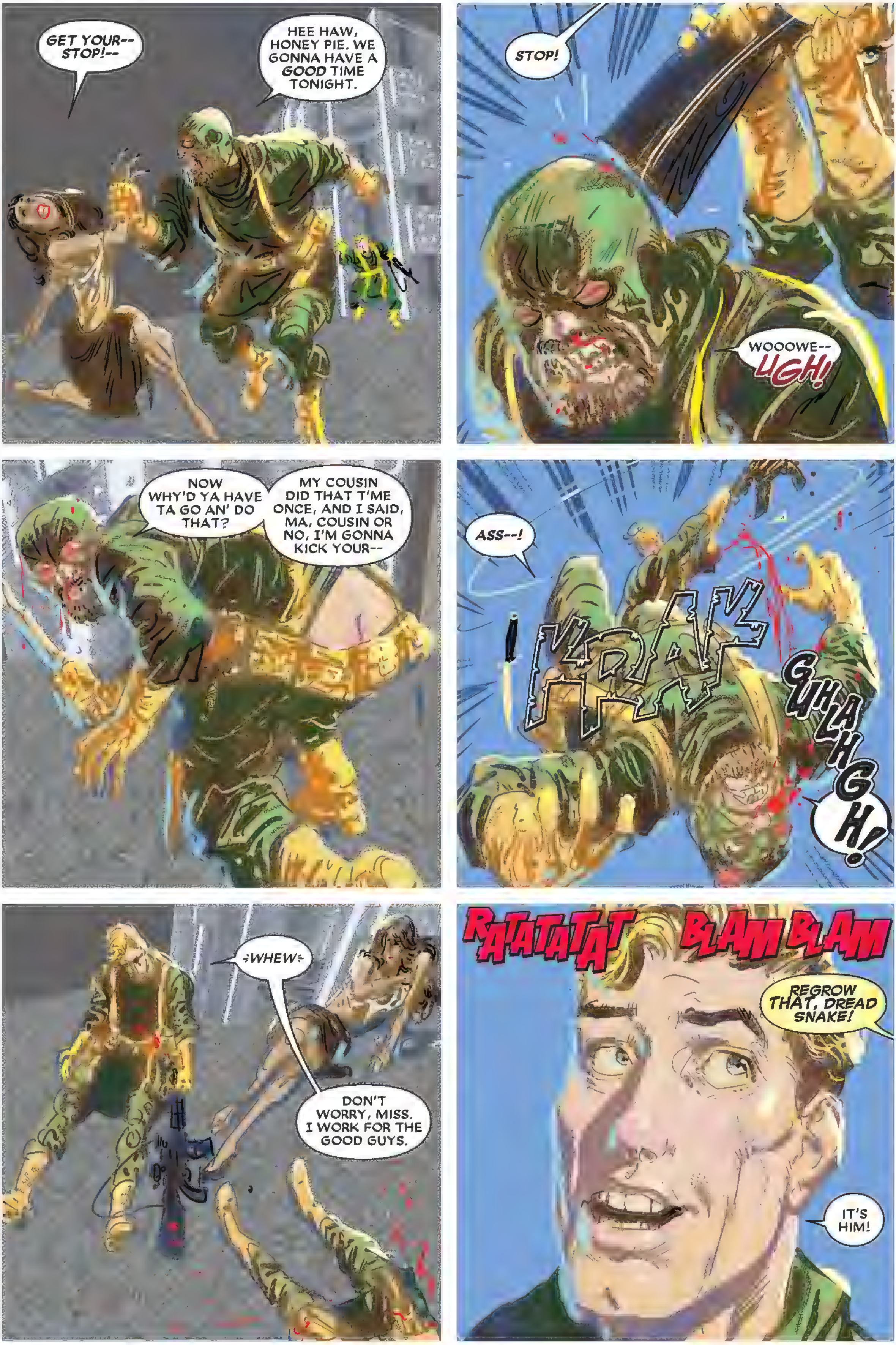

WE HAVE TO DO THIS THE RIGHT WAY.
AHH!
KIDDIE PORN IS AS BAD AS IT GETS.
THIS HAS TO BE DONE UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL.
SAY WHAT?
I'M GOING IN.
IN?
NO, NO. DON'T GO *IN!*
DON'T GO *IN!*
*MMM*...YOU KNOW, I HAVE TO SAY, I'VE HAD BETTER. MUCH BETTER.
YOU'RE QUITE SMALL DOWN THERE, YOU HAVE NO RHYTHM, AND THE *SOUNDS* YOU MAKE...
YOU'D THINK YOU'D SWALLOWED A VERY SMALL *HEN.*

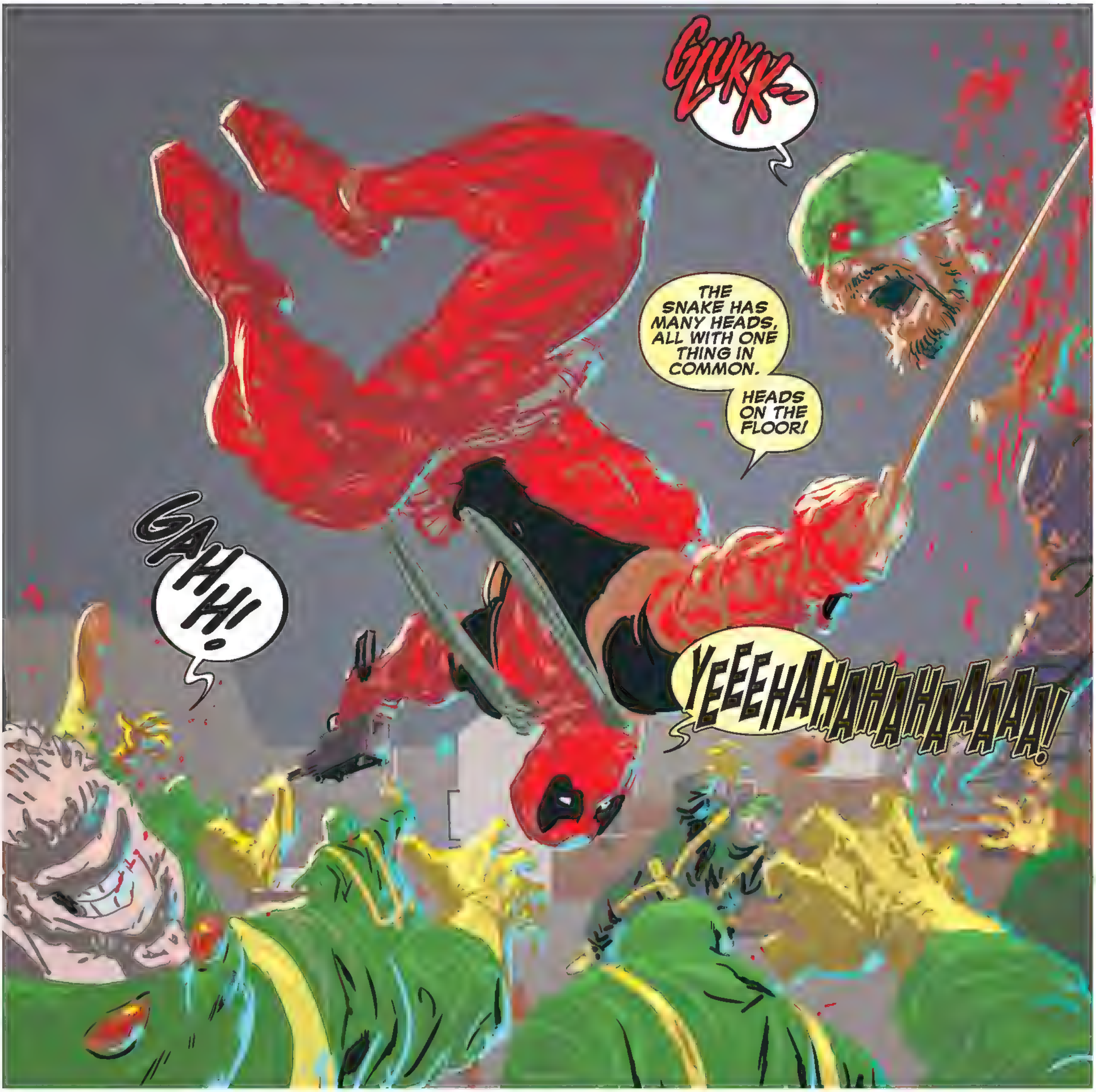

HOWEVER, I EXPECTED *FAR WORSE.*
AND YOU CAN TAKE A WHIPPING WITH THE BEST OF THEM.
I'VE UNDERESTIMATED YOU, BOB. I THINK WE--
CHK-KLIK
WHAT THE HELL?!
SORRY, BABY, I NEEDED YOUR UNDERWORLD CONTACTS TO PUT TOGETHER A CREDIBLE GROUP OF LOWLIFES FAST.
AND WHAT I NEED *THEM* FOR IS TO REGAIN CONTROL OF DEADPOOL AND GET MY JOB BACK.
ONCE I DO, THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU ARE GOING TO ROT IN *PRISON* WHERE YOU BELONG.
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING SON OF A BITCH!
*I'LL CUT OFF YOUR TINY PECKER AND FEED IT TO YOUR ASS! I'LL--I'LL--*
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, BABY. MAKING LOVE TO YOU IS LIKE FUCKING THE LINCOLN TUNNEL.
WIDE AND WELL-TRAVELED.

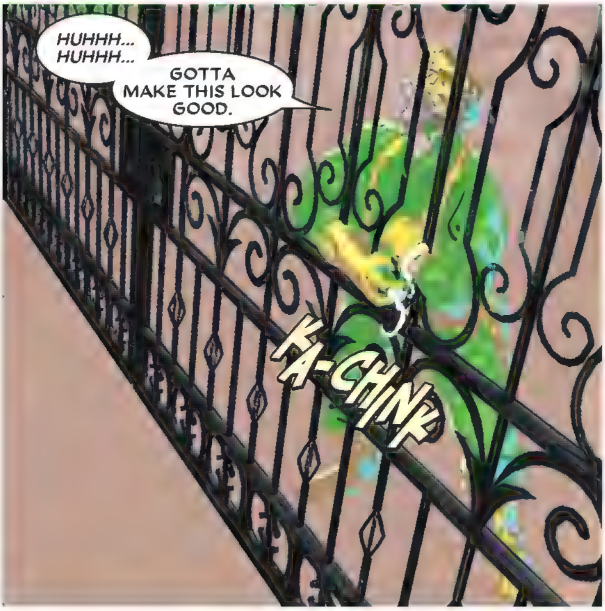

THUMP
YOU LIKE TO TEACH THE KIDS TO PAINT, ASSHOLE?!
AHHH!
AHH...LOOK AT THAT? I LOVE A NICE PAIR OF MOUNTAINS WITH JUST A LITTLE TITANIUM WHITE TO TIP THOSE TOPS.
REALLY MAKE 'EM STAND OUT...
DEADPOOL, QUICKLY, SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE SPEAKS AGAIN AND...UM... CORRUPTS YOU!
ALL RIGHT, MOTHERFUCKER, TALK! I WANT THE HELIUM TANK AND THE CLOWN SUIT!
THE WHAT?!
NOW LET'S PUT A NICE RIVER SPEWING ITS WHITE FROTH OUT AND FLOWING DOWN BETWEEN THOSE PEAKS...
IF THE DREAD SNAKE IS INVOLVED IN THIS NEFARIOUS BUSINESS, IT MUST BE ROOTED OUT. I NEED NAMES, PLACES, CREDIT CARD NUMBERS...
NOW, RIGHT HERE BETWEEN THE STREAMS, LET'S PUT A SWIRLING WHIRLPOOL JUST SUCKING EVERYTHING IN...
OKAY! OKAY! LOOK...
I'M GOING TO ADMIT SOMETHING I'M NOT PROUD OF.
I LIED ABOUT THE HYDRA PART.

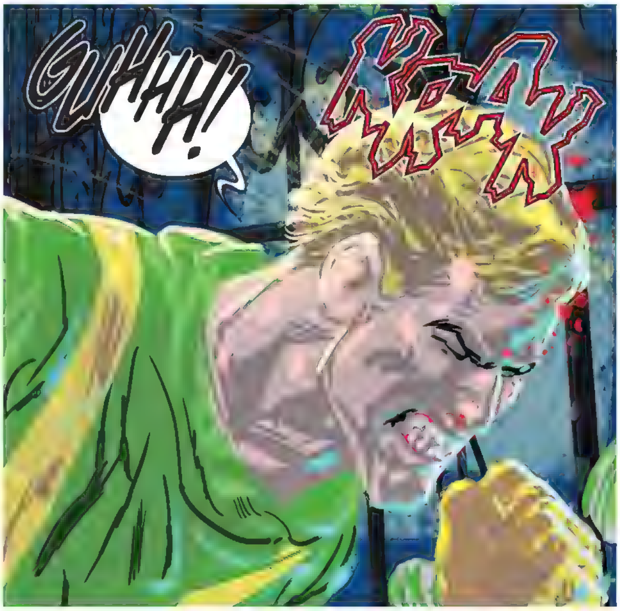

SAY IT AIN'T SO!
YES, IT'S TRUE. I KNEW HE WAS EVIL AND I JUST SAID THAT OTHER PART TO PUT YOU IN MOTION.
WE INTERRUPT OUR PROGRAMMING TO BRING YOU THIS SPECIAL REPORT...
DEADPOOL, TRUST ME! SHOOT THIS TURD AND MILLIONS OF CHILDREN WILL BE SAVED!
CHILDREN? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'M A SUPREME--
CHILD PORNOGRAPHER!
SEE?! HE ADMITS TO BEING THE SUPREME PORNOGRAPHER!
QUICK! CUT HIS HEAD OFF!
THE GROUP, CALLING THEMSELVES HYDRA, HAVE TAKEN EVERYONE HOSTAGE.
NEGOTIATORS HAVE ARRIVED ON SCENE, BUT AS OF YET, NO LIST OF DEMANDS HAS BEEN MADE.
DEADPOOL?
ARE YOU LISTENING?
HYDRA...
THE FBI CLAIMS TO HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THIS GROUP, BUT THEIR LEADER RELEASED A VIDEO STATEMENT...
WE ARE EVERYWHERE AND CANNOT BE STOPPED. SEND YOUR BEST TO DEFEAT US AND WE WILL SEND YOU BACK A POOL OF DEAD...

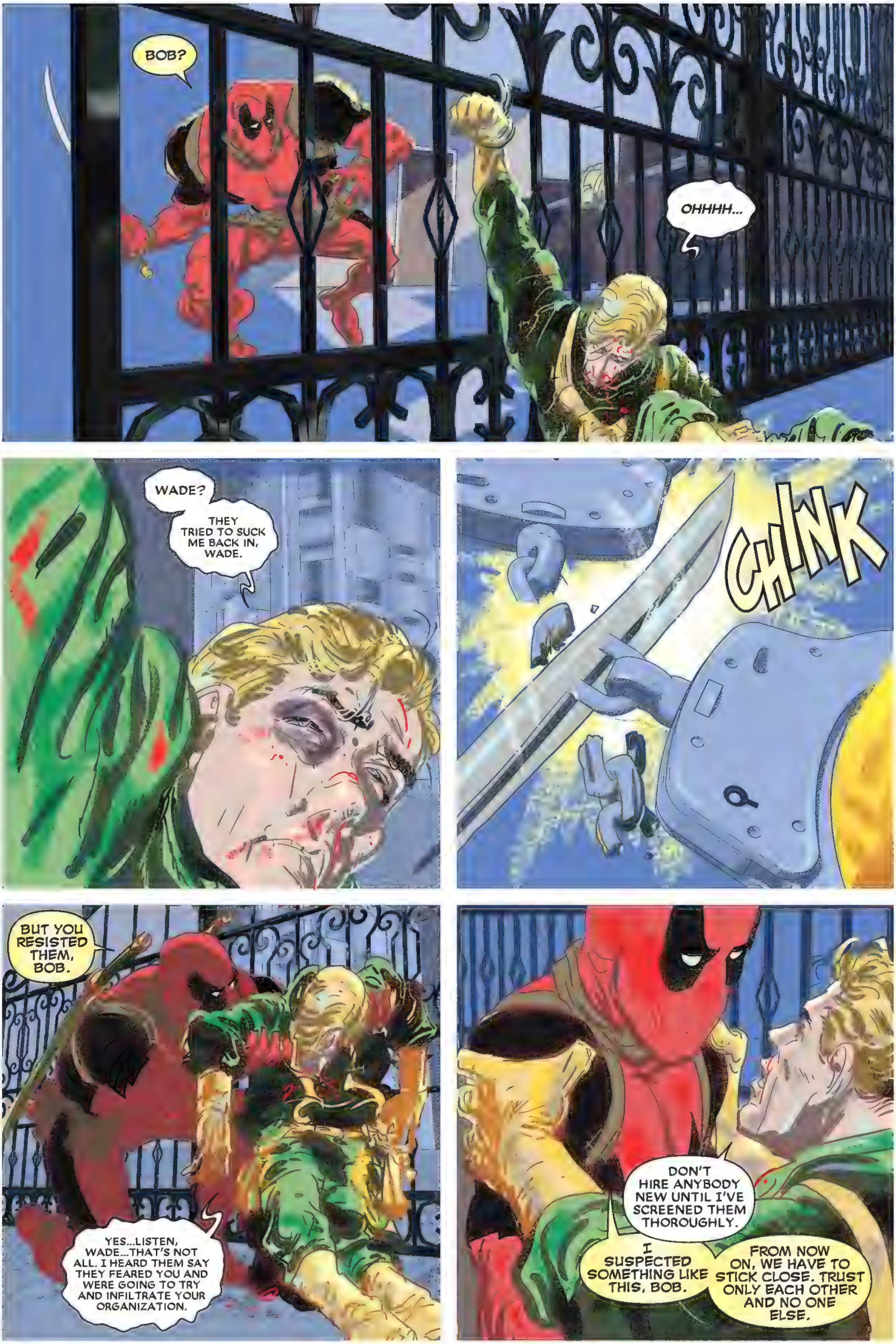

...NO SHOTS HAVE BEEN FIRED, BUT THE HYDRA MEMBERS HAVE SHOUTED OBSCENITIES, SPIT TOBACCO, AND APPARENTLY THROWN EXCREMENT AT POLICE.
THE HOSTAGE CRISIS ENTERS ITS TENTH HOUR AND TENSIONS ARE RUNNING HIGH...
...AS STILL **NO DEMANDS** HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE HOSTAGE TAKERS.
SWAT
SWAT
AND POLICE ARE WONDERING JUST WHAT HYDRA COULD WANT...
PLEASE COME. PLEASE COME. PLEASE COME...
EEEEEEK!
CRAP!
GODDAMN YAHOOS!
NO STOP! PLEASE!

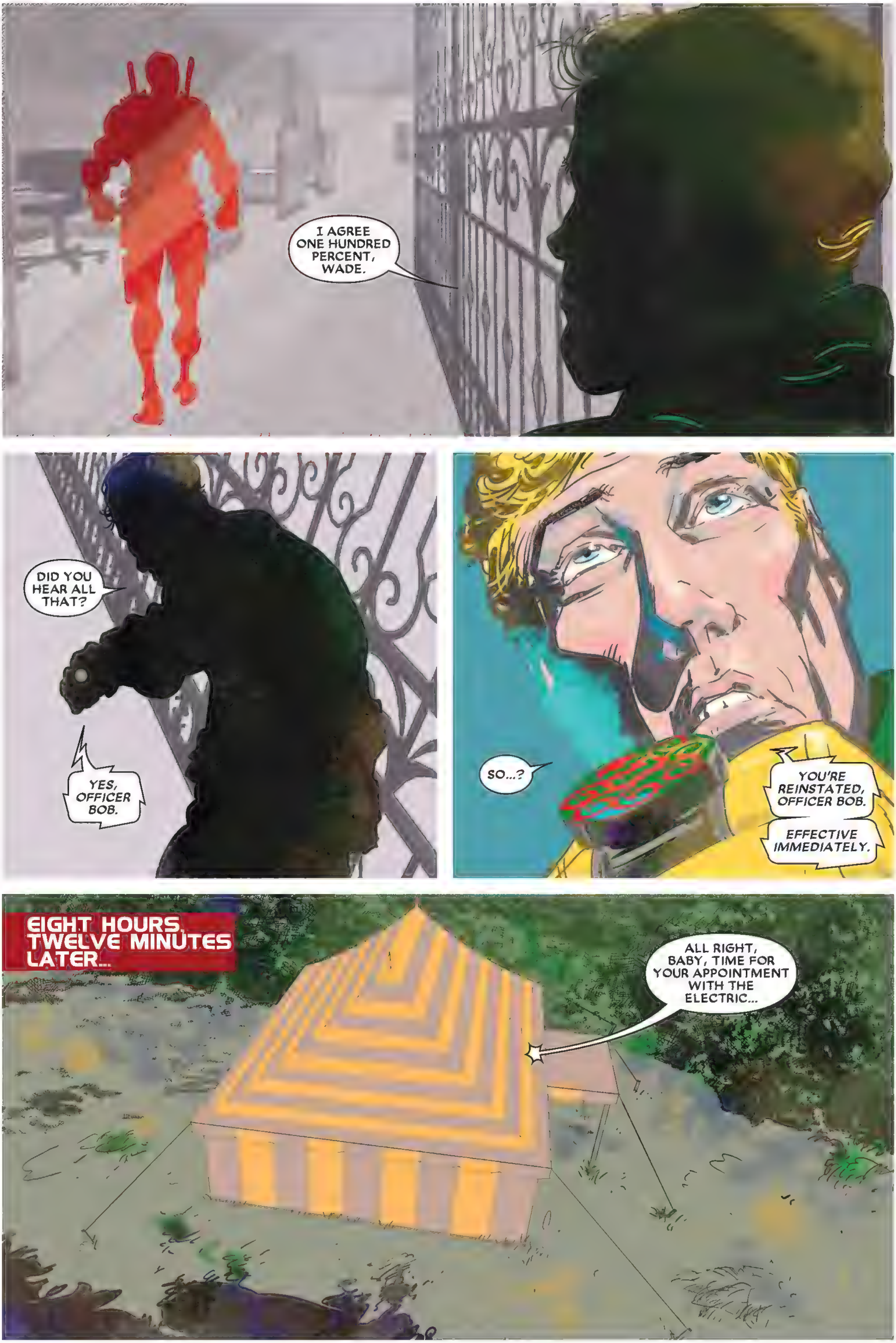

GET YOUR-- STOP!--
HEE HAW, HONEY PIE. WE GONNA HAVE A *GOOD* TIME TONIGHT.
STOP!
WOOOWE-- UGH!
NOW WHY'D YA HAVE TA GO AN' DO THAT?
MY COUSIN DID THAT T'ME ONCE, AND I SAID, MA, COUSIN OR NO, I'M GONNA KICK YOUR--
ASS--!
KRAK
GUHLAHGH!
≈WHEW≈
DON'T WORRY, MISS. I WORK FOR THE GOOD GUYS.
RATATATAT
BLAM BLAM
REGROW THAT, DREAD SNAKE!
IT'S HIM!

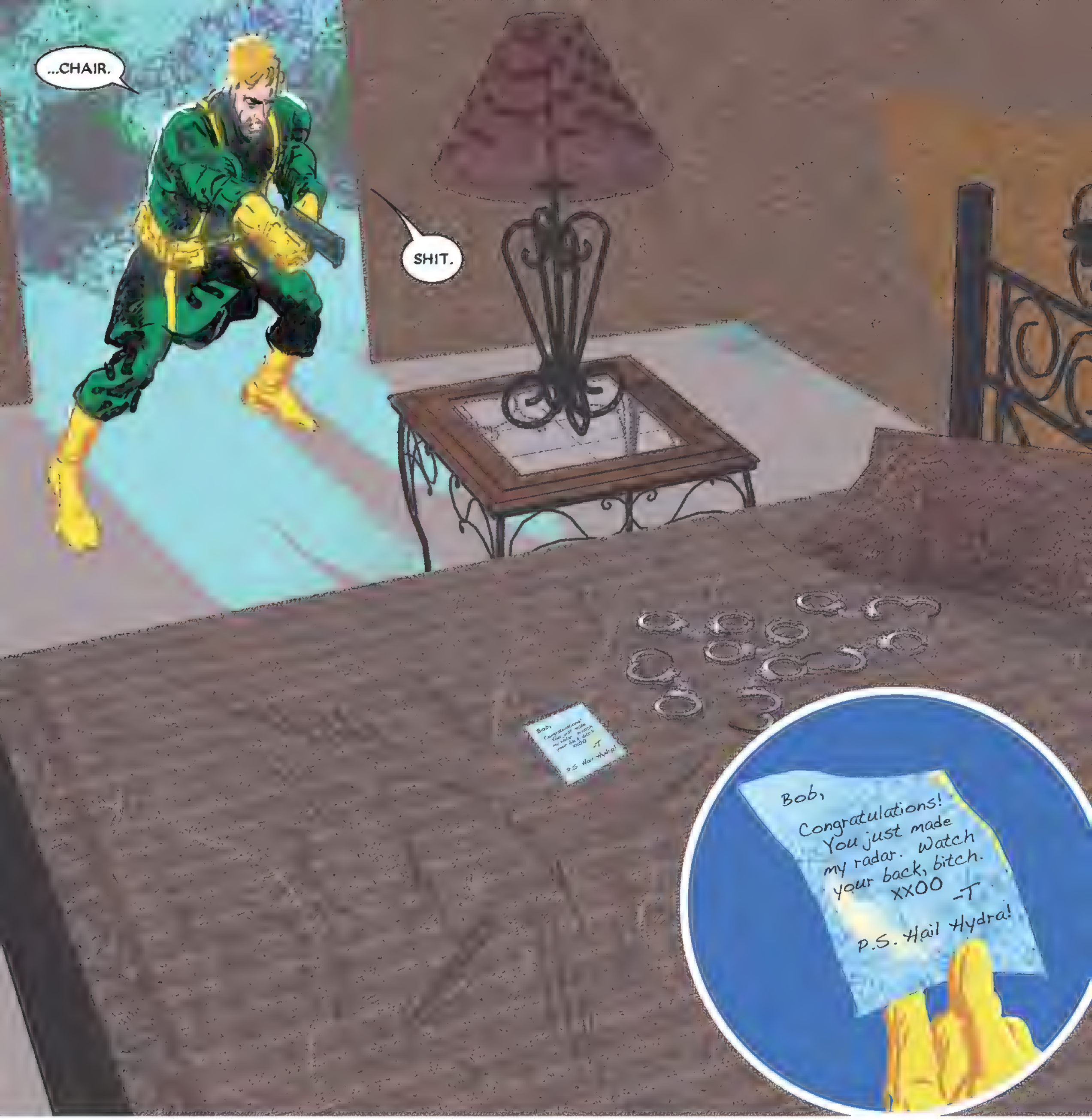

GLUKK--
THE SNAKE HAS MANY HEADS, ALL WITH ONE THING IN COMMON.
HEADS ON THE FLOOR!
GAHH!
YEEEHAHAHAHAAAAA!

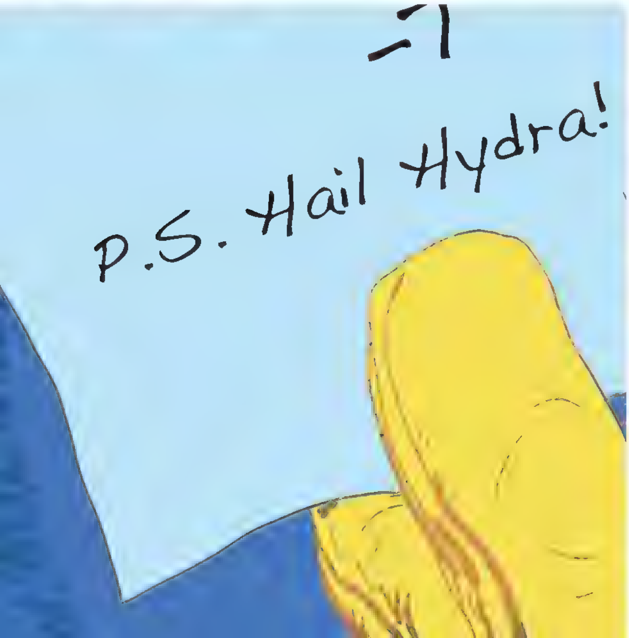

HUHHH... HUHHH...
GOTTA MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD.
KA-CHINK

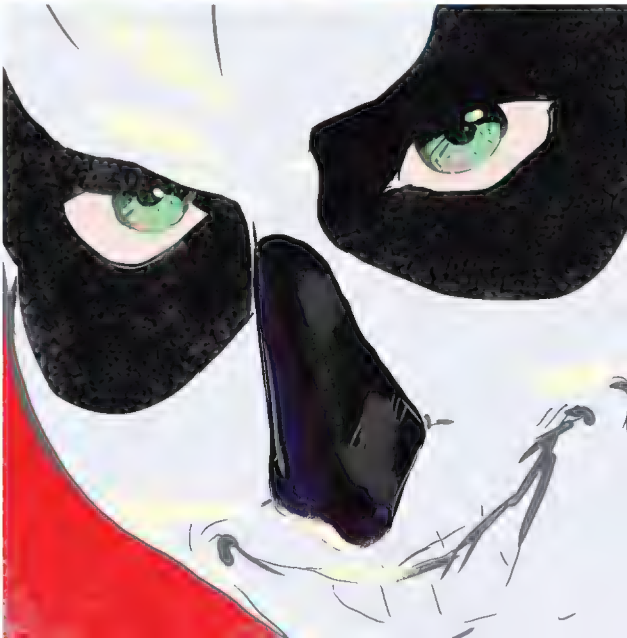

GUHHH!
KRAK

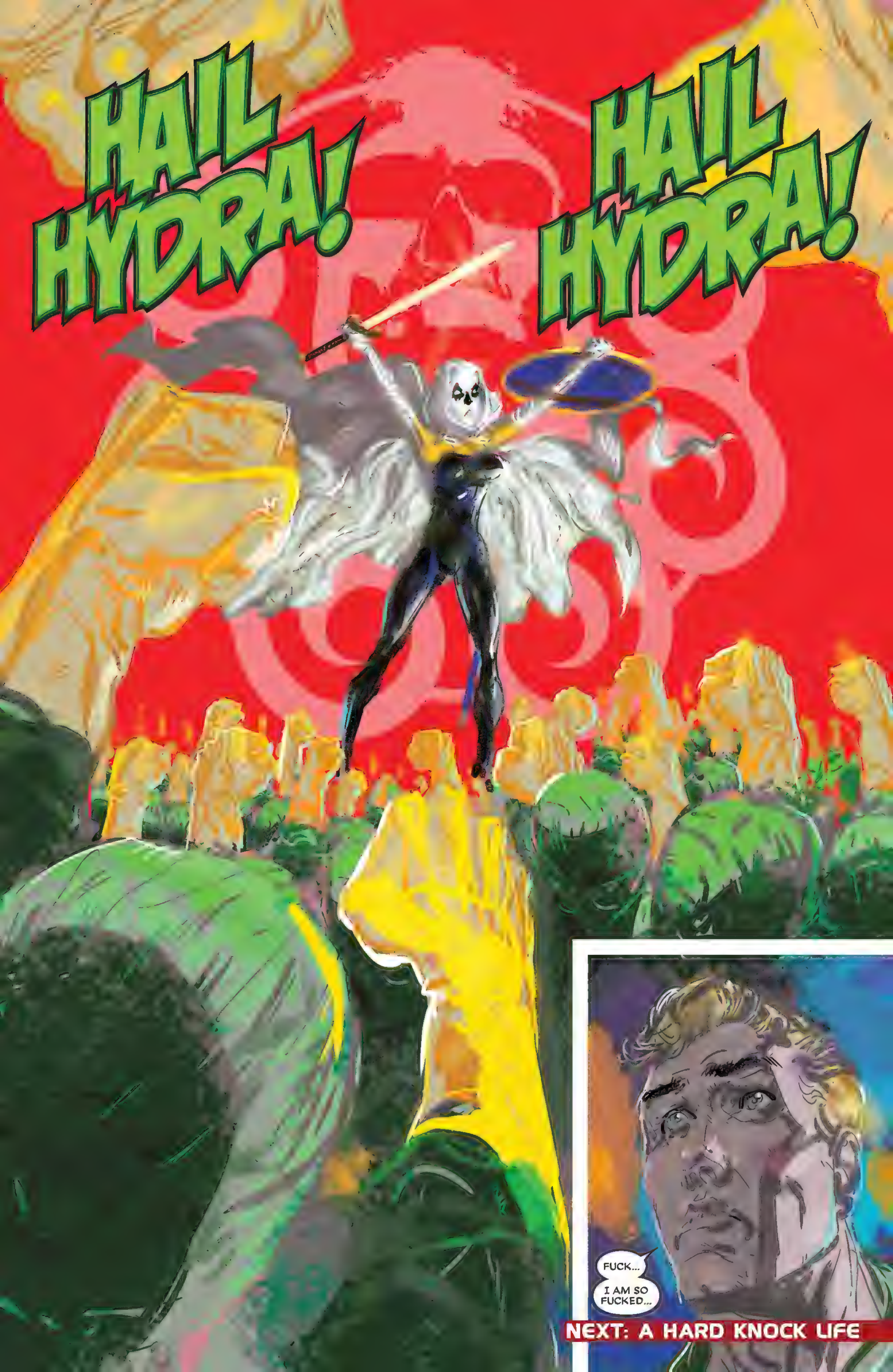

BOB?
OHHHH...
WADE?
THEY TRIED TO SUCK ME BACK IN, WADE.
CHINK
BUT YOU RESISTED THEM, BOB.
YES...LISTEN, WADE...THAT'S NOT ALL. I HEARD THEM SAY THEY FEARED YOU AND WERE GOING TO TRY AND INFILTRATE YOUR ORGANIZATION.
DON'T HIRE ANYBODY NEW UNTIL I'VE SCREENED THEM THOROUGHLY.
I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS, BOB.
FROM NOW ON, WE HAVE TO STICK CLOSE. TRUST ONLY EACH OTHER AND NO ONE ELSE.


I AGREE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT, WADE.
DID YOU HEAR ALL THAT?
YES, OFFICER BOB.
SO...?
YOU'RE REINSTATED, OFFICER BOB.
EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.
EIGHT HOURS, TWELVE MINUTES LATER...
ALL RIGHT, BABY, TIME FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH THE ELECTRIC...

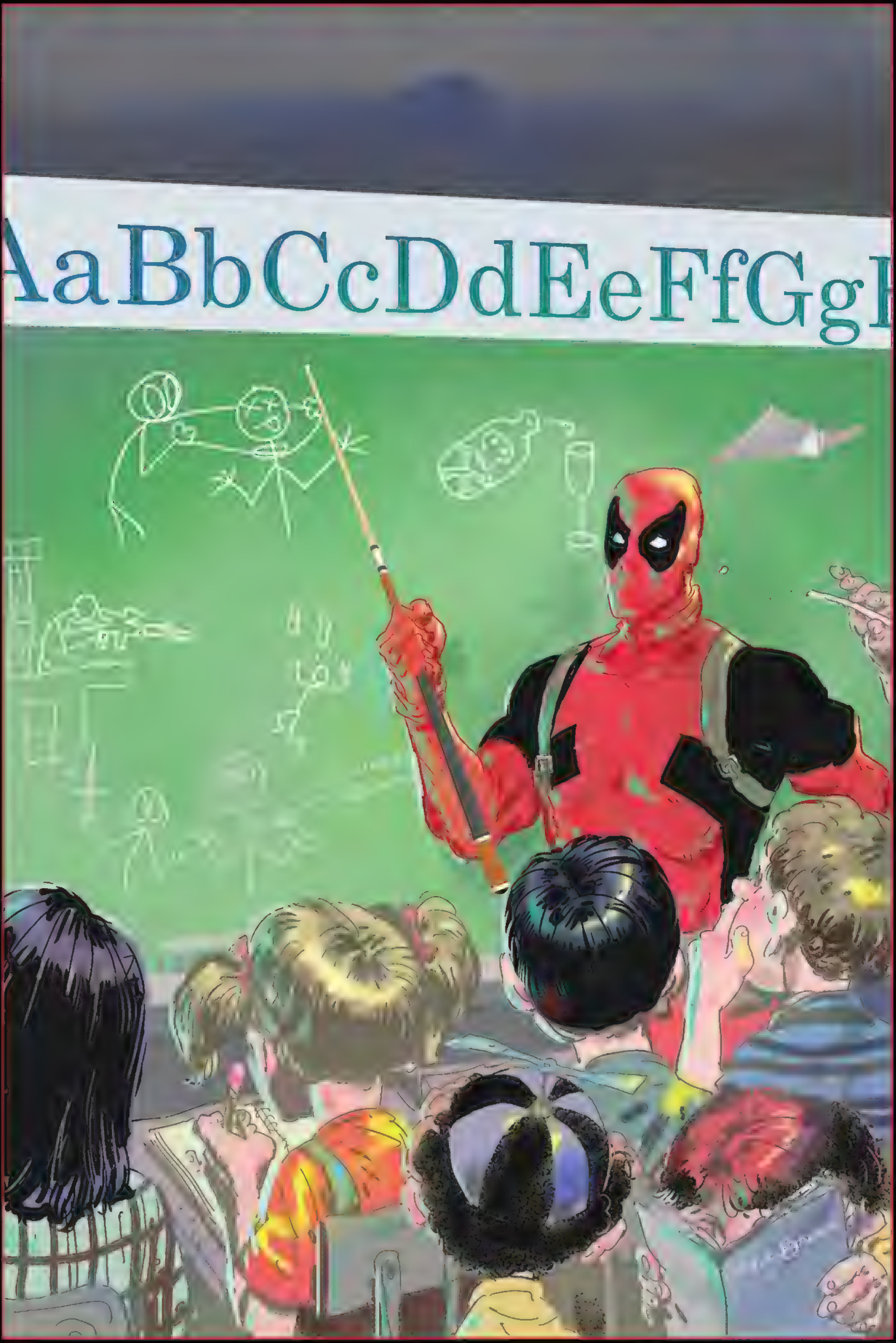

...CHAIR.
SHIT.
Bob,
Congratulations!
You just made
my radar. Watch
your back, bitch.
XXOO -T
P.S. Hail Hydra!


-T
P.S. Hail Hydra!




HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
FUCK...
I AM SO FUCKED...
NEXT: A HARD KNOCK LIFE

# NEXT:
# DEADPOOL MAX #11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MAX COMICS
EXPLICIT CONTENT
11
DEADPOOL
MAX
David Lapham
Kyle Baker
report for detention
makes learning
fun!

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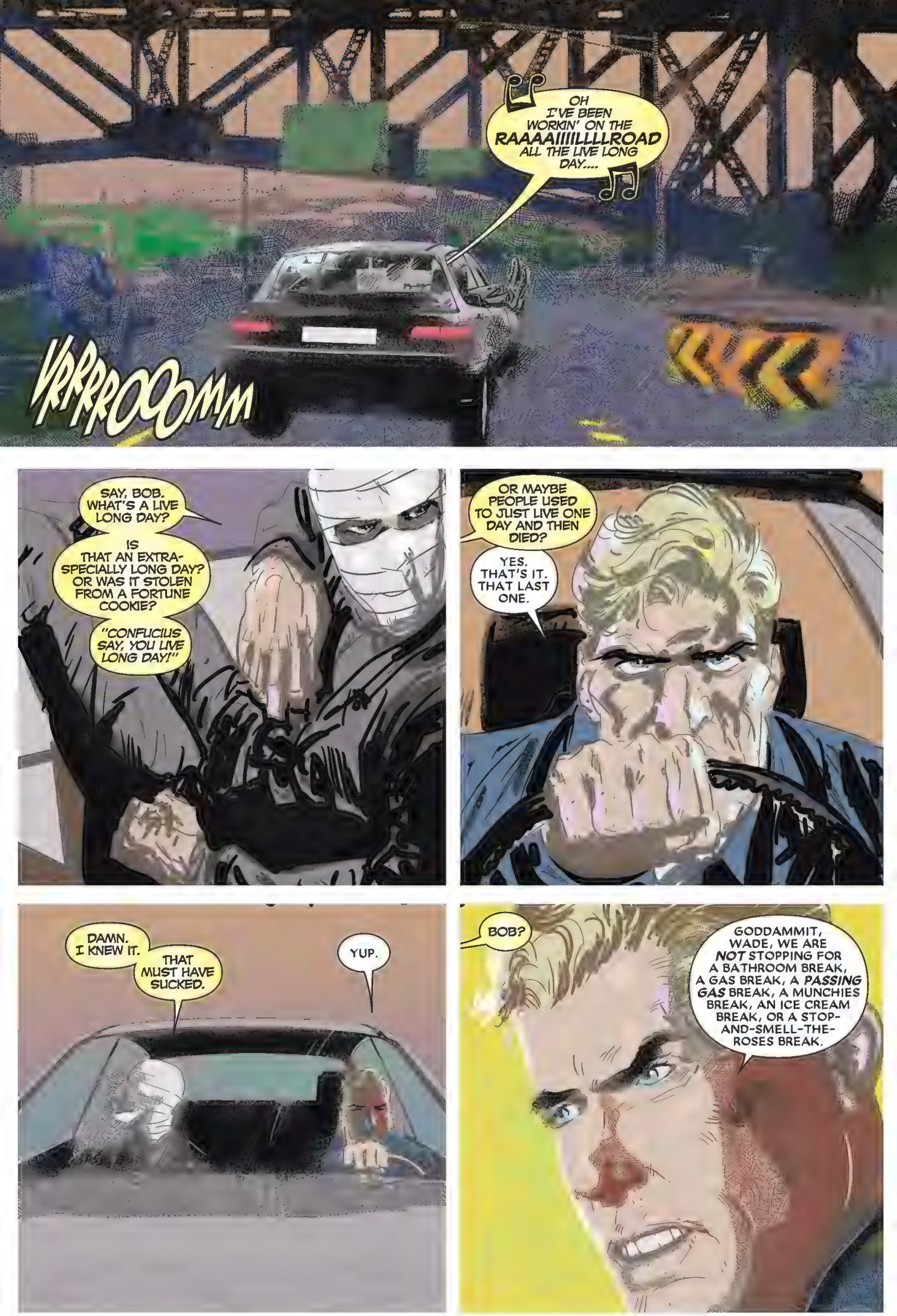
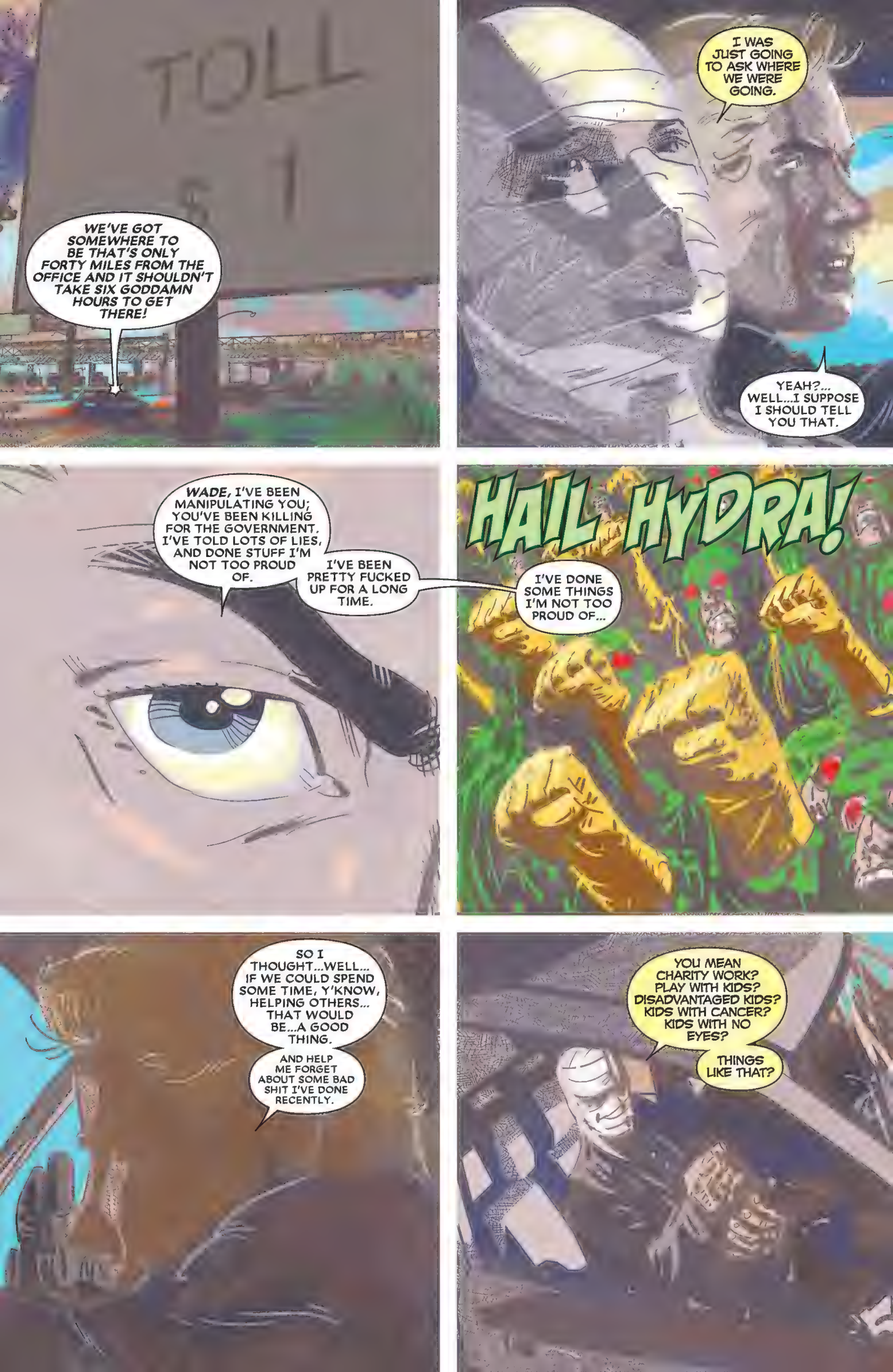
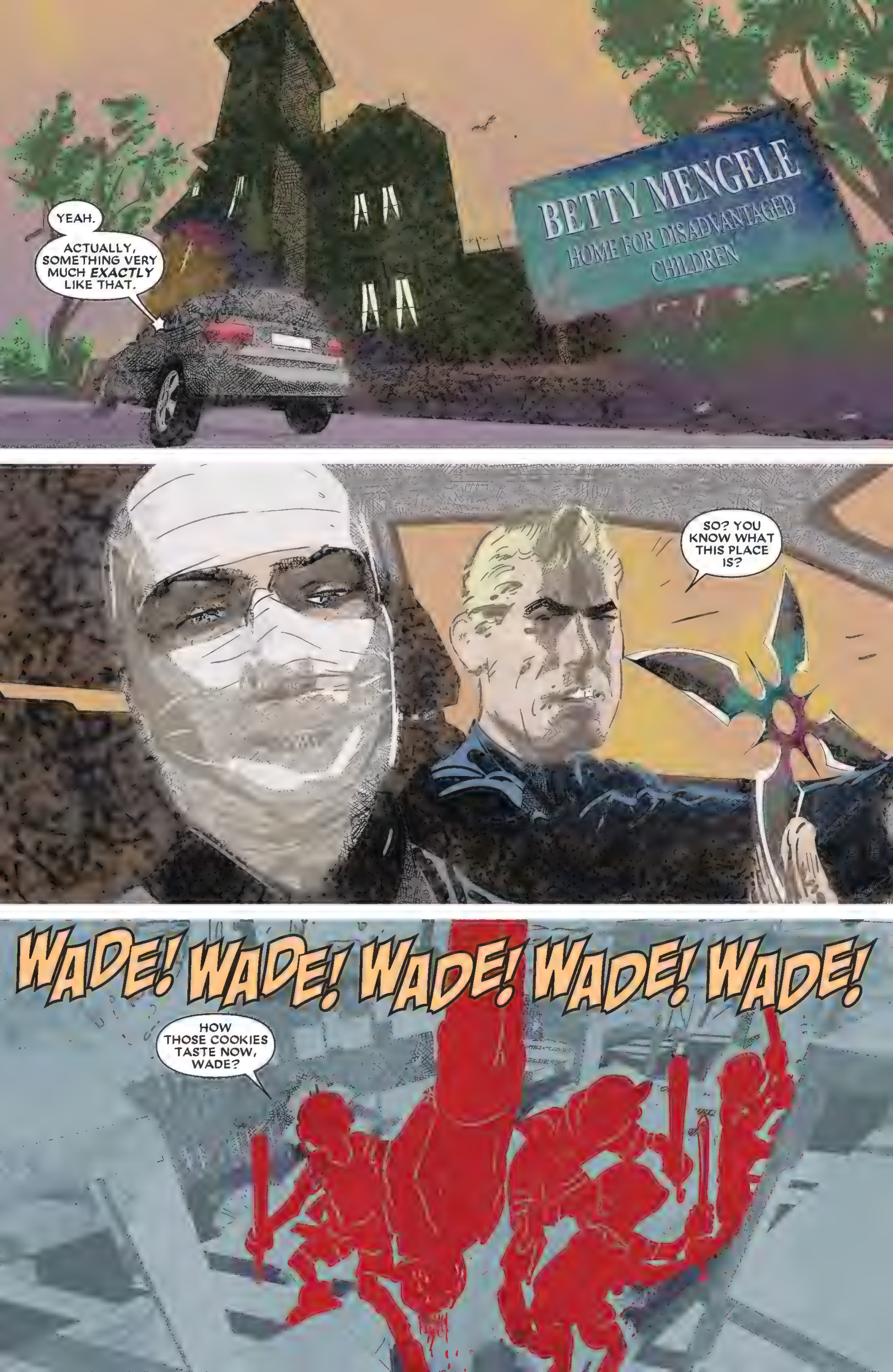
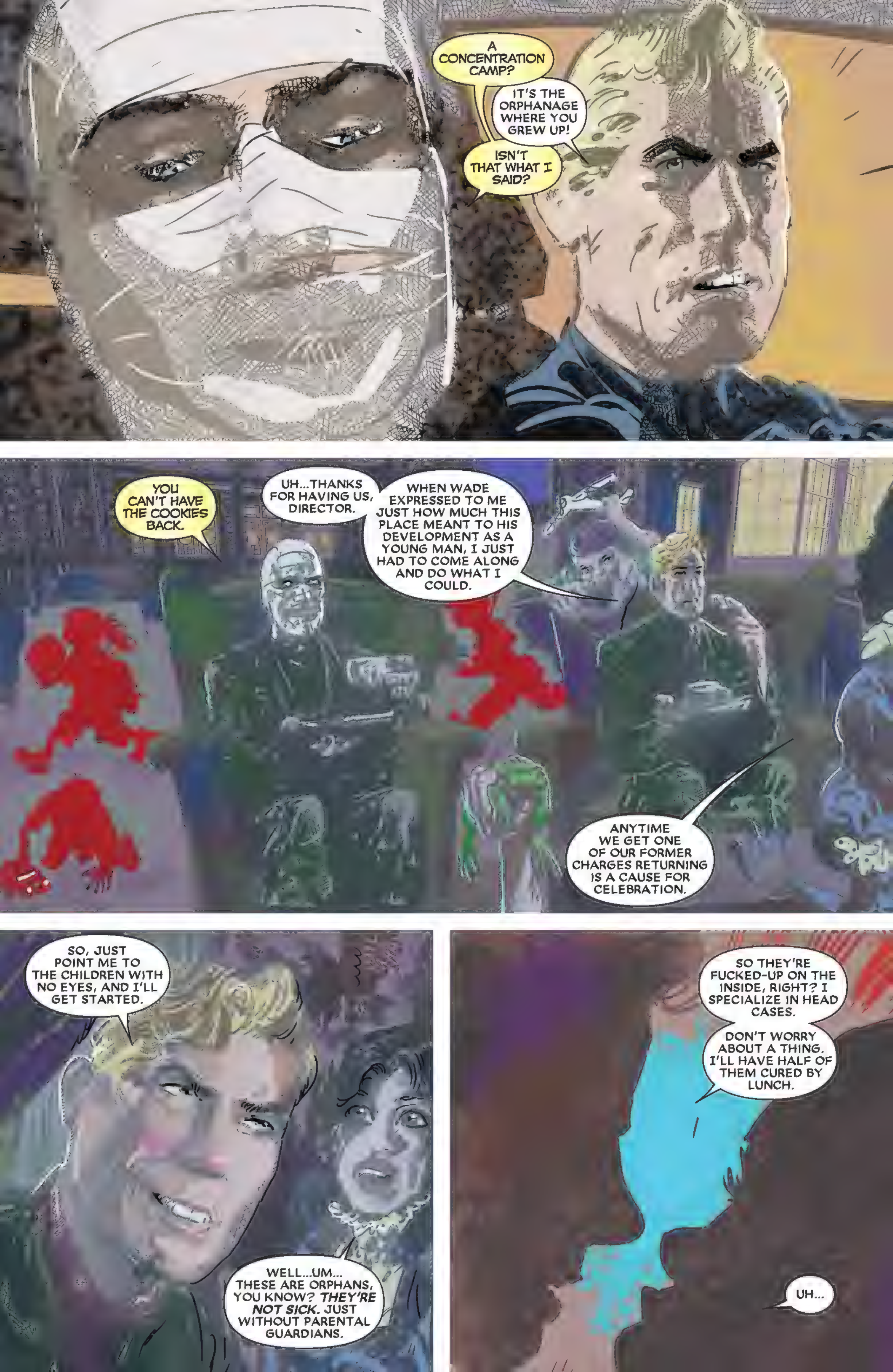
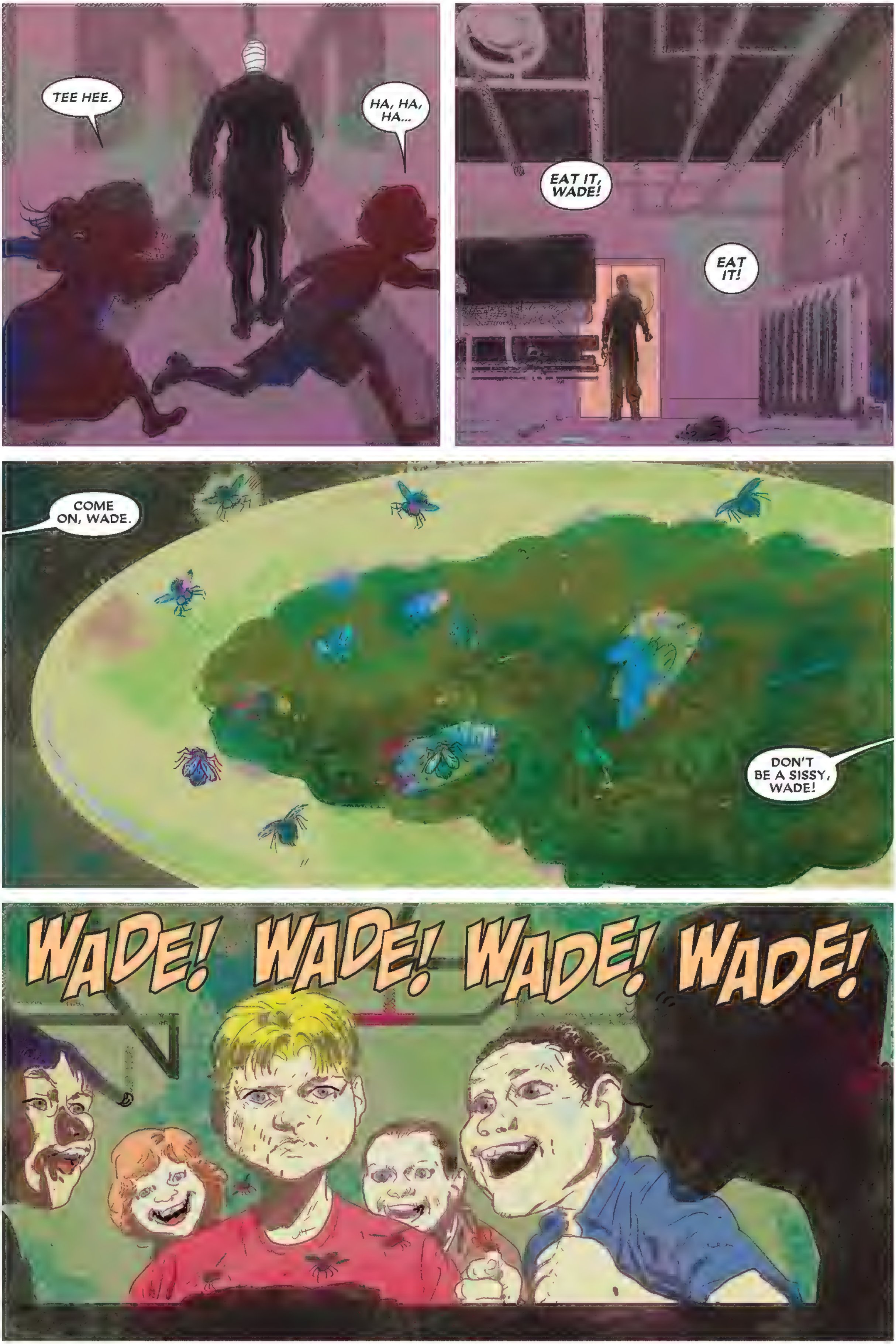
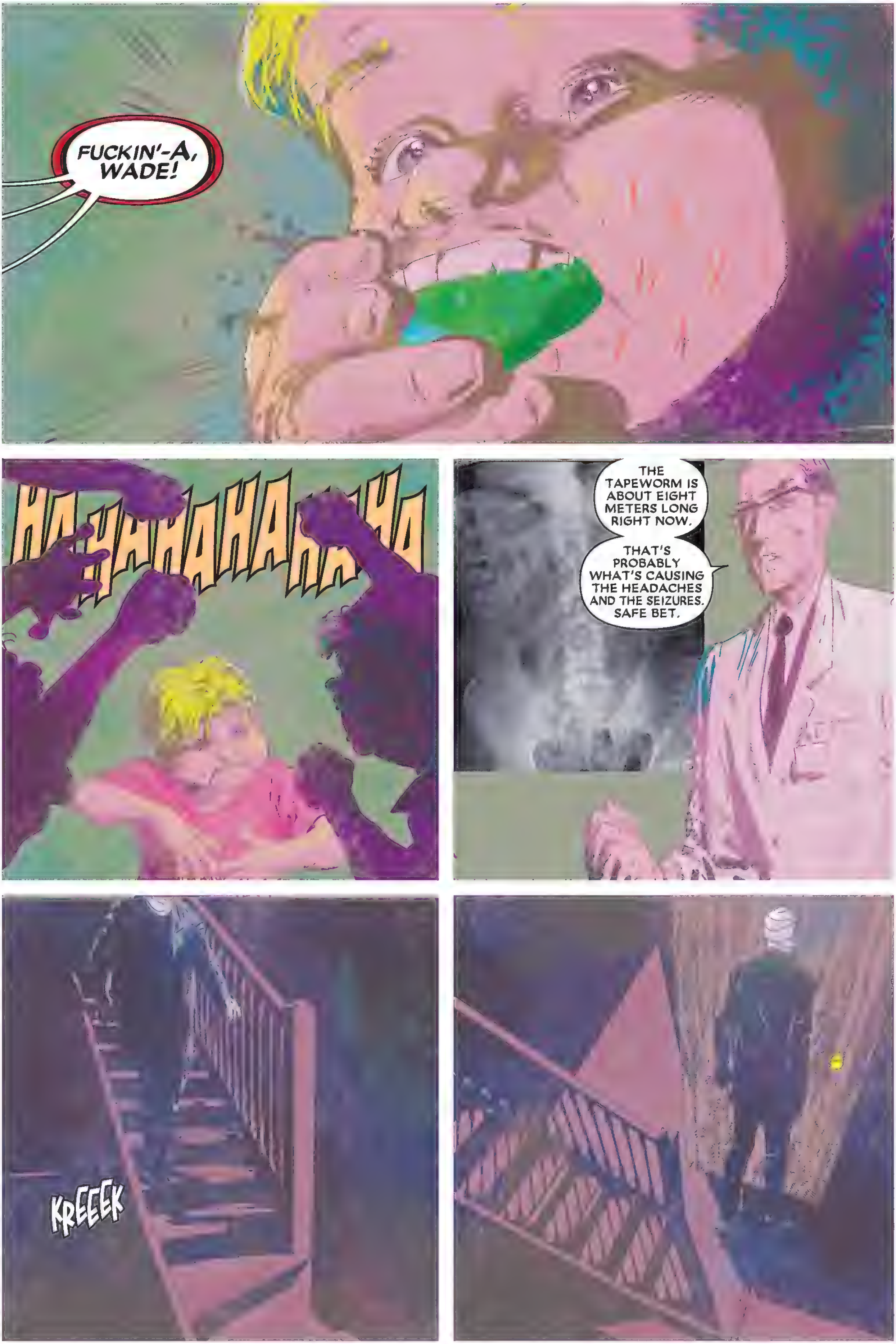

OH I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAAAAIIIILLLLROAD ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY....
VRRRROOOMM
SAY, BOB. WHAT'S A LIVE LONG DAY?
IS THAT AN EXTRA-SPECIALLY LONG DAY? OR WAS IT STOLEN FROM A FORTUNE COOKIE?
"CONFUCIUS SAY, YOU LIVE LONG DAY!"
OR MAYBE PEOPLE USED TO JUST LIVE ONE DAY AND THEN DIED?
YES. THAT'S IT. THAT LAST ONE.
DAMN. I KNEW IT.
THAT MUST HAVE SUCKED.
YUP.
BOB?
GODDAMMIT, WADE, WE ARE NOT STOPPING FOR A BATHROOM BREAK, A GAS BREAK, A PASSING GAS BREAK, A MUNCHIES BREAK, AN ICE CREAM BREAK, OR A STOP-AND-SMELL-THE-ROSES BREAK.

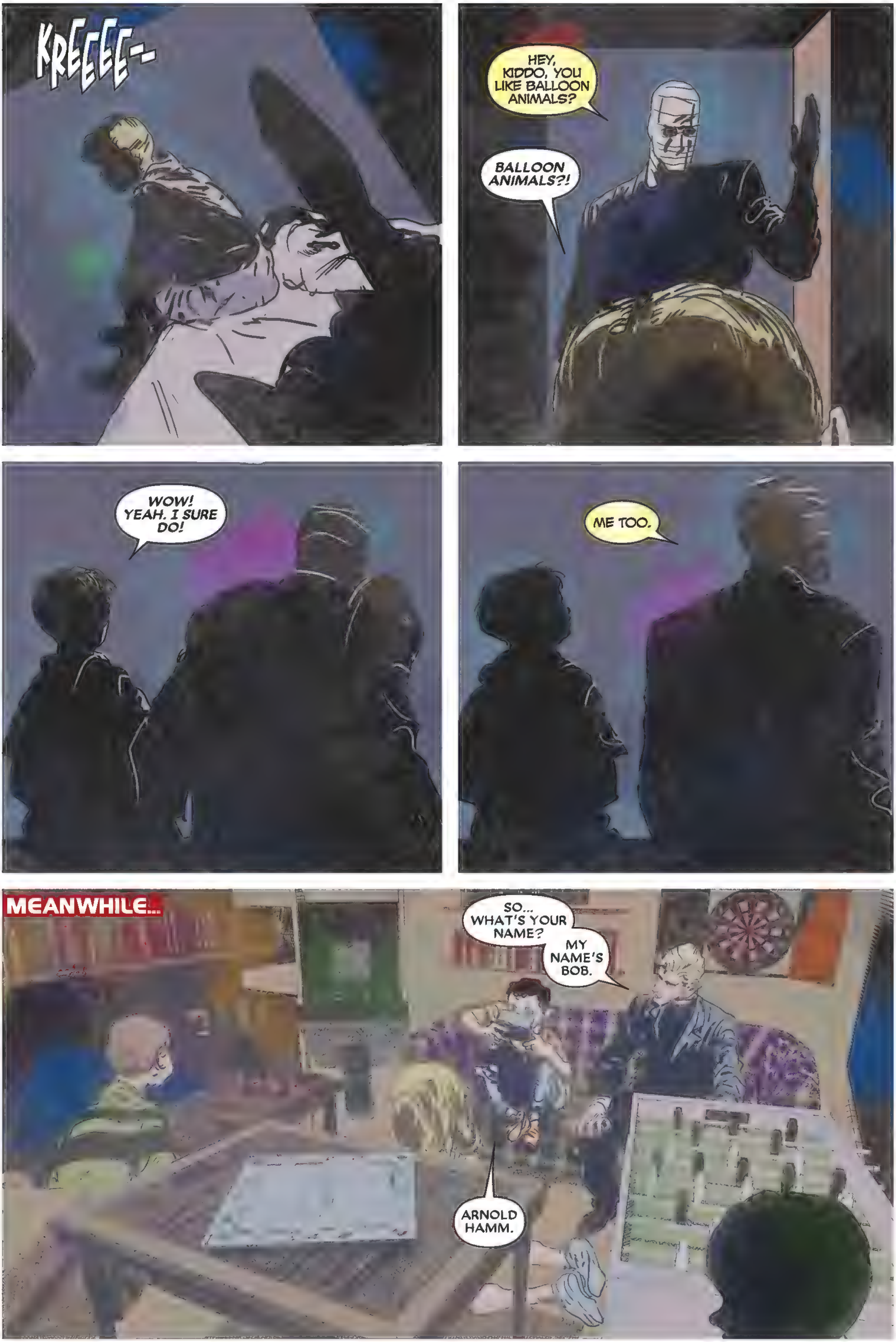

TOLL
$ 1
WE'VE GOT SOMEWHERE TO BE THAT'S ONLY FORTY MILES FROM THE OFFICE AND IT SHOULDN'T TAKE SIX GODDAMN HOURS TO GET THERE!
I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK WHERE WE WERE GOING.
YEAH?... WELL...I SUPPOSE I SHOULD TELL YOU THAT.
WADE, I'VE BEEN MANIPULATING YOU; YOU'VE BEEN KILLING FOR THE GOVERNMENT. I'VE TOLD LOTS OF LIES, AND DONE STUFF I'M NOT TOO PROUD OF.
I'VE BEEN PRETTY FUCKED UP FOR A LONG TIME.
HAIL HYDRA!
I'VE DONE SOME THINGS I'M NOT TOO PROUD OF...
SO I THOUGHT...WELL... IF WE COULD SPEND SOME TIME, Y'KNOW, HELPING OTHERS... THAT WOULD BE...A GOOD THING.
AND HELP ME FORGET ABOUT SOME BAD SHIT I'VE DONE RECENTLY.
YOU MEAN CHARITY WORK? PLAY WITH KIDS? DISADVANTAGED KIDS? KIDS WITH CANCER? KIDS WITH NO EYES?
THINGS LIKE THAT?

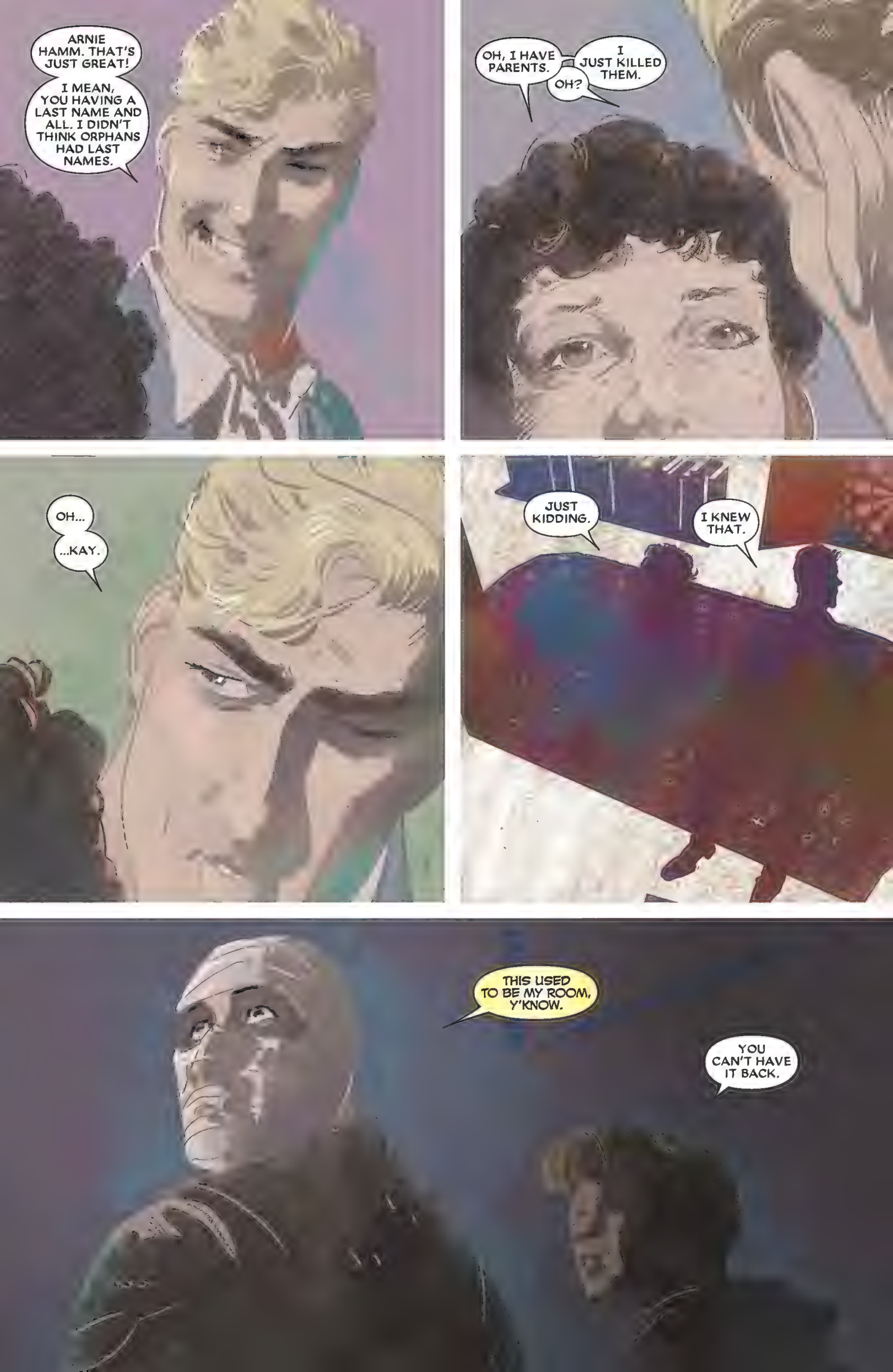

BETTY MENGELE
HOME FOR DISADVANTAGED
CHILDREN
YEAH.
ACTUALLY, SOMETHING VERY MUCH *EXACTLY* LIKE THAT.
SO? YOU KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS?
WADE! WADE! WADE! WADE! WADE!
HOW THOSE COOKIES TASTE NOW, WADE?

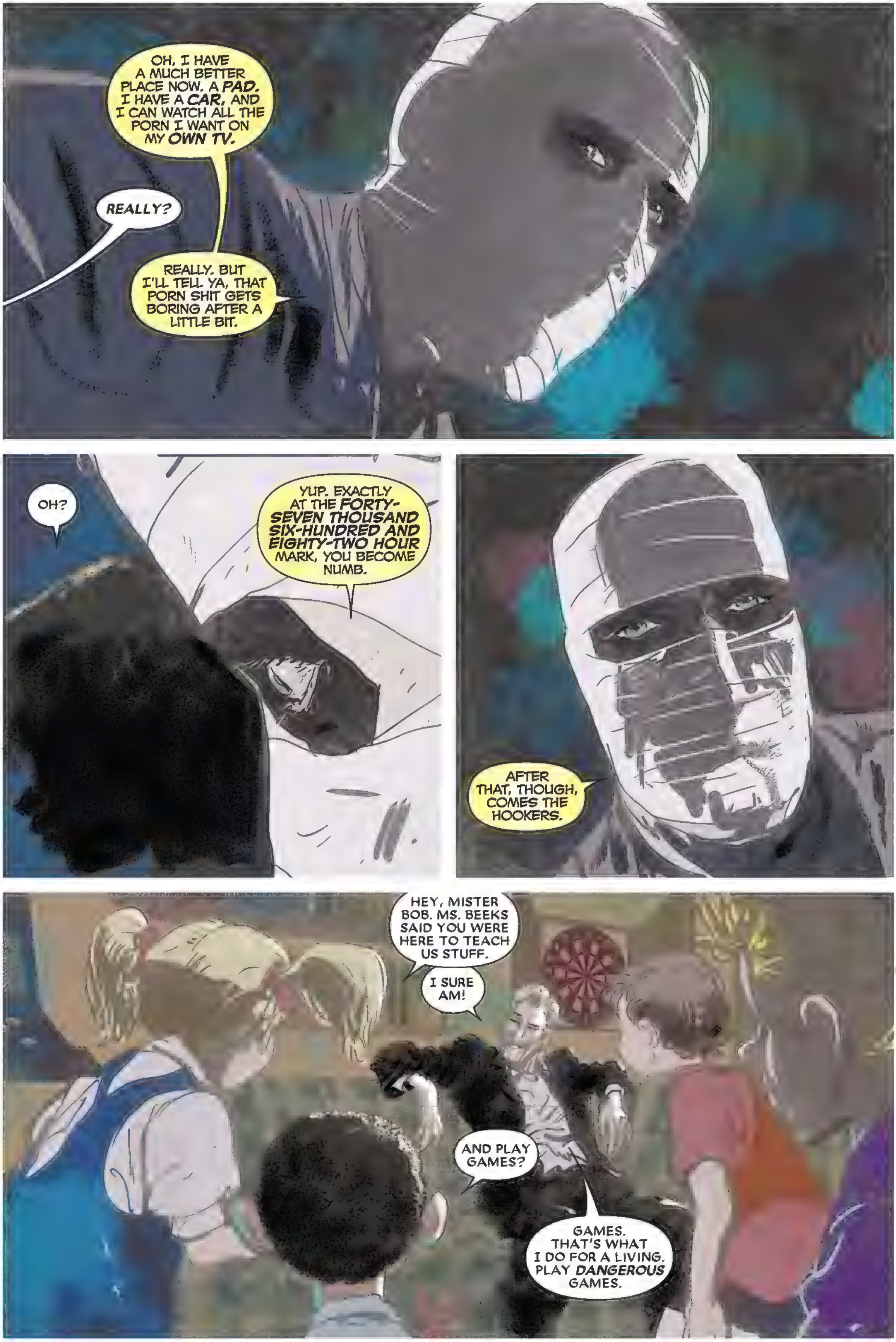

A CONCENTRATION CAMP?
IT'S THE ORPHANAGE WHERE YOU GREW UP!
ISN'T THAT WHAT I SAID?
YOU CAN'T HAVE THE COOKIES BACK.
UH...THANKS FOR HAVING US, DIRECTOR.
WHEN WADE EXPRESSED TO ME JUST HOW MUCH THIS PLACE MEANT TO HIS DEVELOPMENT AS A YOUNG MAN, I JUST HAD TO COME ALONG AND DO WHAT I COULD.
ANYTIME WE GET ONE OF OUR FORMER CHARGES RETURNING IS A CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION.
SO, JUST POINT ME TO THE CHILDREN WITH NO EYES, AND I'LL GET STARTED.
WELL...UM... THESE ARE ORPHANS, YOU KNOW? *THEY'RE NOT SICK.* JUST WITHOUT PARENTAL GUARDIANS.
SO THEY'RE FUCKED-UP ON THE INSIDE, RIGHT? I SPECIALIZE IN HEAD CASES.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING. I'LL HAVE HALF OF THEM CURED BY LUNCH.
UH...

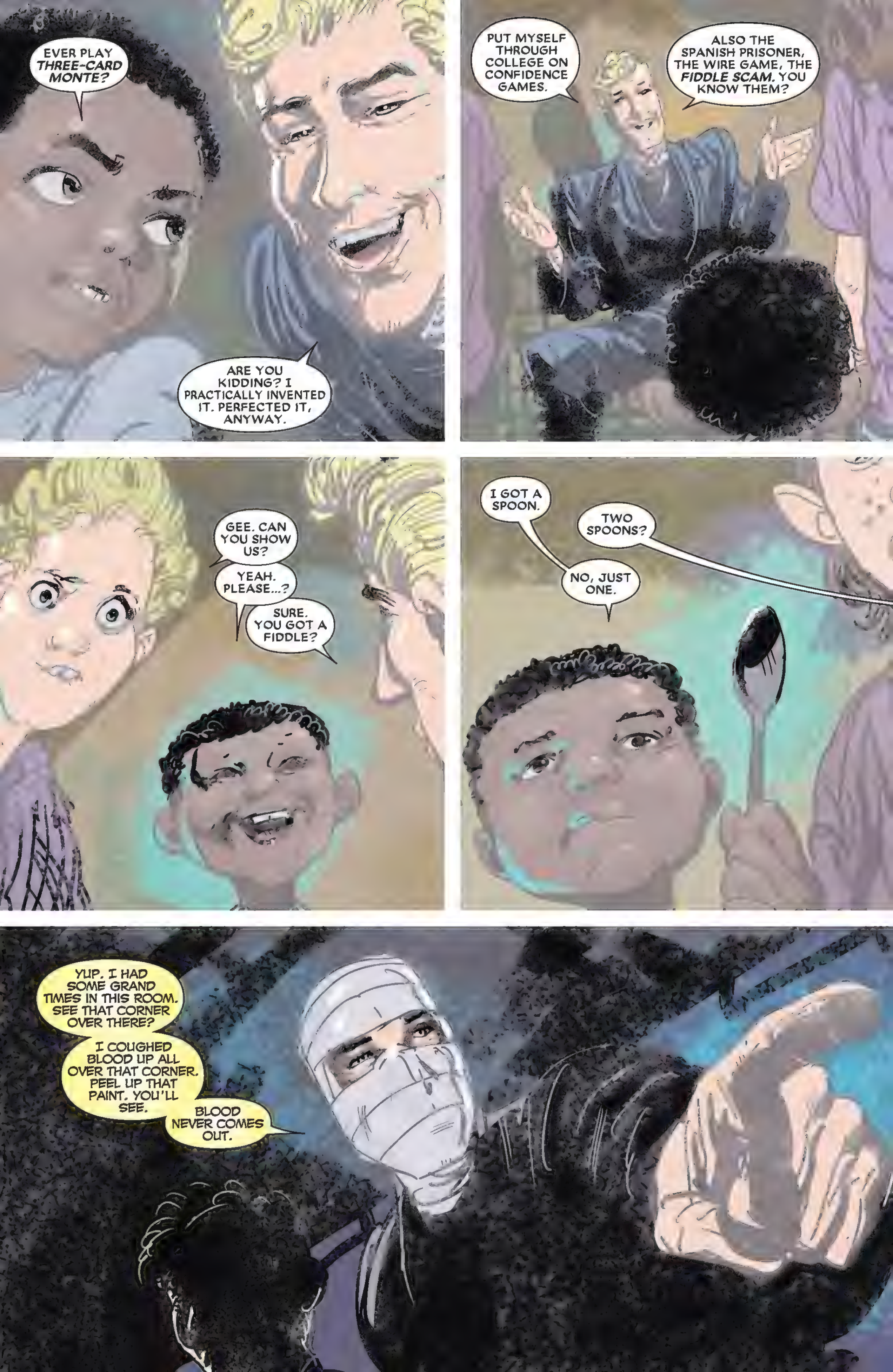

TEE HEE.
HA, HA, HA...
EAT IT, WADE!
EAT IT!
COME ON, WADE.
DON'T BE A SISSY, WADE!
WADE! WADE! WADE! WADE!

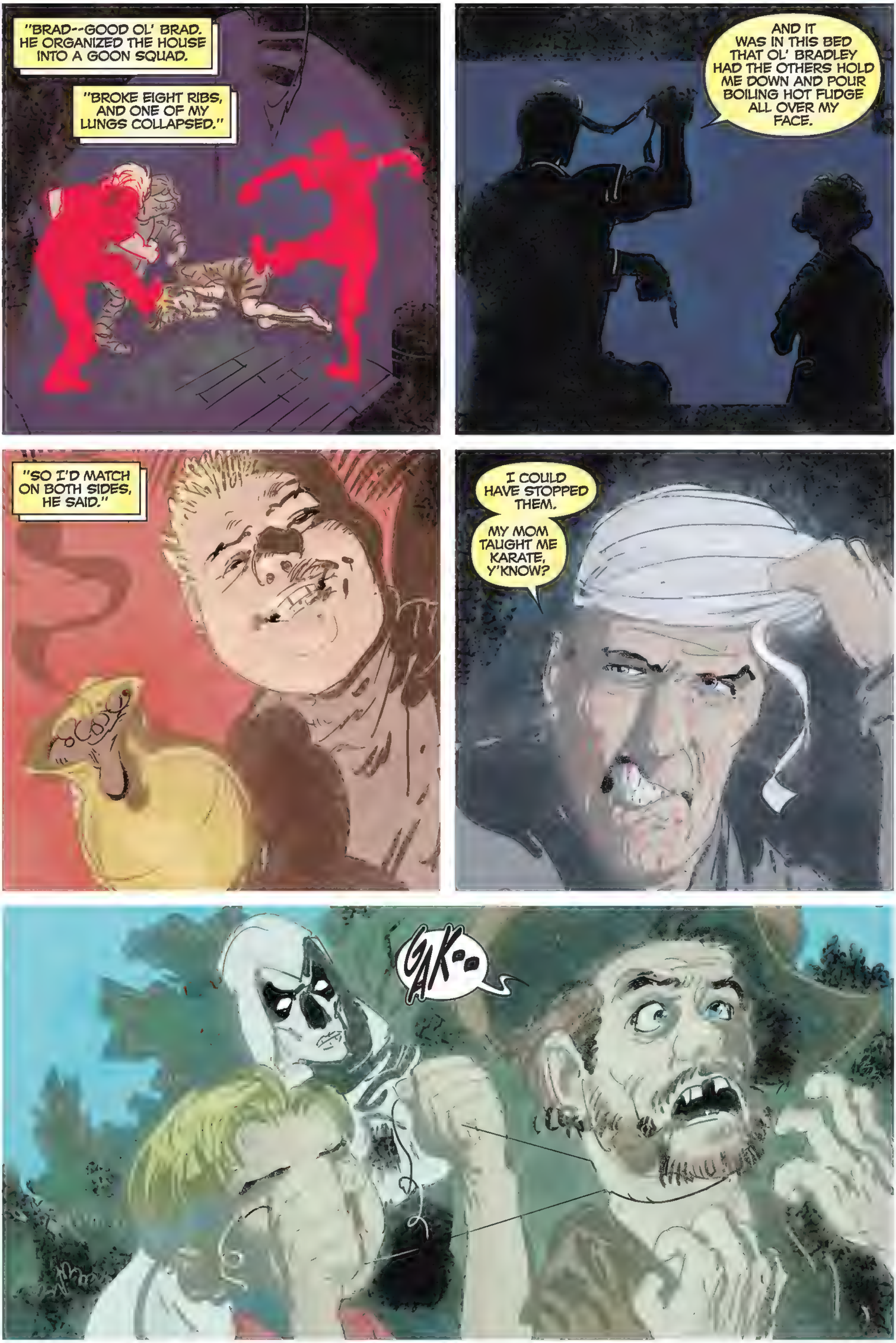

FUCKIN'-A, WADE!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
THE TAPEWORM IS ABOUT EIGHT METERS LONG RIGHT NOW.
THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT'S CAUSING THE HEADACHES AND THE SEIZURES. SAFE BET.
KREEEK

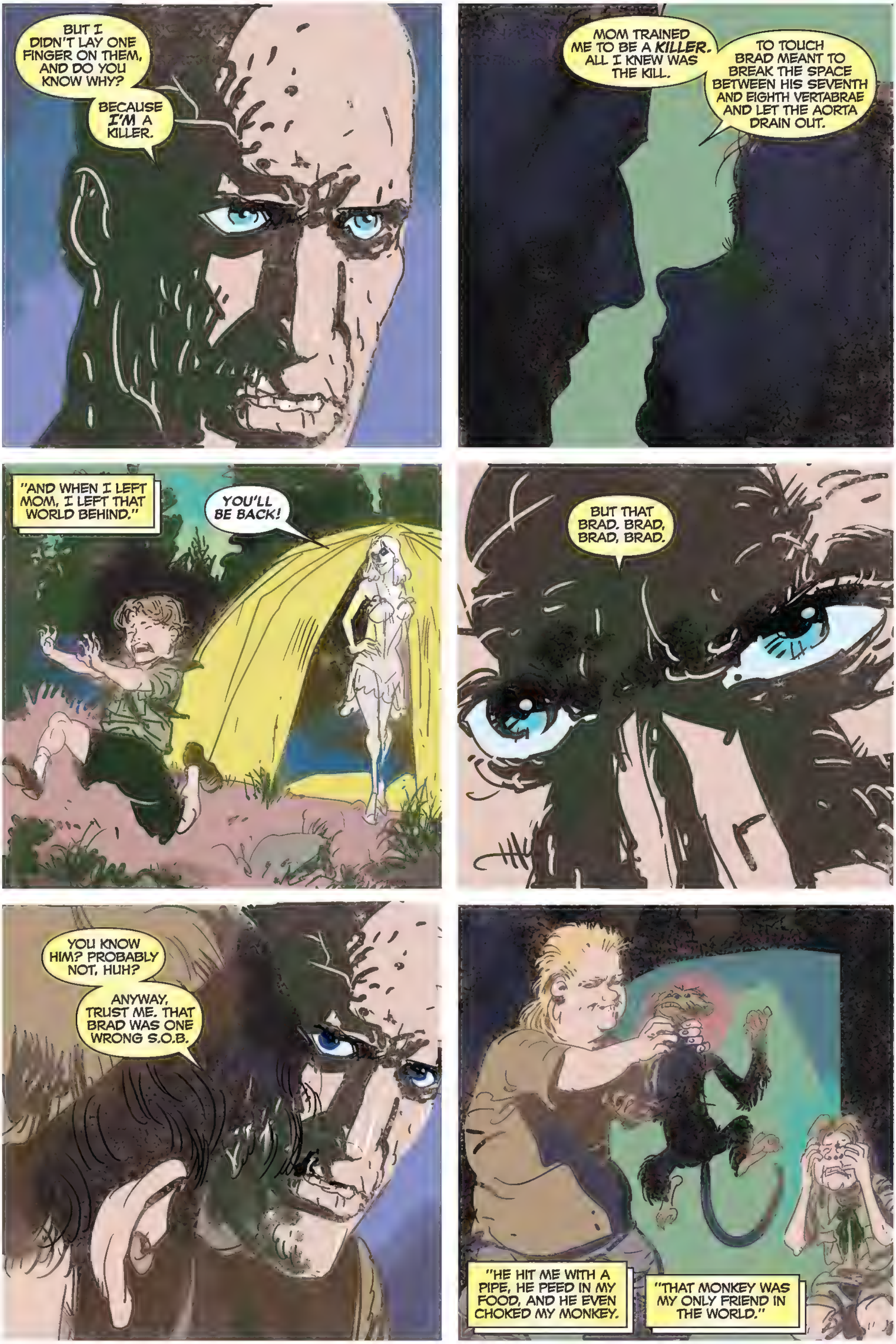

KREEEE--
HEY, KIDDO, YOU LIKE BALLOON ANIMALS?
BALLOON ANIMALS?!
WOW! YEAH. I SURE DO!
ME TOO.
MEANWHILE...
SO... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MY NAME'S BOB.
ARNOLD HAMM.

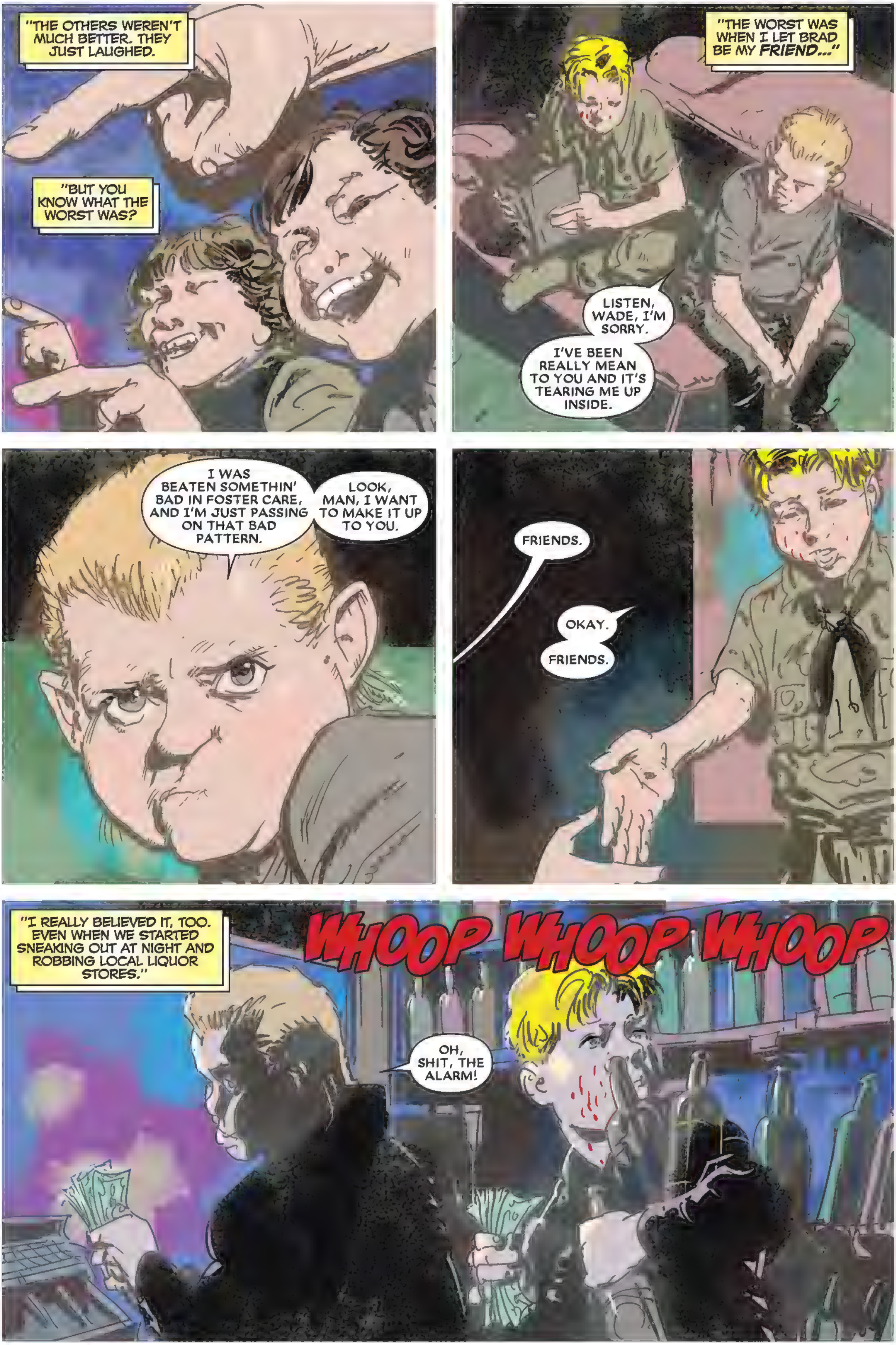

ARNIE HAMM. THAT'S JUST GREAT!
I MEAN, YOU HAVING A LAST NAME AND ALL. I DIDN'T THINK ORPHANS HAD LAST NAMES.
OH, I HAVE PARENTS.
I JUST KILLED THEM.
OH?
OH...
...KAY.
JUST KIDDING.
I KNEW THAT.
THIS USED TO BE MY ROOM, Y'KNOW.
YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BACK.

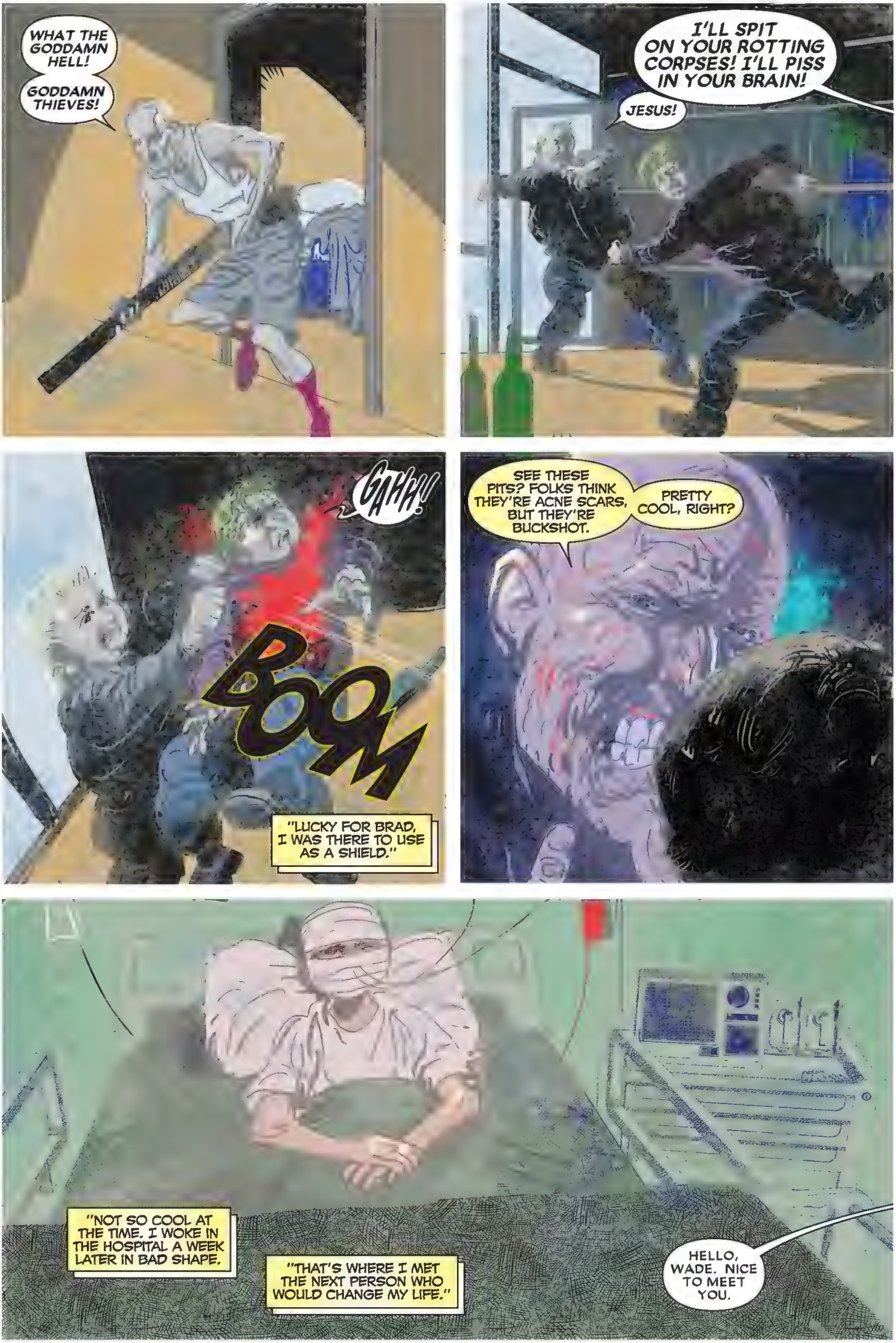

OH, I HAVE A MUCH BETTER PLACE NOW. A *PAD.* I HAVE A *CAR,* AND I CAN WATCH ALL THE PORN I WANT ON MY *OWN TV.*
*REALLY?*
REALLY. BUT I'LL TELL YA, THAT PORN SHIT GETS BORING AFTER A LITTLE BIT.
OH?
YUP. EXACTLY AT THE *FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND SIX-HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO HOUR* MARK, YOU BECOME NUMB.
AFTER THAT, THOUGH, COMES THE HOOKERS.
HEY, MISTER BOB. MS. BEEKS SAID YOU WERE HERE TO TEACH US STUFF.
I SURE AM!
AND PLAY GAMES?
GAMES. THAT'S WHAT I DO FOR A LIVING. PLAY *DANGEROUS* GAMES.

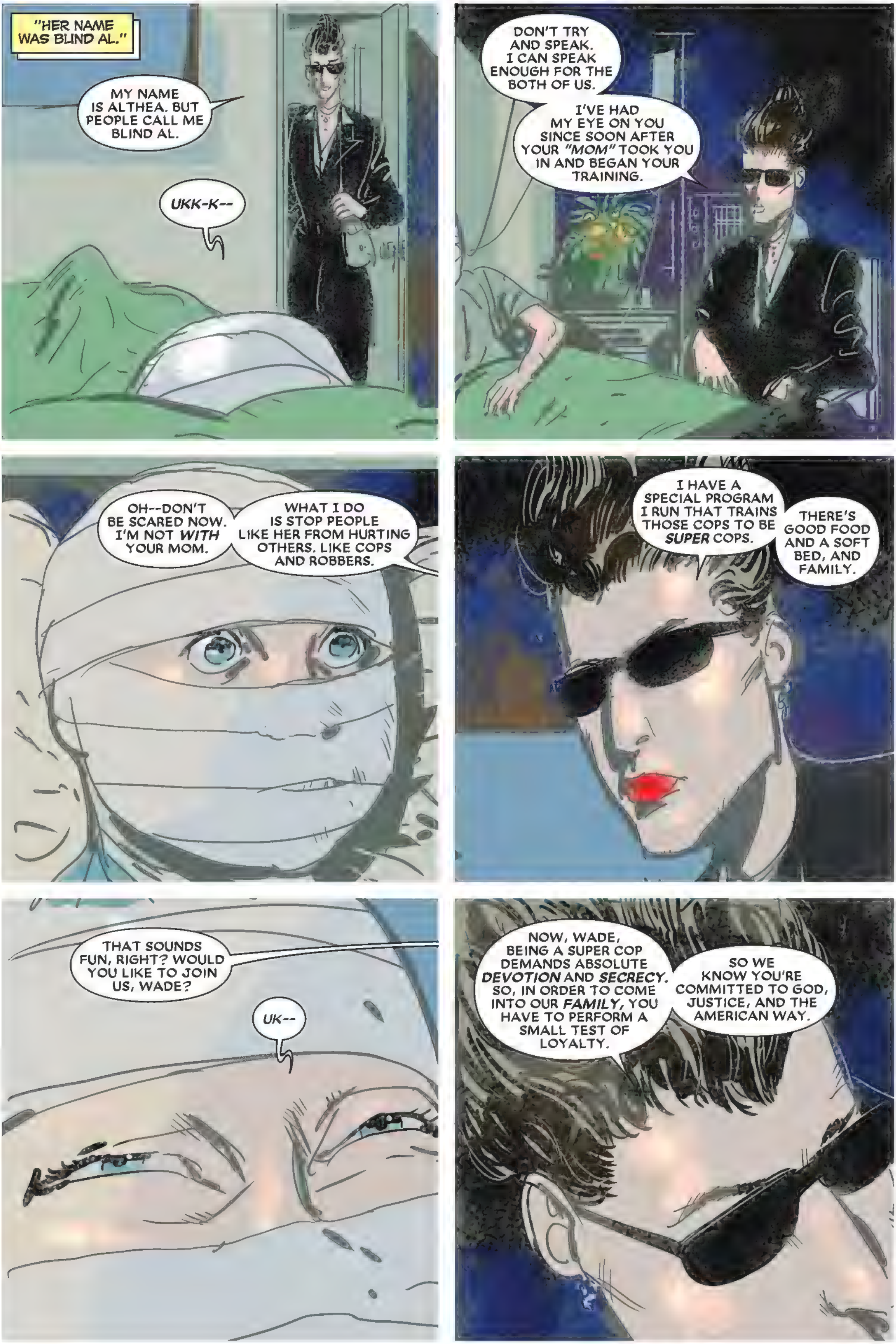

EVER PLAY *THREE-CARD MONTE?*
ARE YOU KIDDING? I PRACTICALLY INVENTED IT. PERFECTED IT, ANYWAY.
PUT MYSELF THROUGH COLLEGE ON CONFIDENCE GAMES.
ALSO THE SPANISH PRISONER, THE WIRE GAME, THE *FIDDLE SCAM*. YOU KNOW THEM?
GEE. CAN YOU SHOW US?
YEAH. PLEASE...?
SURE. YOU GOT A FIDDLE?
I GOT A SPOON.
TWO SPOONS?
NO, JUST ONE.
YUP. I HAD SOME GRAND TIMES IN THIS ROOM. SEE THAT CORNER OVER THERE?
I COUGHED BLOOD UP ALL OVER THAT CORNER. PEEL UP THAT PAINT. YOU'LL SEE.
BLOOD NEVER COMES OUT.

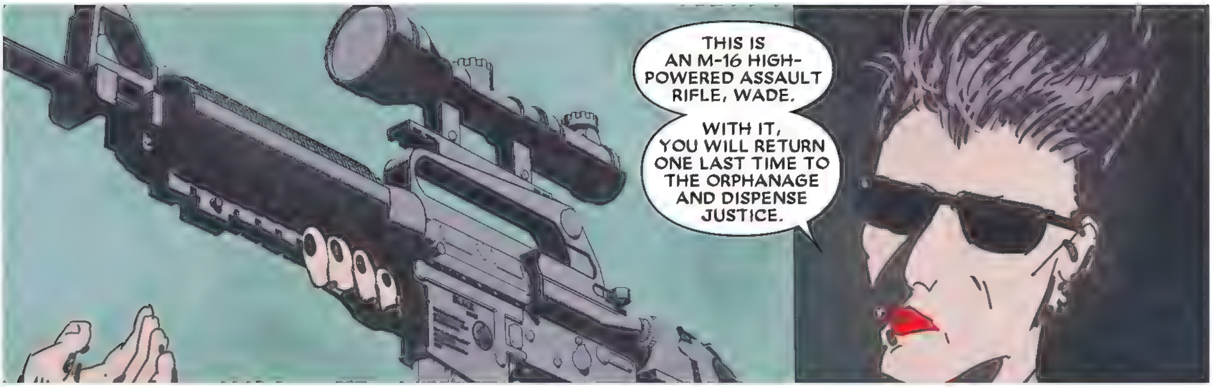

"BRAD--GOOD OL' BRAD. HE ORGANIZED THE HOUSE INTO A GOON SQUAD.
"BROKE EIGHT RIBS, AND ONE OF MY LUNGS COLLAPSED."
AND IT WAS IN THIS BED THAT OL' BRADLEY HAD THE OTHERS HOLD ME DOWN AND POUR BOILING HOT FUDGE ALL OVER MY FACE.
"SO I'D MATCH ON BOTH SIDES, HE SAID."
I COULD HAVE STOPPED THEM.
MY MOM TAUGHT ME KARATE, Y'KNOW?
GAK--

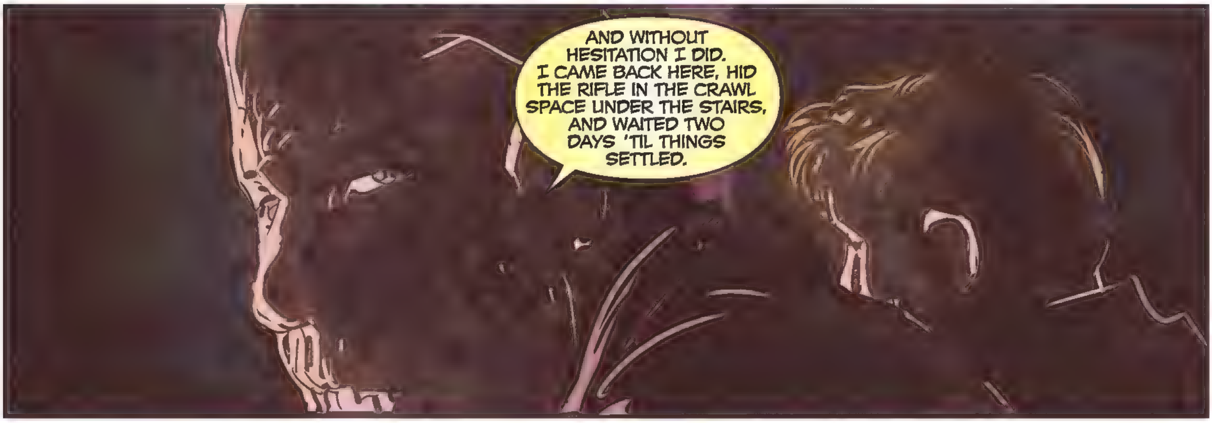

BUT I DIDN'T LAY ONE FINGER ON THEM, AND DO YOU KNOW WHY?
BECAUSE *I'M* A KILLER.
MOM TRAINED ME TO BE A ***KILLER.*** ALL I KNEW WAS THE KILL.
TO TOUCH BRAD MEANT TO BREAK THE SPACE BETWEEN HIS SEVENTH AND EIGHTH VERTABRAE AND LET THE AORTA DRAIN OUT.
"AND WHEN I LEFT MOM, I LEFT THAT WORLD BEHIND."
*YOU'LL BE BACK!*
BUT THAT BRAD. BRAD, BRAD, BRAD.
YOU KNOW HIM? PROBABLY NOT, HUH?
ANYWAY, TRUST ME. THAT BRAD WAS ONE WRONG S.O.B.
"HE HIT ME WITH A PIPE, HE PEED IN MY FOOD, AND HE EVEN CHOKED MY MONKEY.
"THAT MONKEY WAS MY ONLY FRIEND IN THE WORLD."

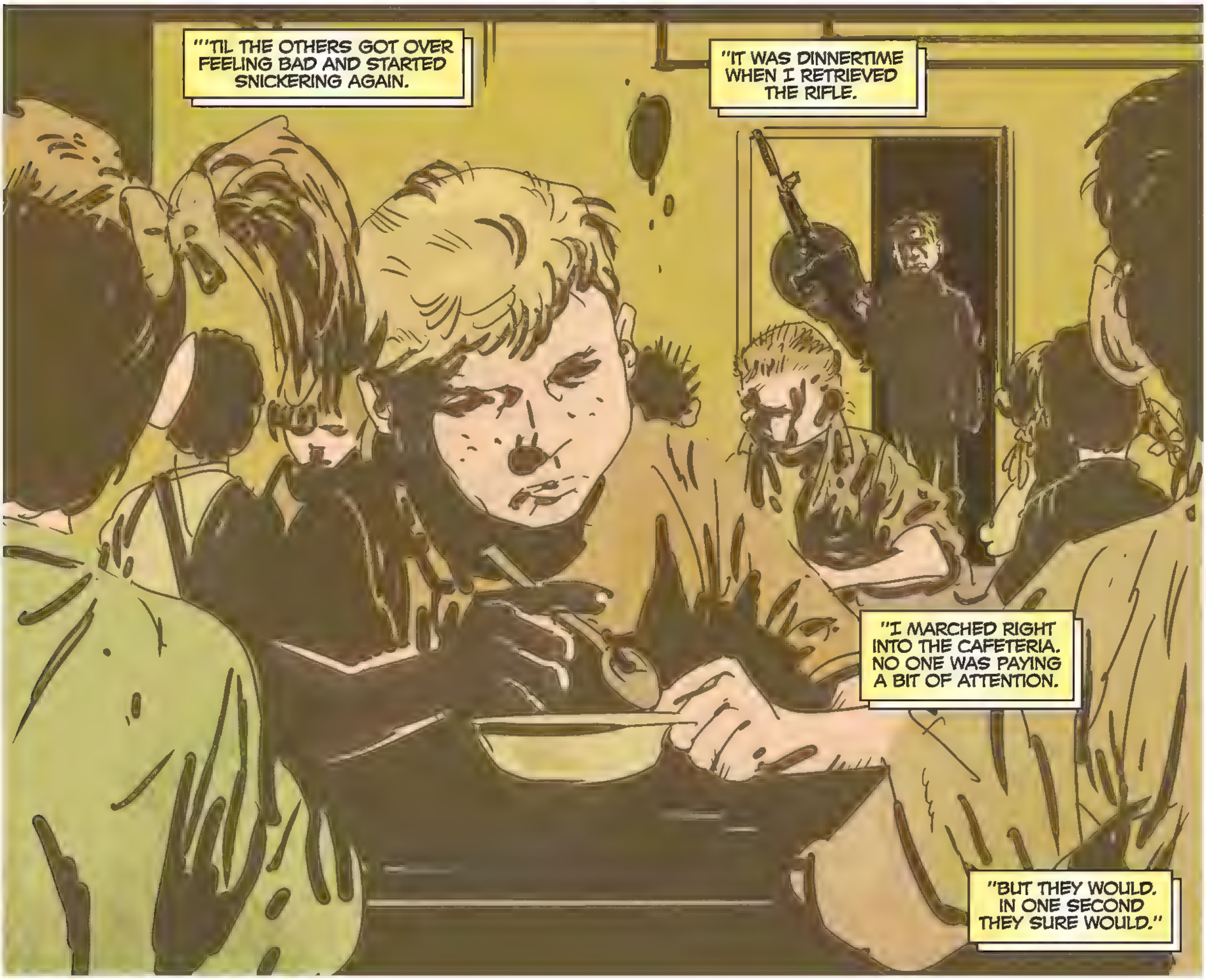

"THE OTHERS WEREN'T MUCH BETTER. THEY JUST LAUGHED.
"BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THE WORST WAS?
"THE WORST WAS WHEN I LET BRAD BE MY FRIEND..."
LISTEN, WADE, I'M SORRY.
I'VE BEEN REALLY MEAN TO YOU AND IT'S TEARING ME UP INSIDE.
I WAS BEATEN SOMETHIN' BAD IN FOSTER CARE, AND I'M JUST PASSING ON THAT BAD PATTERN.
LOOK, MAN, I WANT TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU.
FRIENDS.
OKAY.
FRIENDS.
"I REALLY BELIEVED IT, TOO. EVEN WHEN WE STARTED SNEAKING OUT AT NIGHT AND ROBBING LOCAL LIQUOR STORES."
WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP
OH, SHIT, THE ALARM!

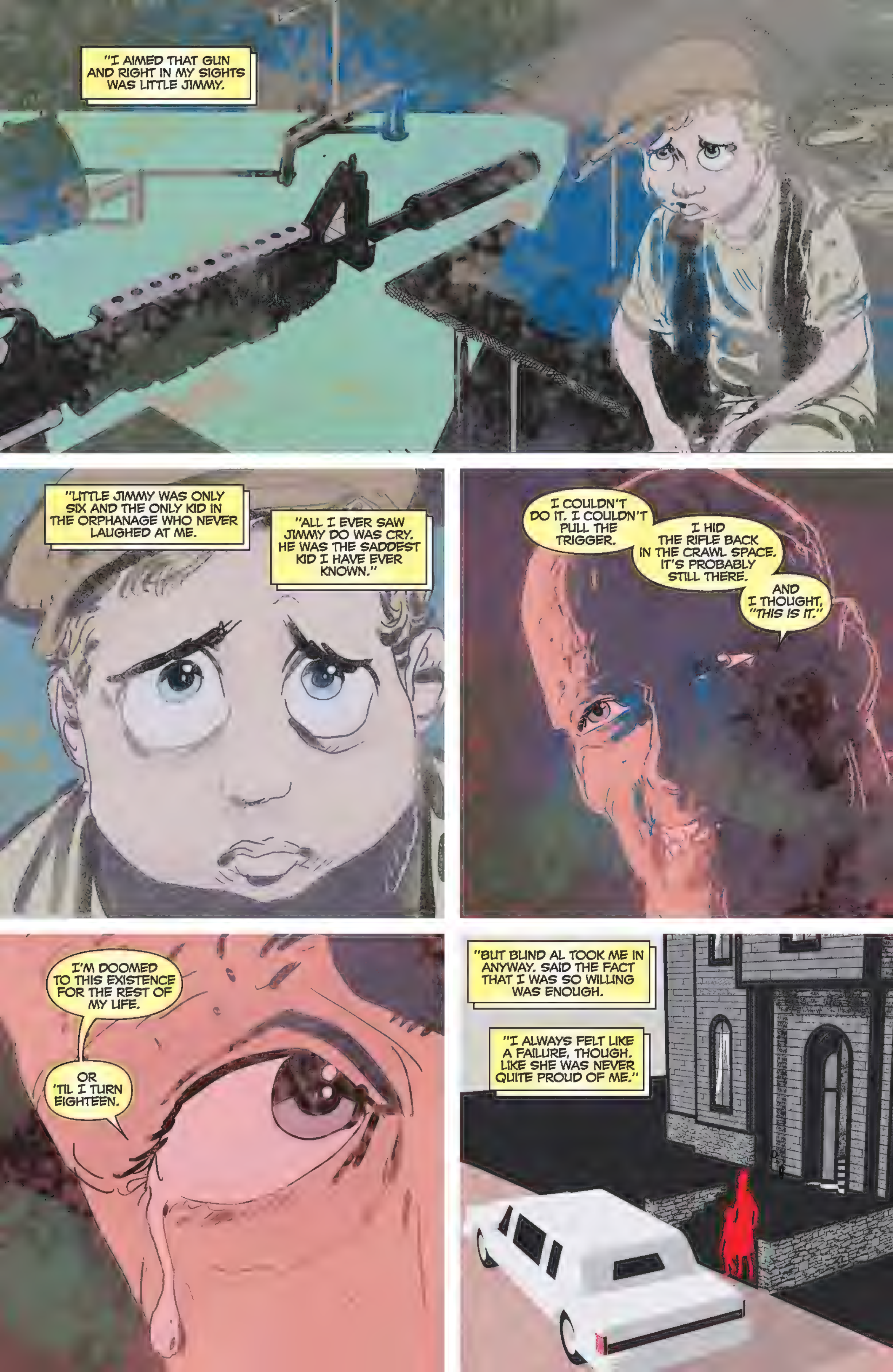

WHAT THE GODDAMN HELL!
GODDAMN THIEVES!
I'LL SPIT ON YOUR ROTTING CORPSES! I'LL PISS IN YOUR BRAIN!
JESUS!
GAHH!
BOOM
"LUCKY FOR BRAD, I WAS THERE TO USE AS A SHIELD."
SEE THESE PITS? FOLKS THINK THEY'RE ACNE SCARS, BUT THEY'RE BUCKSHOT.
PRETTY COOL, RIGHT?
"NOT SO COOL AT THE TIME. I WOKE IN THE HOSPITAL A WEEK LATER IN BAD SHAPE.
"THAT'S WHERE I MET THE NEXT PERSON WHO WOULD CHANGE MY LIFE."
HELLO, WADE. NICE TO MEET YOU.

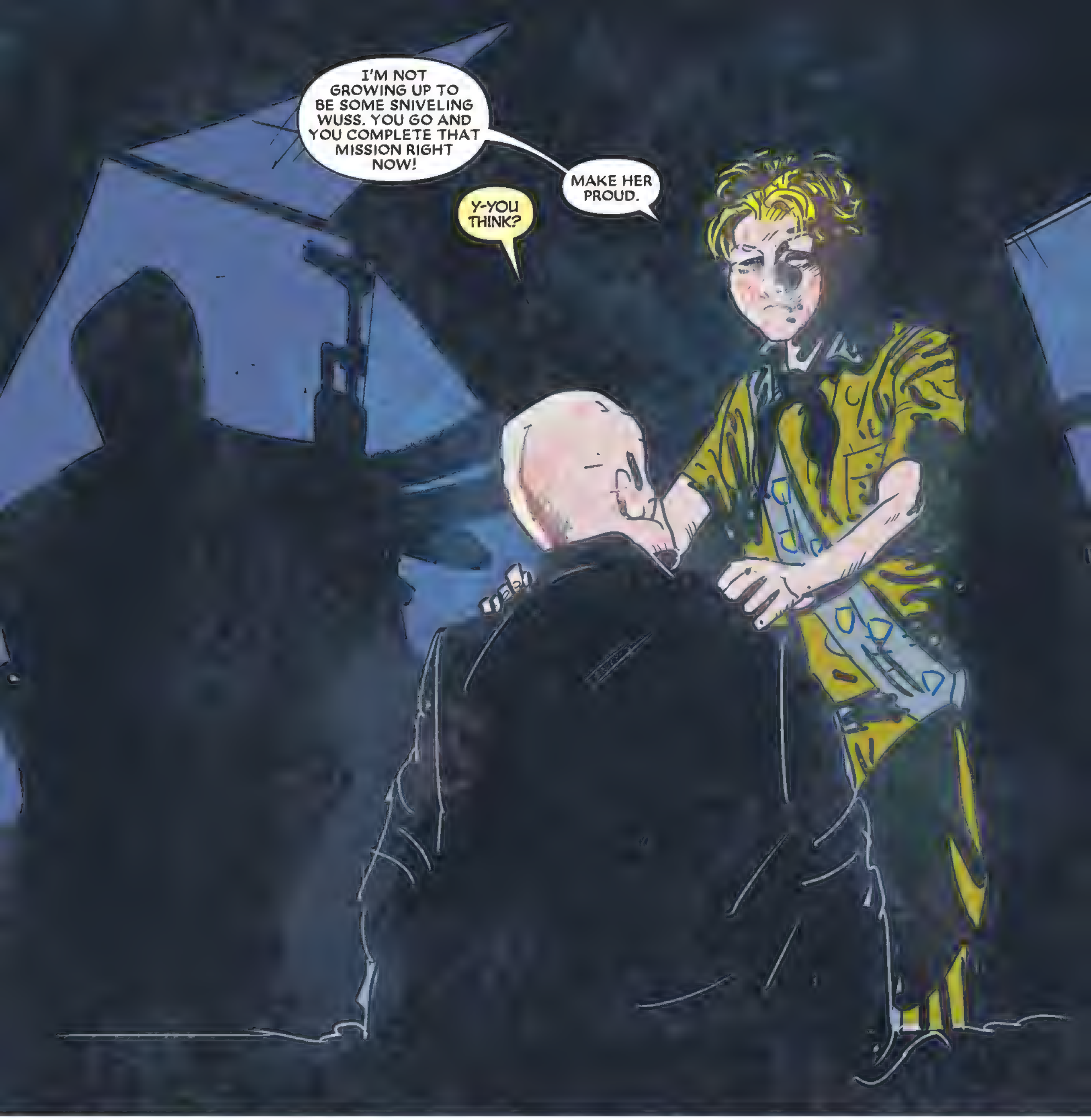

"HER NAME WAS BLIND AL."
MY NAME IS ALTHEA. BUT PEOPLE CALL ME BLIND AL.
UKK-K--
DON'T TRY AND SPEAK. I CAN SPEAK ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US.
I'VE HAD MY EYE ON YOU SINCE SOON AFTER YOUR "MOM" TOOK YOU IN AND BEGAN YOUR TRAINING.
OH--DON'T BE SCARED NOW. I'M NOT WITH YOUR MOM.
WHAT I DO IS STOP PEOPLE LIKE HER FROM HURTING OTHERS. LIKE COPS AND ROBBERS.
I HAVE A SPECIAL PROGRAM I RUN THAT TRAINS THOSE COPS TO BE SUPER COPS.
THERE'S GOOD FOOD AND A SOFT BED, AND FAMILY.
THAT SOUNDS FUN, RIGHT? WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US, WADE?
UK--
NOW, WADE, BEING A SUPER COP DEMANDS ABSOLUTE DEVOTION AND SECRECY. SO, IN ORDER TO COME INTO OUR FAMILY, YOU HAVE TO PERFORM A SMALL TEST OF LOYALTY.
SO WE KNOW YOU'RE COMMITTED TO GOD, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY.

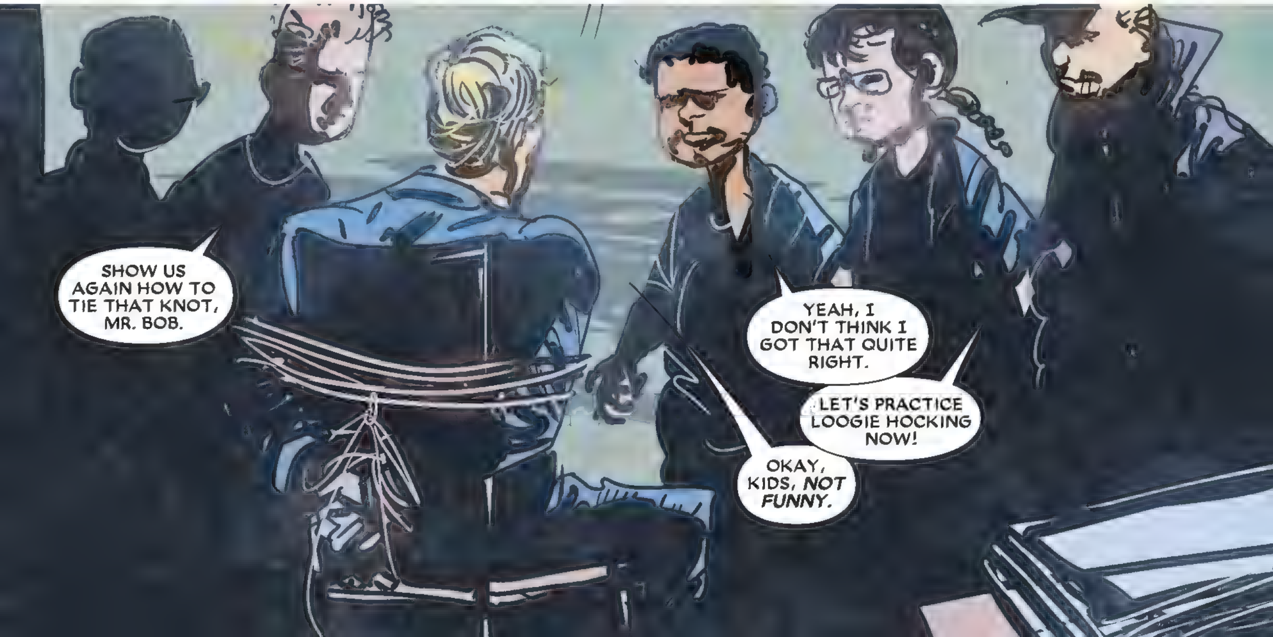

THIS IS AN M-16 HIGH-POWERED ASSAULT RIFLE, WADE.
WITH IT, YOU WILL RETURN ONE LAST TIME TO THE ORPHANAGE AND DISPENSE JUSTICE.

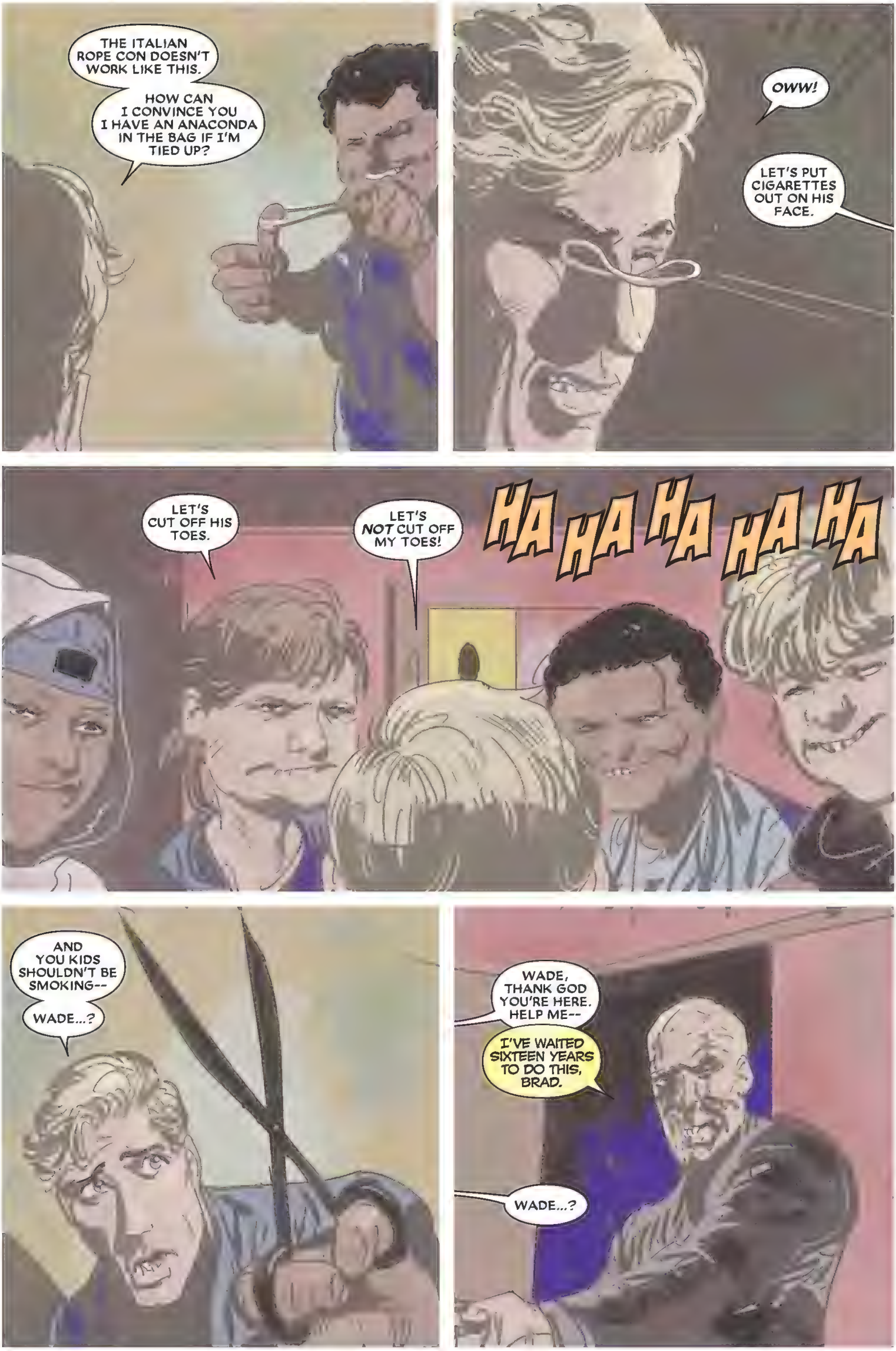

AND WITHOUT HESITATION I DID. I CAME BACK HERE, HID THE RIFLE IN THE CRAWL SPACE UNDER THE STAIRS, AND WAITED TWO DAYS 'TIL THINGS SETTLED.

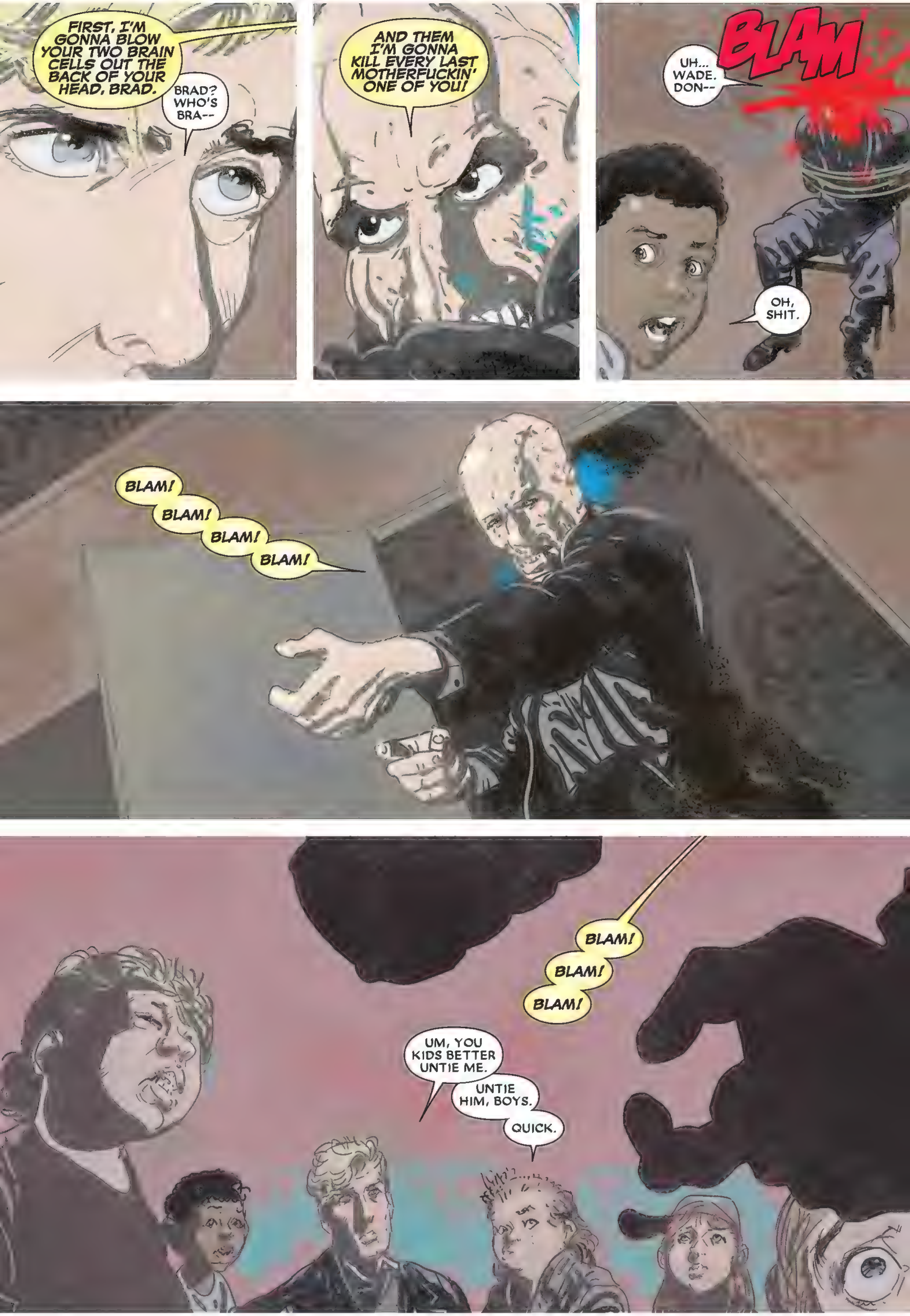

"'TIL THE OTHERS GOT OVER FEELING BAD AND STARTED SNICKERING AGAIN.
"IT WAS DINNERTIME WHEN I RETRIEVED THE RIFLE.
"I MARCHED RIGHT INTO THE CAFETERIA. NO ONE WAS PAYING A BIT OF ATTENTION.
"BUT THEY WOULD. IN ONE SECOND THEY SURE WOULD."

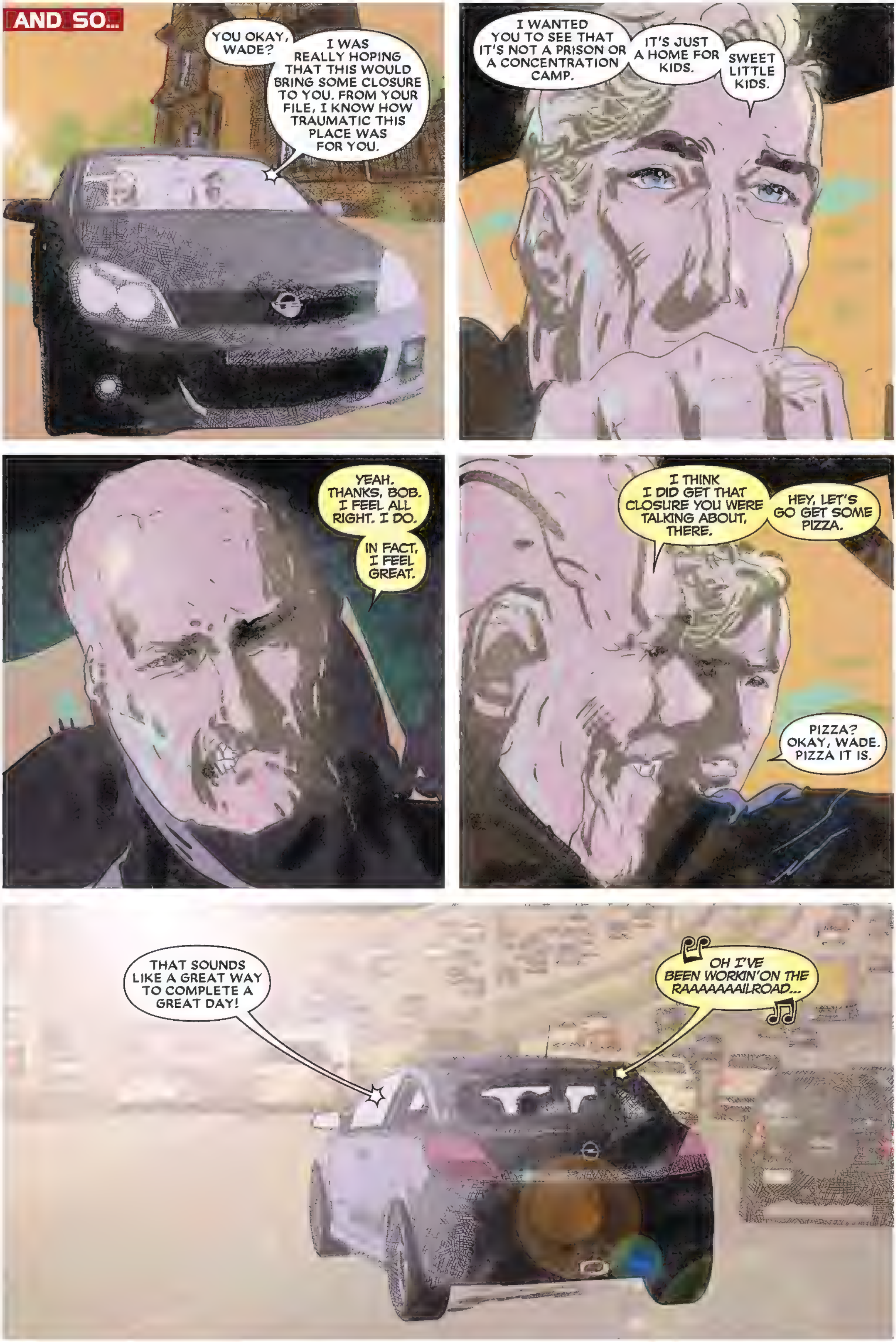

"I AIMED THAT GUN AND RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS WAS LITTLE JIMMY.
"LITTLE JIMMY WAS ONLY SIX AND THE ONLY KID IN THE ORPHANAGE WHO NEVER LAUGHED AT ME.
"ALL I EVER SAW JIMMY DO WAS CRY. HE WAS THE SADDEST KID I HAVE EVER KNOWN."
I COULDN'T DO IT. I COULDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER.
I HID THE RIFLE BACK IN THE CRAWL SPACE. IT'S PROBABLY STILL THERE.
AND I THOUGHT, "THIS IS IT."
I'M DOOMED TO THIS EXISTENCE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
OR 'TIL I TURN EIGHTEEN.
"BUT BLIND AL TOOK ME IN ANYWAY. SAID THE FACT THAT I WAS SO WILLING WAS ENOUGH.
"I ALWAYS FELT LIKE A FAILURE, THOUGH. LIKE SHE WAS NEVER QUITE PROUD OF ME."

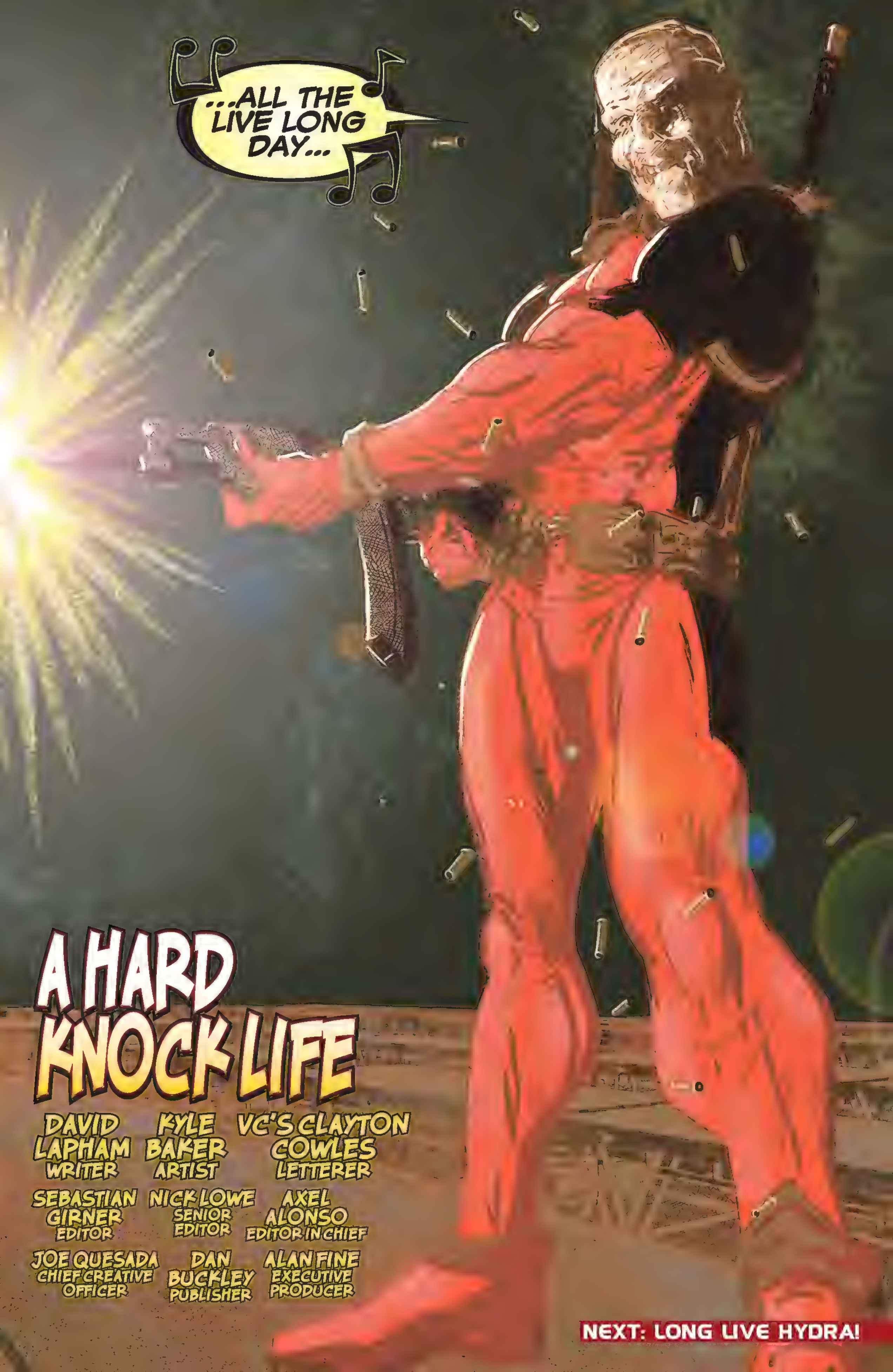

I'M NOT GROWING UP TO BE SOME SNIVELING WUSS. YOU GO AND YOU COMPLETE THAT MISSION RIGHT NOW!
MAKE HER PROUD.
Y-YOU THINK?


SHOW US AGAIN HOW TO TIE THAT KNOT, MR. BOB.
YEAH, I DON'T THINK I GOT THAT QUITE RIGHT.
LET'S PRACTICE LOOGIE HOCKING NOW!
OKAY, KIDS, *NOT FUNNY*.


THE ITALIAN ROPE CON DOESN'T WORK LIKE THIS.
HOW CAN I CONVINCE YOU I HAVE AN ANACONDA IN THE BAG IF I'M TIED UP?
OWW!
LET'S PUT CIGARETTES OUT ON HIS FACE.
LET'S CUT OFF HIS TOES.
LET'S *NOT* CUT OFF MY TOES!
HA HA HA HA HA
AND YOU KIDS SHOULDN'T BE SMOKING--
WADE...?
WADE, THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE. HELP ME--
I'VE WAITED SIXTEEN YEARS TO DO THIS, BRAD.
WADE...?


FIRST, I'M GONNA BLOW YOUR TWO BRAIN CELLS OUT THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, BRAD.
BRAD? WHO'S BRA--
AND THEM I'M GONNA KILL EVERY LAST MOTHERFUCKIN' ONE OF YOU!
BLAM
UH... WADE. DON--
OH, SHIT.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
UM, YOU KIDS BETTER UNTIE ME.
UNTIE HIM, BOYS.
QUICK.


AND SO...
YOU OKAY, WADE?
I WAS REALLY HOPING THAT THIS WOULD BRING SOME CLOSURE TO YOU. FROM YOUR FILE, I KNOW HOW TRAUMATIC THIS PLACE WAS FOR YOU.
I WANTED YOU TO SEE THAT IT'S NOT A PRISON OR A CONCENTRATION CAMP.
IT'S JUST A HOME FOR KIDS.
SWEET LITTLE KIDS.
YEAH. THANKS, BOB. I FEEL ALL RIGHT. I DO.
IN FACT, I FEEL GREAT.
I THINK I DID GET THAT CLOSURE YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT, THERE.
HEY, LET'S GO GET SOME PIZZA.
PIZZA? OKAY, WADE. PIZZA IT IS.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT WAY TO COMPLETE A GREAT DAY!
♫ OH I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAAAAAAAILROAD... ♫



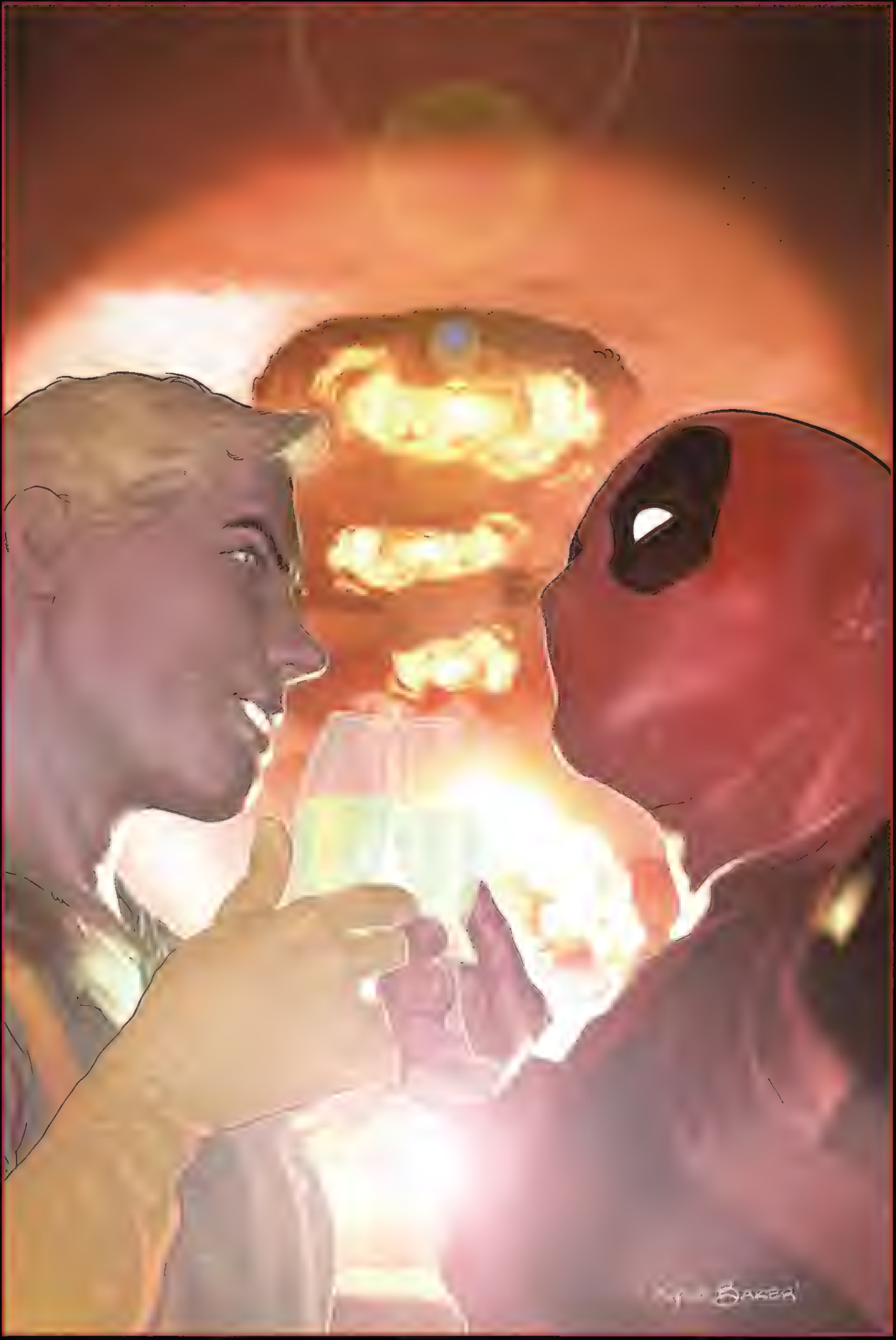
...ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY...

# A HARD KNOCK LIFE

**DAVID LAPHAM** WRITER
**KYLE BAKER** ARTIST
**VC'S CLAYTON COWLES** LETTERER
**SEBASTIAN GIRNER** EDITOR
**NICK LOWE** SENIOR EDITOR
**AXEL ALONSO** EDITOR IN CHIEF
**JOE QUESADA** CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
**DAN BUCKLEY** PUBLISHER
**ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

NEXT: LONG LIVE HYDRA!

# NEXT:
# DEADPOOL MAX #12



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MAX COMICS

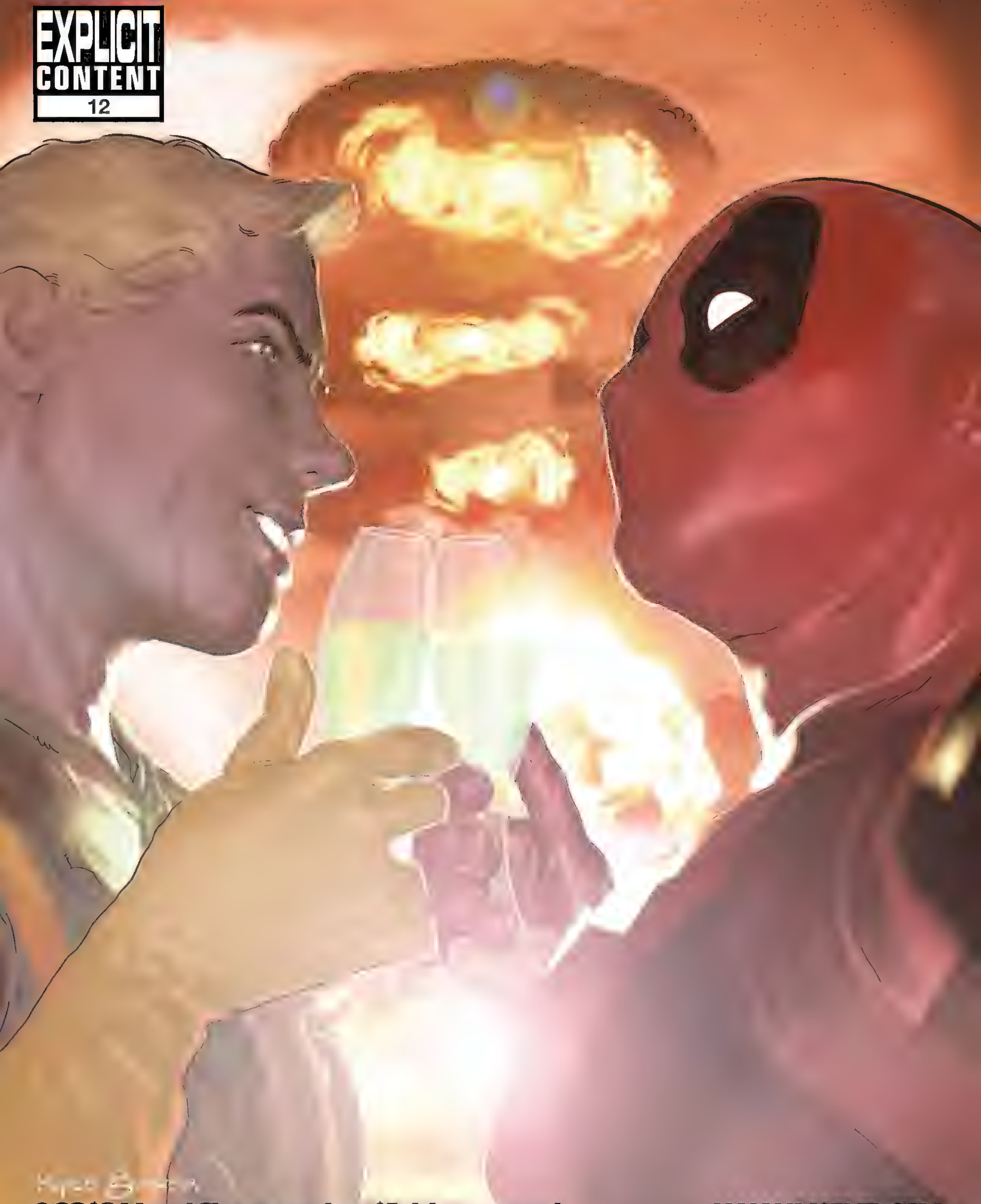
EXPLICIT CONTENT

12

# DEADPOOL MAX

David Lapham

Kyle Baker



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*The Deadpool is a super-top-secret government C.I.A. program to train the deadliest members of society to become even more deadly...and a bit unhinged. The greatest agent The Deadpool ever produced was Wade Wilson, AKA Deadpool. In order to keep Deadpool in line and killing who the C.I.A. wants, slightly masochistic Action Officer Bob has been assigned as Deadpool's handler. Of course, keeping an insane super-agent in line is not the easiest task in the world. But Bob has discovered his trump card in Deadpool's obsession with an evil organization called Hydra.*

# DEADPOOL MAX

WRITER:
**DAVID LAPHAM**

ARTIST:
**KYLE BAKER**

LETTERER:
**VC's CLAYTON COWLES**

COVER:
**KYLE BAKER**

EDITOR:
**SEBASTIAN GIRNER**

SENIOR EDITOR:
**NICK LOWE**

EDITOR IN CHIEF:
**AXEL ALONSO**

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER:
**JOE QUESADA**

PUBLISHER:
**DAN BUCKLEY**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:
**ALAN FINE**

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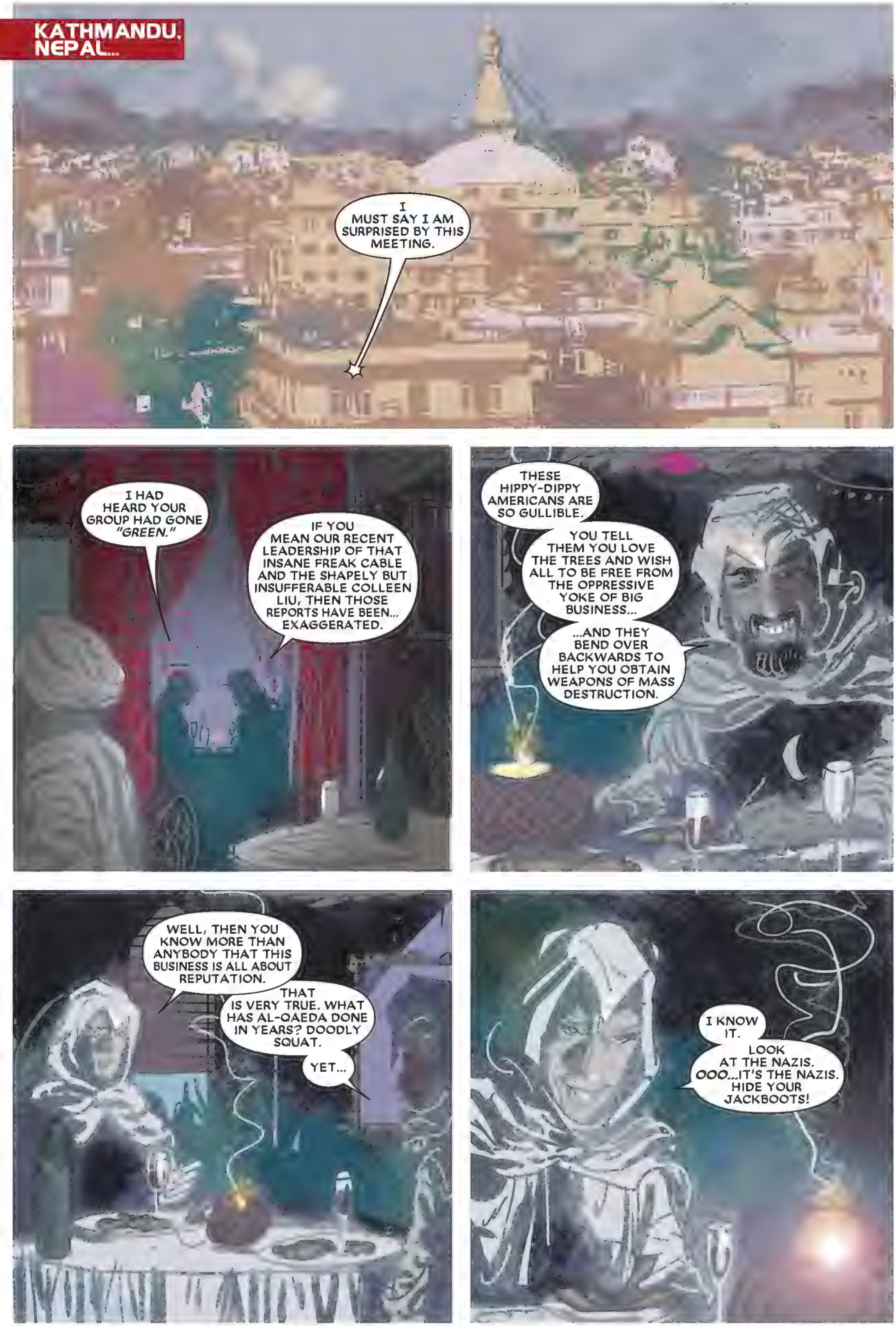
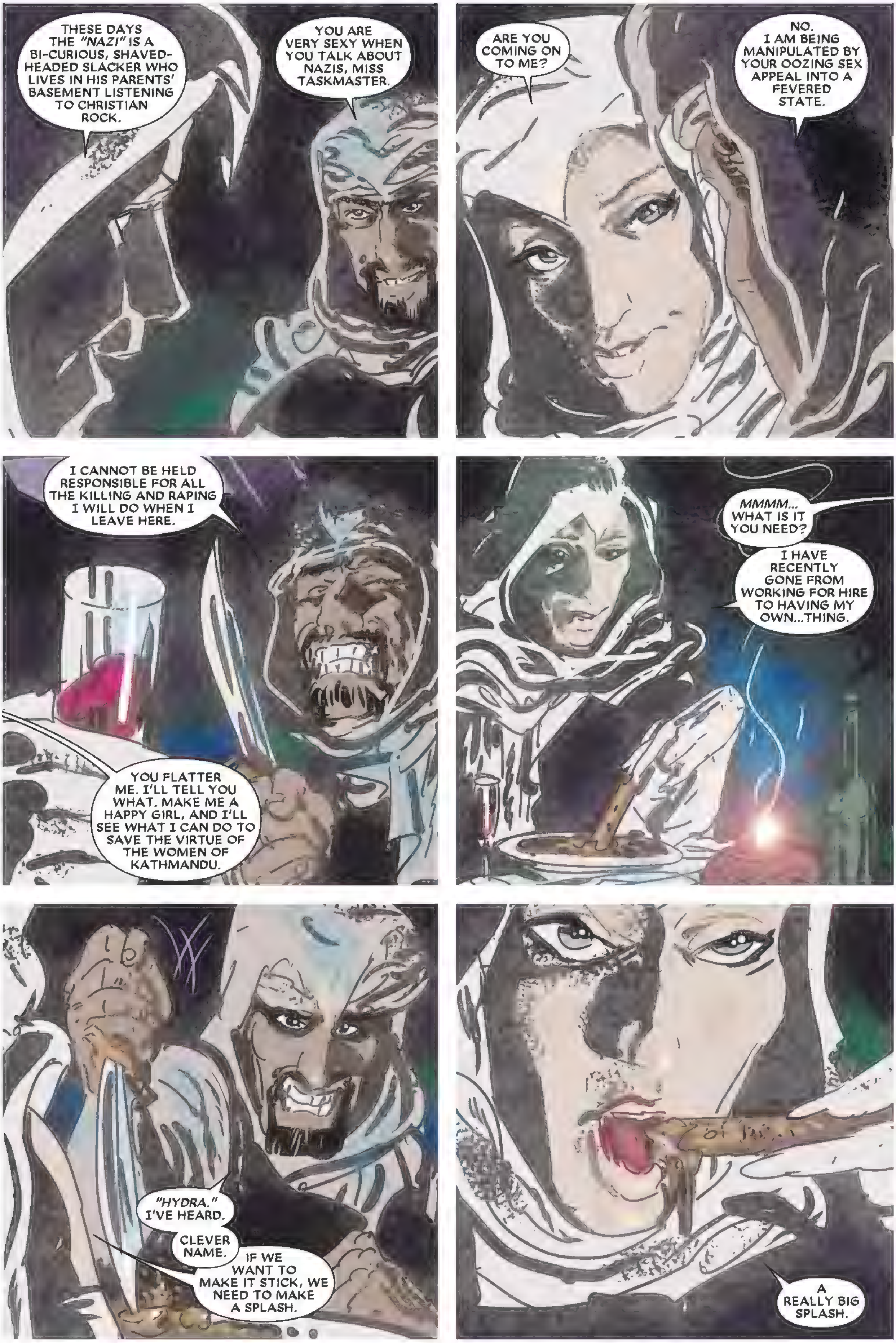
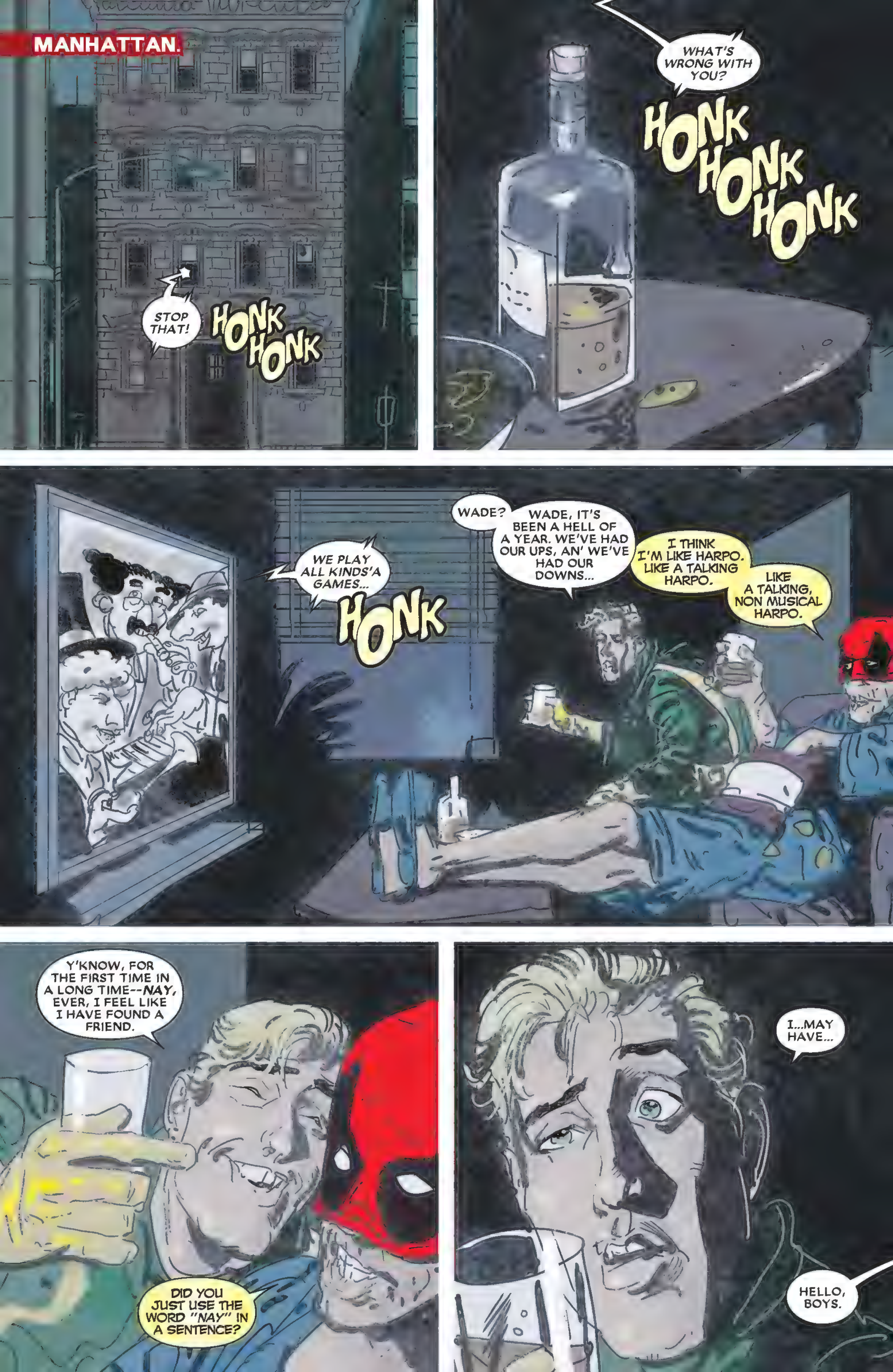
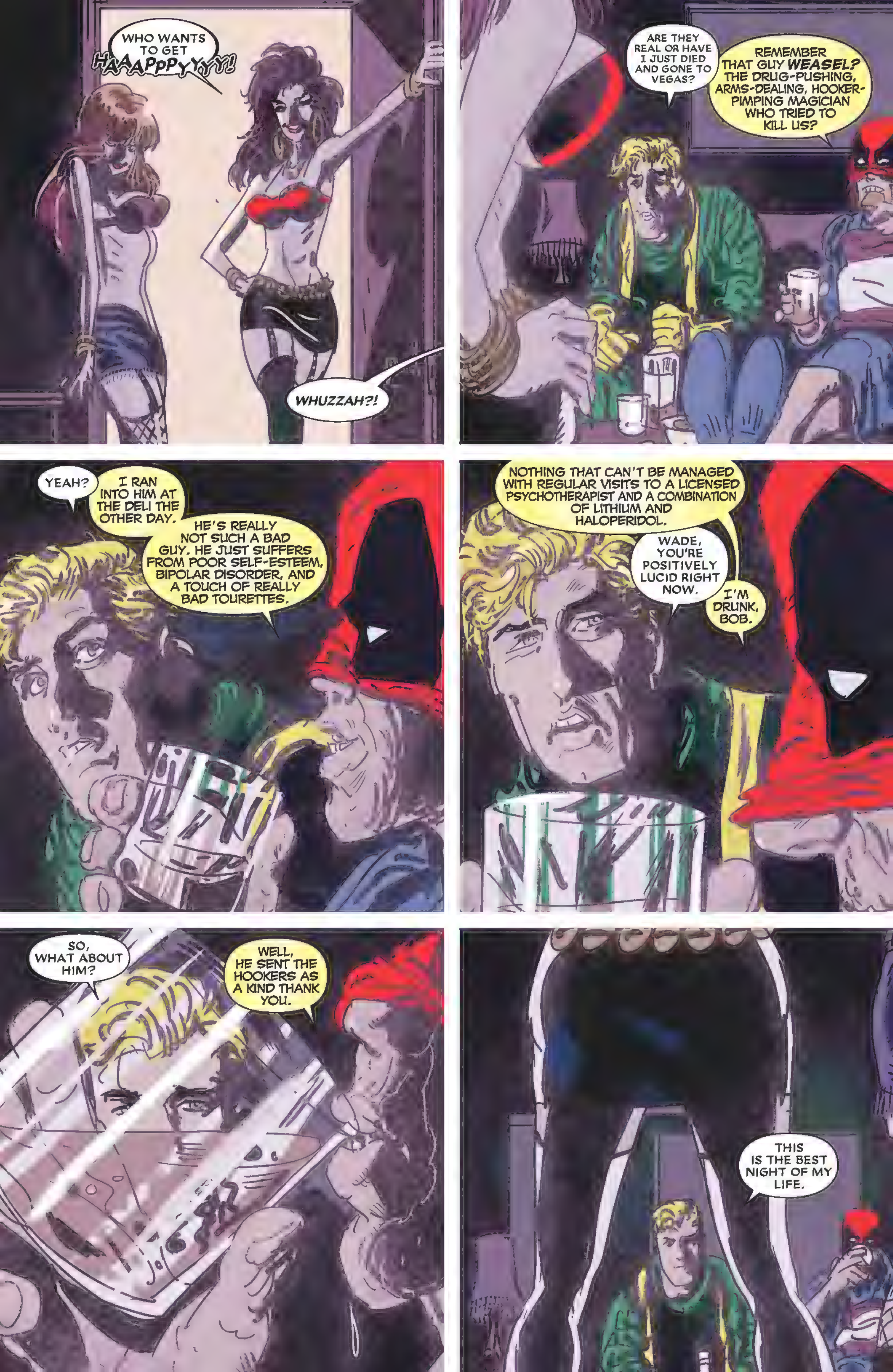
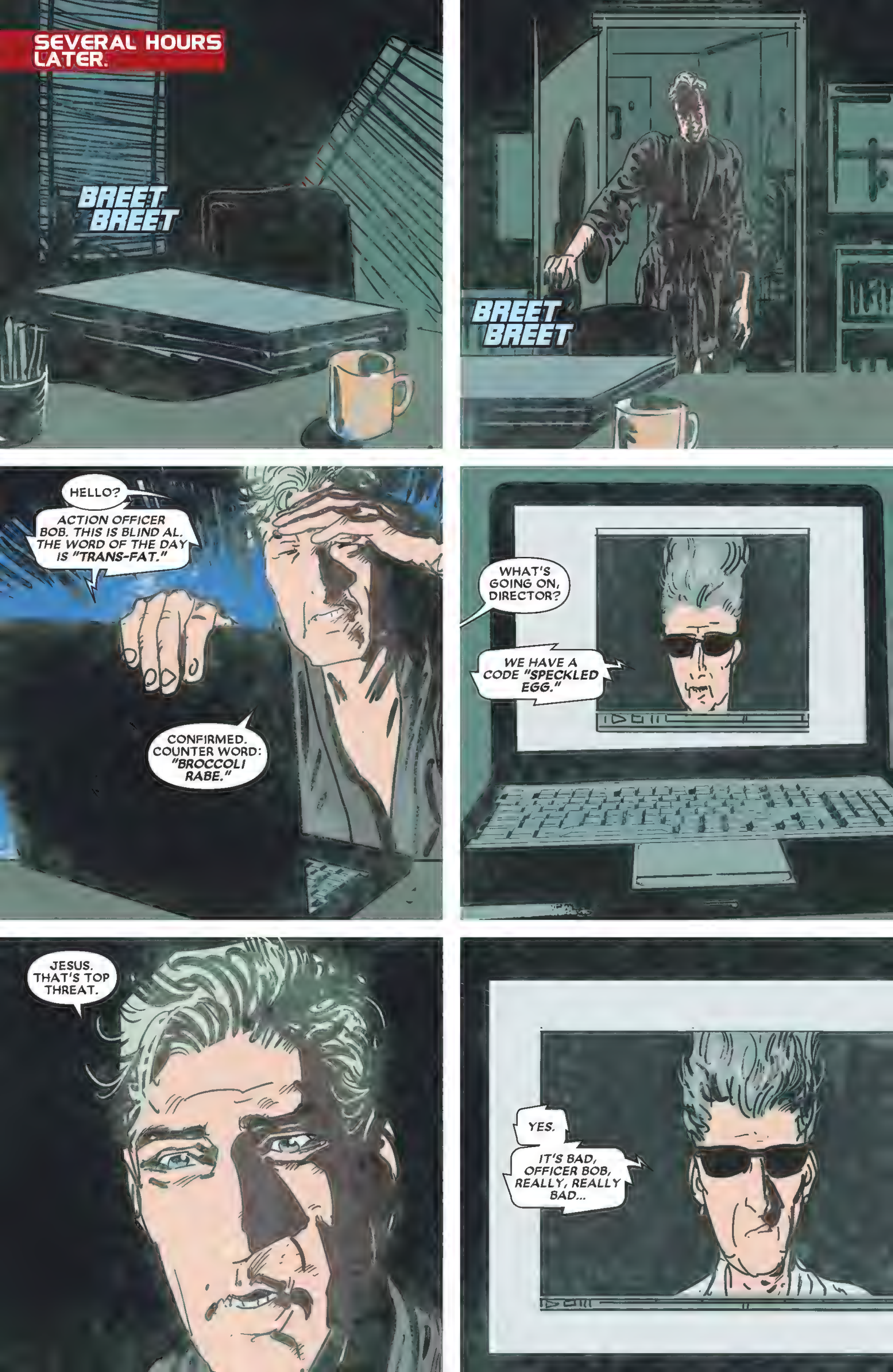
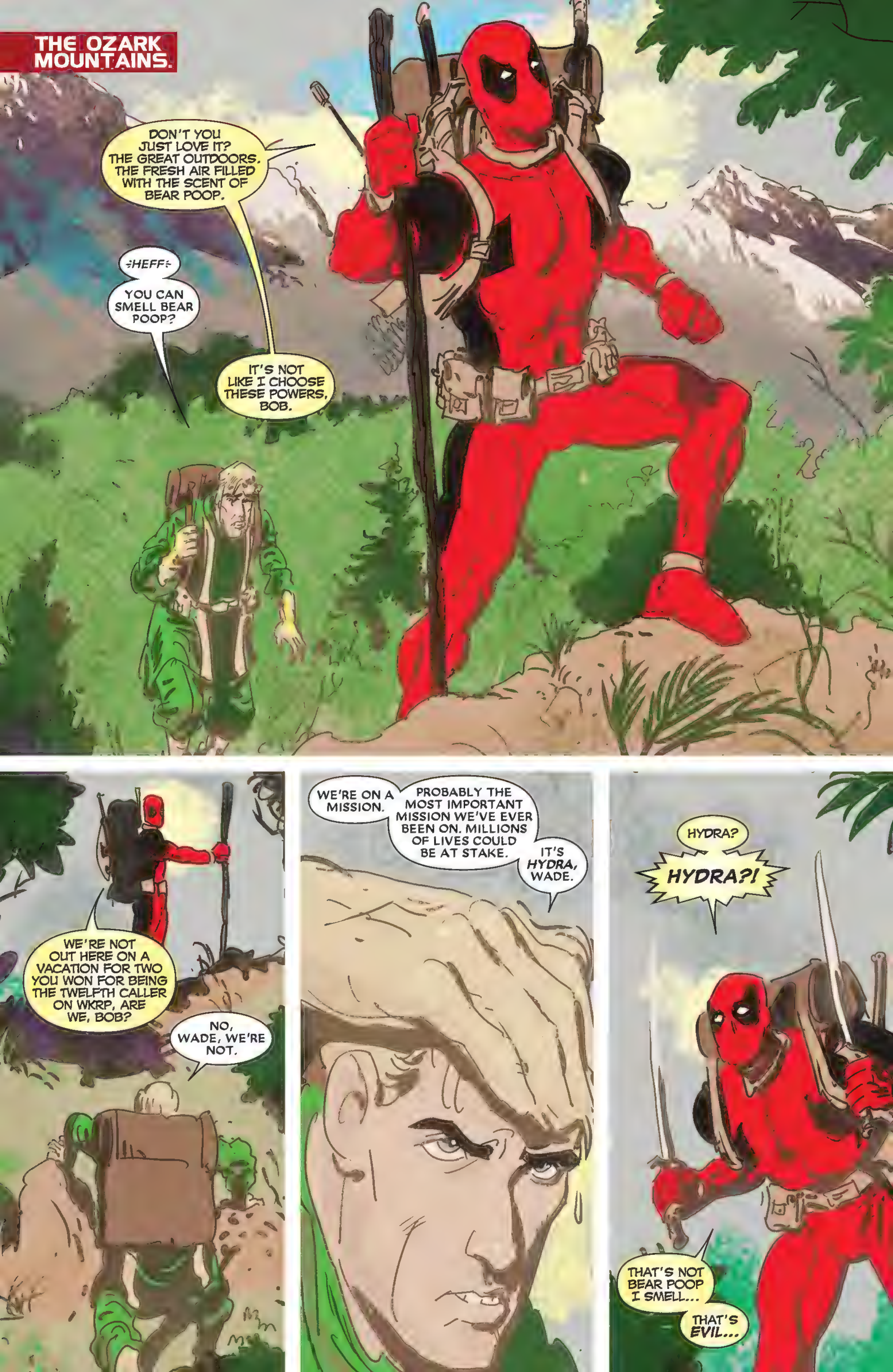

KATHMANDU, NEPAL...
I MUST SAY I AM SURPRISED BY THIS MEETING.
I HAD HEARD YOUR GROUP HAD GONE "GREEN."
IF YOU MEAN OUR RECENT LEADERSHIP OF THAT INSANE FREAK CABLE AND THE SHAPELY BUT INSUFFERABLE COLLEEN LIU, THEN THOSE REPORTS HAVE BEEN... EXAGGERATED.
THESE HIPPY-DIPPY AMERICANS ARE SO GULLIBLE.
YOU TELL THEM YOU LOVE THE TREES AND WISH ALL TO BE FREE FROM THE OPPRESSIVE YOKE OF BIG BUSINESS...
...AND THEY BEND OVER BACKWARDS TO HELP YOU OBTAIN WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION.
WELL, THEN YOU KNOW MORE THAN ANYBODY THAT THIS BUSINESS IS ALL ABOUT REPUTATION.
THAT IS VERY TRUE. WHAT HAS AL-QAEDA DONE IN YEARS? DOODLY SQUAT.
YET...
I KNOW IT.
LOOK AT THE NAZIS. OOO...IT'S THE NAZIS. HIDE YOUR JACKBOOTS!

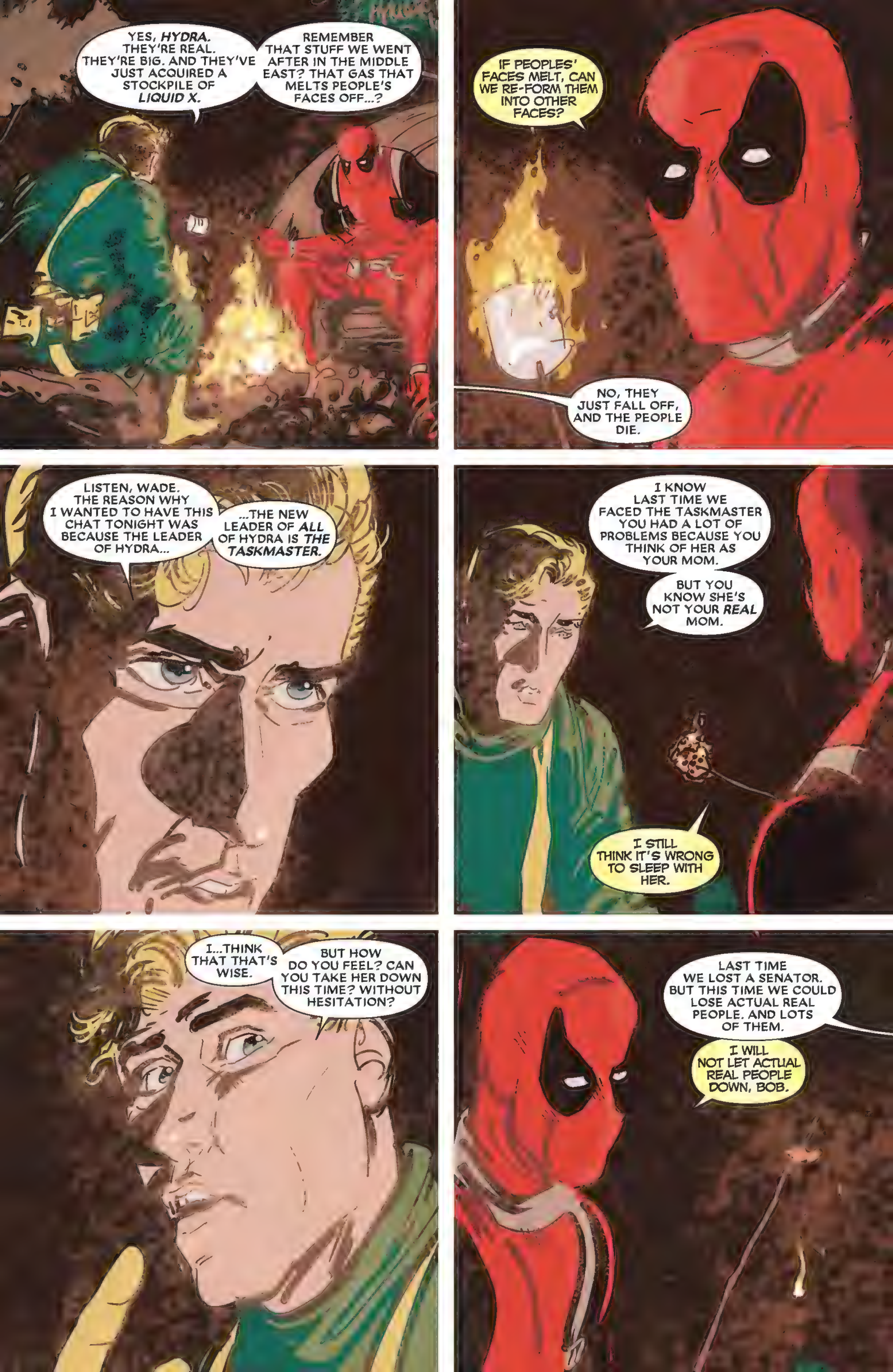

THESE DAYS THE *"NAZI"* IS A BI-CURIOUS, SHAVED-HEADED SLACKER WHO LIVES IN HIS PARENTS' BASEMENT LISTENING TO CHRISTIAN ROCK.
YOU ARE VERY SEXY WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT NAZIS, MISS TASKMASTER.
ARE YOU COMING ON TO ME?
NO. I AM BEING MANIPULATED BY YOUR OOZING SEX APPEAL INTO A FEVERED STATE.
I CANNOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE KILLING AND RAPING I WILL DO WHEN I LEAVE HERE.
YOU FLATTER ME. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. MAKE ME A HAPPY GIRL, AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO SAVE THE VIRTUE OF THE WOMEN OF KATHMANDU.
*MMMM...* WHAT IS IT YOU NEED?
I HAVE RECENTLY GONE FROM WORKING FOR HIRE TO HAVING MY OWN...THING.
*"HYDRA."* I'VE HEARD.
CLEVER NAME.
IF WE WANT TO MAKE IT STICK, WE NEED TO MAKE A SPLASH.
A REALLY BIG SPLASH.

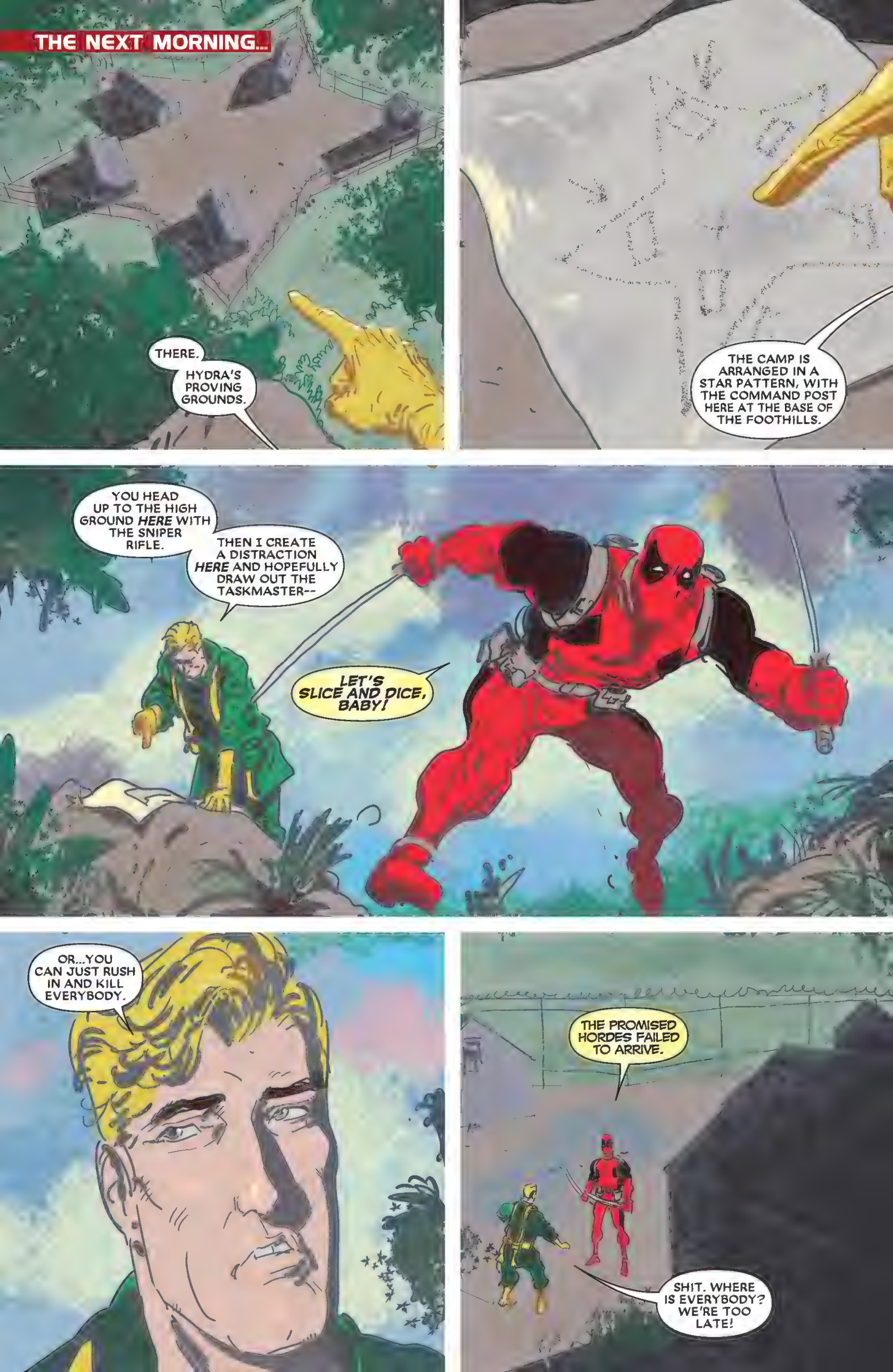

MANHATTAN.
STOP THAT!
HONK HONK
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
HONK HONK HONK
WE PLAY ALL KINDS'A GAMES...
HONK
WADE?
WADE, IT'S BEEN A HELL OF A YEAR. WE'VE HAD OUR UPS, AN' WE'VE HAD OUR DOWNS...
I THINK I'M LIKE HARPO. LIKE A TALKING HARPO.
LIKE A TALKING, NON MUSICAL HARPO.
Y'KNOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME--*NAY*, EVER, I FEEL LIKE I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.
DID YOU JUST USE THE WORD "NAY" IN A SENTENCE?
I...MAY HAVE...
HELLO, BOYS.

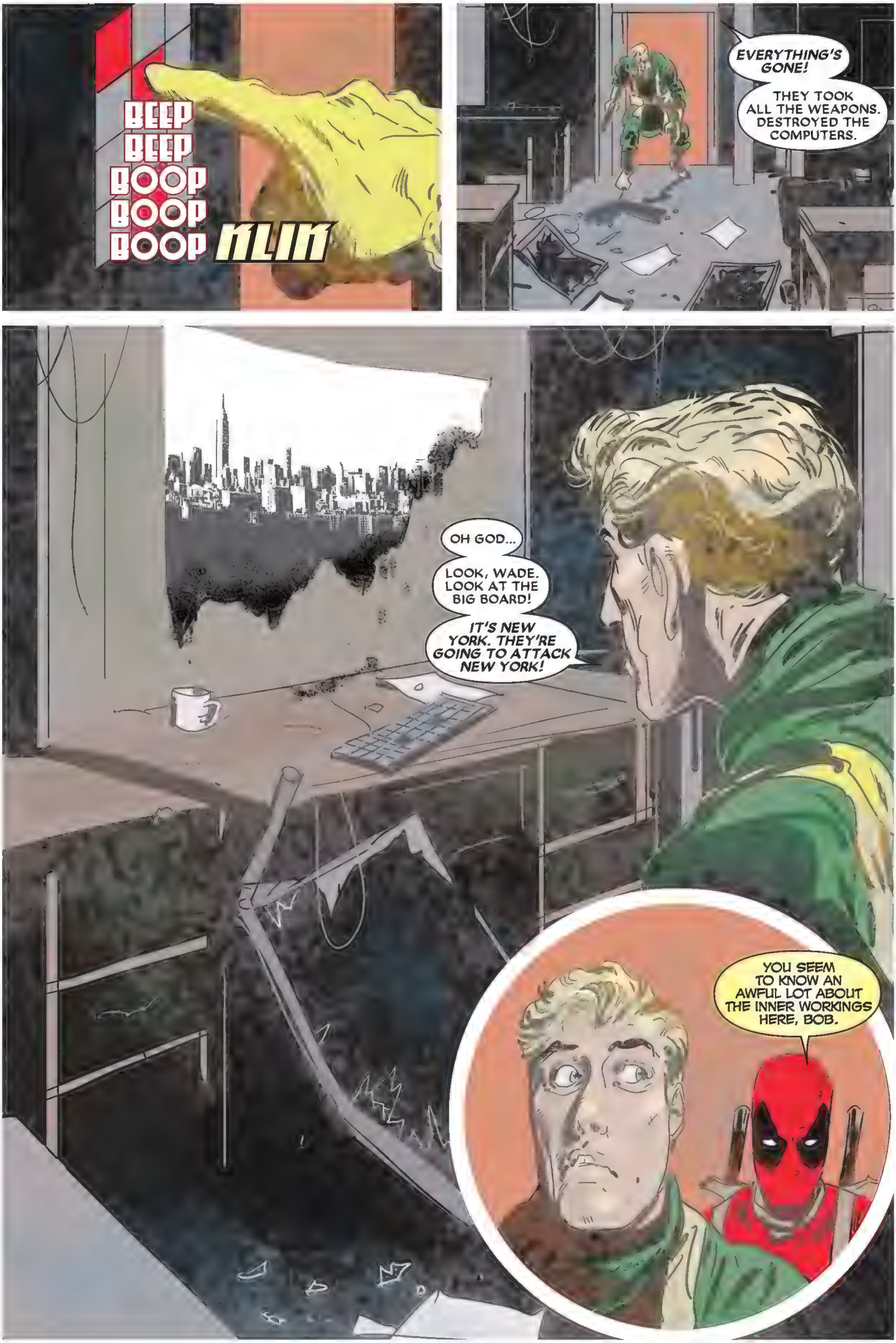

WHO WANTS TO GET HAAAPPYYYY!
WHUZZAH?!
ARE THEY REAL OR HAVE I JUST DIED AND GONE TO VEGAS?
REMEMBER THAT GUY WEASEL? THE DRUG-PUSHING, ARMS-DEALING, HOOKER-PIMPING MAGICIAN WHO TRIED TO KILL US?
YEAH?
I RAN INTO HIM AT THE DELI THE OTHER DAY.
HE'S REALLY NOT SUCH A BAD GUY. HE JUST SUFFERS FROM POOR SELF-ESTEEM, BIPOLAR DISORDER, AND A TOUCH OF REALLY BAD TOURETTES.
NOTHING THAT CAN'T BE MANAGED WITH REGULAR VISITS TO A LICENSED PSYCHOTHERAPIST AND A COMBINATION OF LITHIUM AND HALOPERIDOL.
WADE, YOU'RE POSITIVELY LUCID RIGHT NOW.
I'M DRUNK, BOB.
SO, WHAT ABOUT HIM?
WELL, HE SENT THE HOOKERS AS A KIND THANK YOU.
THIS IS THE BEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE.

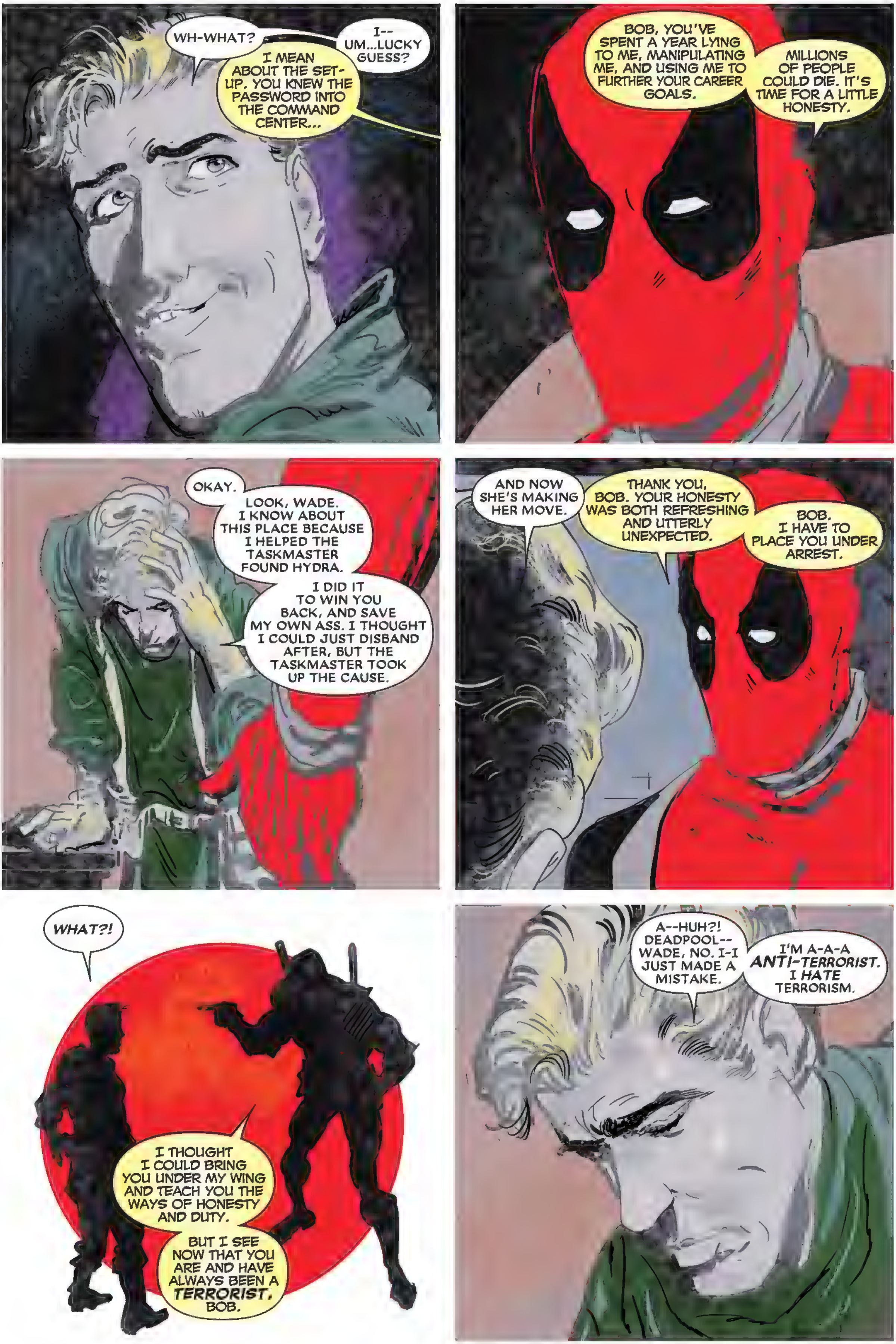

SEVERAL HOURS LATER.
BREET BREET
BREET BREET
HELLO?
ACTION OFFICER BOB. THIS IS BLIND AL. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS "TRANS-FAT."
CONFIRMED. COUNTER WORD: "BROCCOLI RABE."
WHAT'S GOING ON, DIRECTOR?
WE HAVE A CODE "SPECKLED EGG."
JESUS. THAT'S TOP THREAT.
YES.
IT'S BAD, OFFICER BOB, REALLY, REALLY BAD...

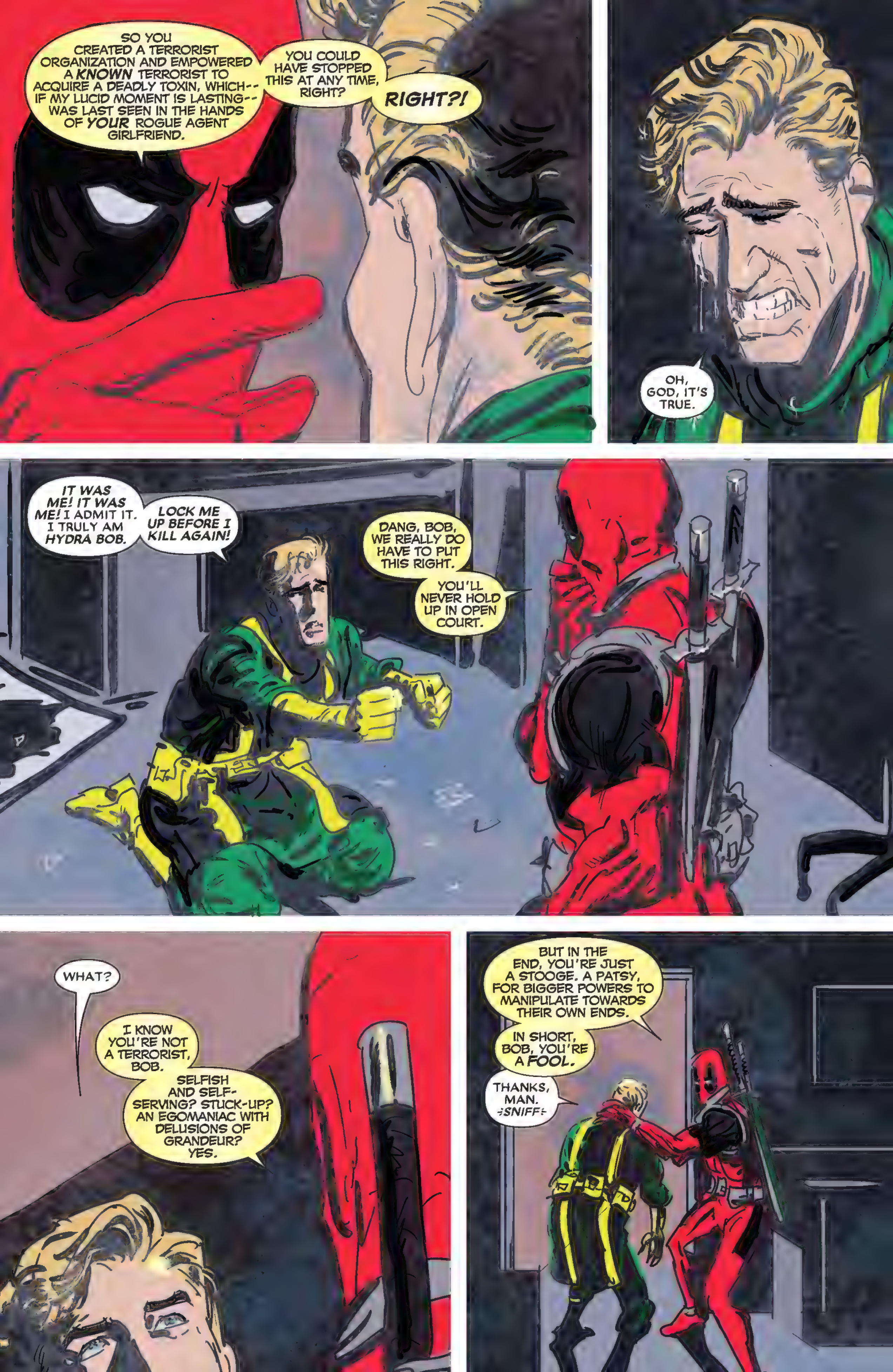

THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.
DON'T YOU JUST LOVE IT? THE GREAT OUTDOORS. THE FRESH AIR FILLED WITH THE SCENT OF BEAR POOP.
÷HEFF÷
YOU CAN SMELL BEAR POOP?
IT'S NOT LIKE I CHOOSE THESE POWERS, BOB.
WE'RE NOT OUT HERE ON A VACATION FOR TWO YOU WON FOR BEING THE TWELFTH CALLER ON WKRP, ARE WE, BOB?
NO, WADE, WE'RE NOT.
WE'RE ON A MISSION.
PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT MISSION WE'VE EVER BEEN ON. MILLIONS OF LIVES COULD BE AT STAKE.
IT'S *HYDRA*, WADE.
HYDRA?
*HYDRA?!*
THAT'S NOT BEAR POOP I SMELL...
THAT'S *EVIL...*

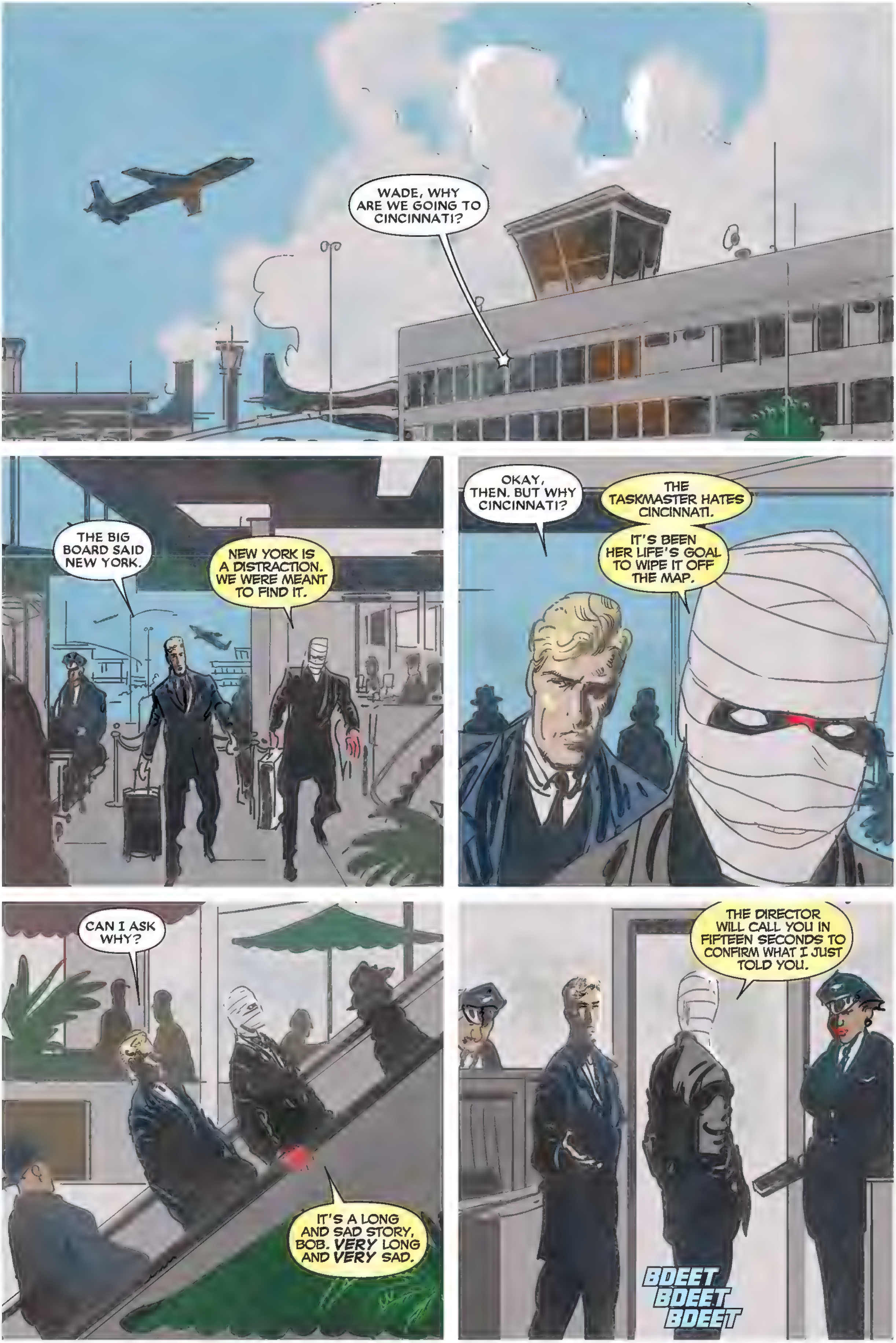

YES, *HYDRA*. THEY'RE REAL. THEY'RE BIG. AND THEY'VE JUST ACQUIRED A STOCKPILE OF *LIQUID X*.
REMEMBER THAT STUFF WE WENT AFTER IN THE MIDDLE EAST? THAT GAS THAT MELTS PEOPLE'S FACES OFF...?
IF PEOPLES' FACES MELT, CAN WE RE-FORM THEM INTO OTHER FACES?
NO, THEY JUST FALL OFF, AND THE PEOPLE DIE.
LISTEN, WADE. THE REASON WHY I WANTED TO HAVE THIS CHAT TONIGHT WAS BECAUSE THE LEADER OF HYDRA...
...THE NEW LEADER OF *ALL* OF HYDRA IS *THE TASKMASTER*.
I KNOW LAST TIME WE FACED THE TASKMASTER YOU HAD A LOT OF PROBLEMS BECAUSE YOU THINK OF HER AS YOUR MOM.
BUT YOU KNOW SHE'S NOT YOUR *REAL* MOM.
I STILL THINK IT'S WRONG TO SLEEP WITH HER.
I...THINK THAT THAT'S WISE.
BUT HOW DO YOU FEEL? CAN YOU TAKE HER DOWN THIS TIME? WITHOUT HESITATION?
LAST TIME WE LOST A SENATOR. BUT THIS TIME WE COULD LOSE ACTUAL REAL PEOPLE. AND LOTS OF THEM.
I WILL NOT LET ACTUAL REAL PEOPLE DOWN, BOB.

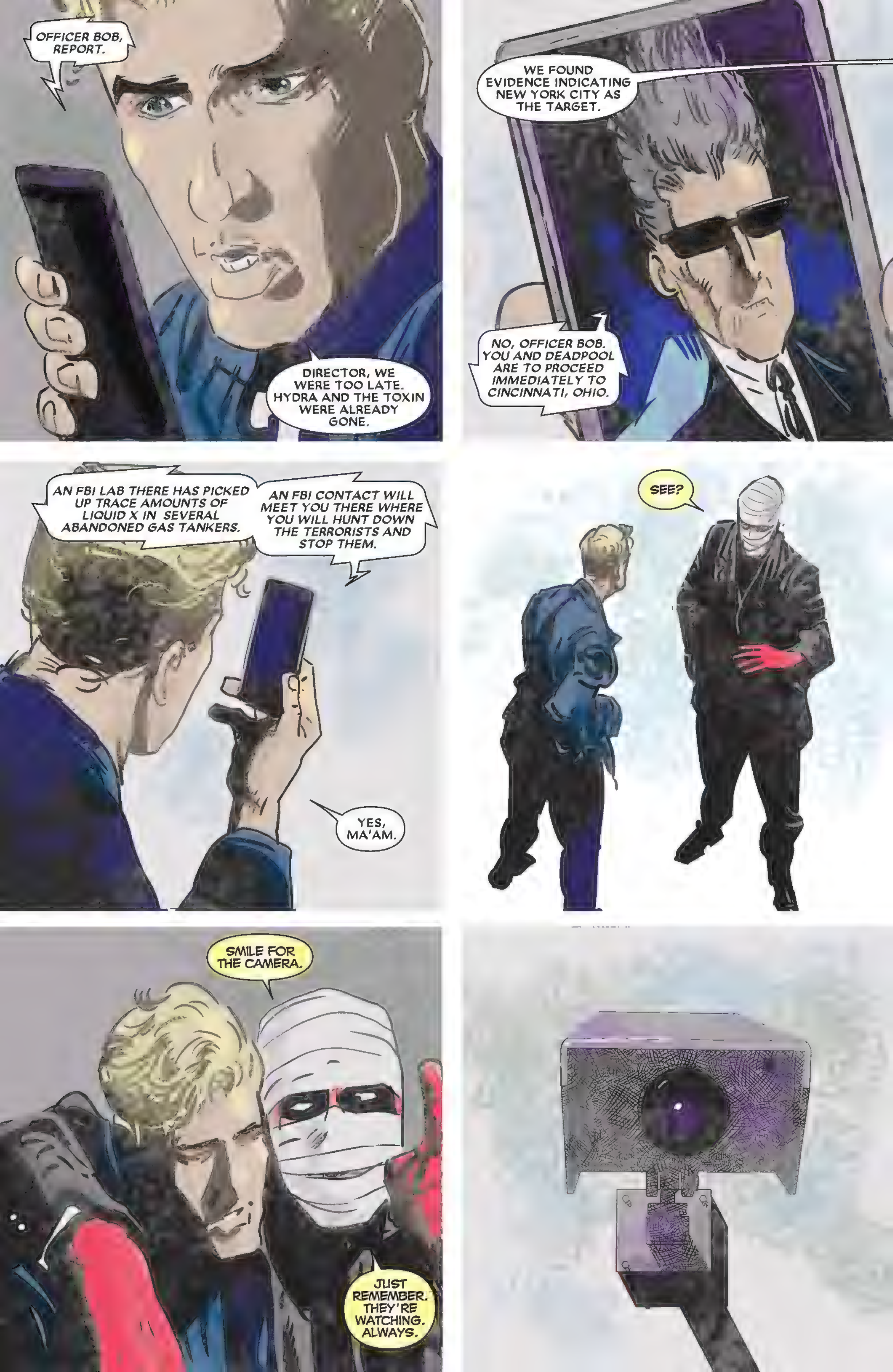

THE NEXT MORNING...
THERE. HYDRA'S PROVING GROUNDS.
THE CAMP IS ARRANGED IN A STAR PATTERN, WITH THE COMMAND POST HERE AT THE BASE OF THE FOOTHILLS.
YOU HEAD UP TO THE HIGH GROUND *HERE* WITH THE SNIPER RIFLE.
THEN I CREATE A DISTRACTION *HERE* AND HOPEFULLY DRAW OUT THE TASKMASTER--
*LET'S SLICE AND DICE, BABY!*
OR...YOU CAN JUST RUSH IN AND KILL EVERYBODY.
THE PROMISED HORDES FAILED TO ARRIVE.
SHIT. WHERE IS EVERYBODY? WE'RE TOO LATE!

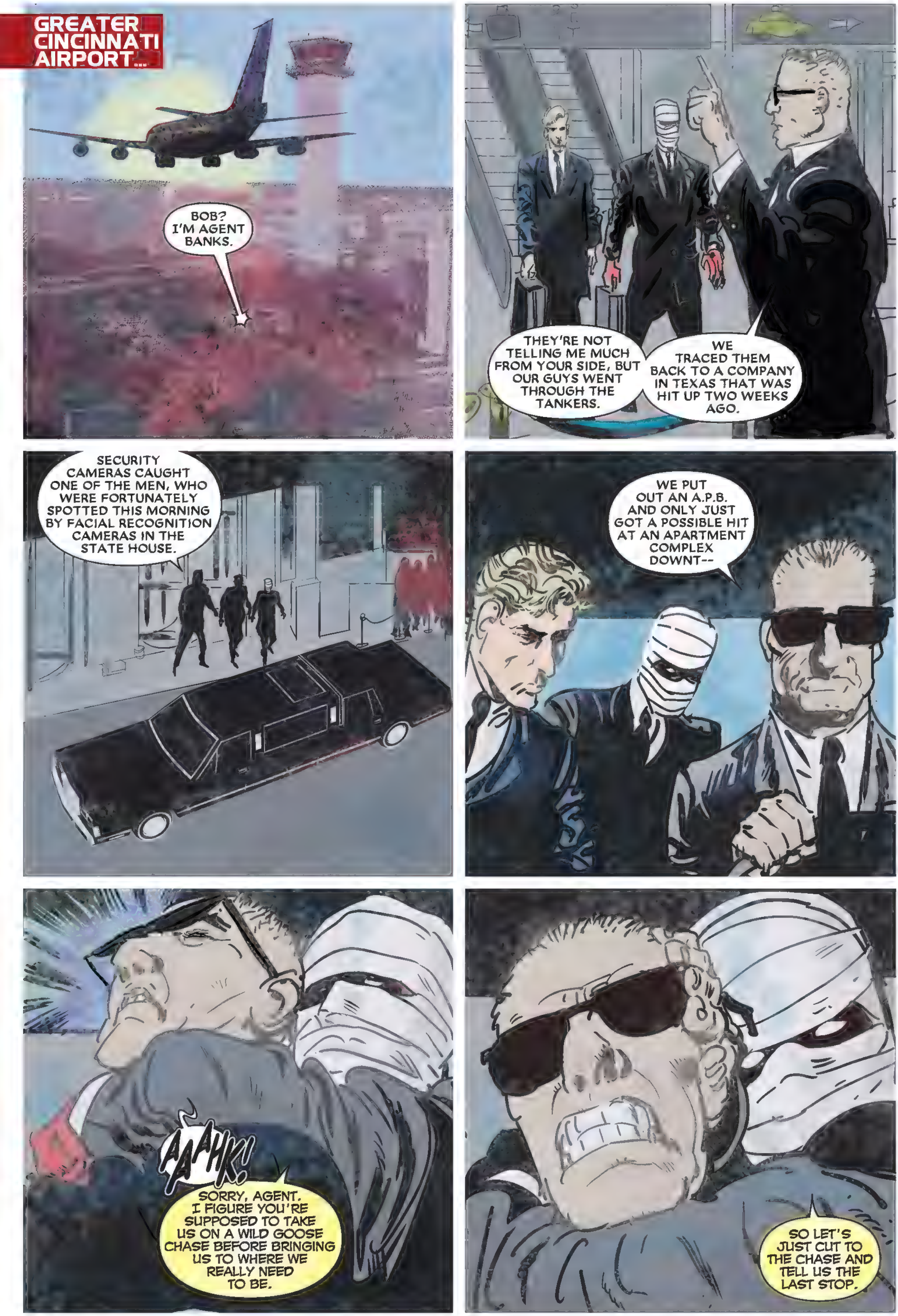

BEEP BEEP BOOP BOOP BOOP
KLIK
EVERYTHING'S GONE!
THEY TOOK ALL THE WEAPONS. DESTROYED THE COMPUTERS.
OH GOD...
LOOK, WADE. LOOK AT THE BIG BOARD!
IT'S NEW YORK. THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK NEW YORK!
YOU SEEM TO KNOW AN AWFUL LOT ABOUT THE INNER WORKINGS HERE, BOB.

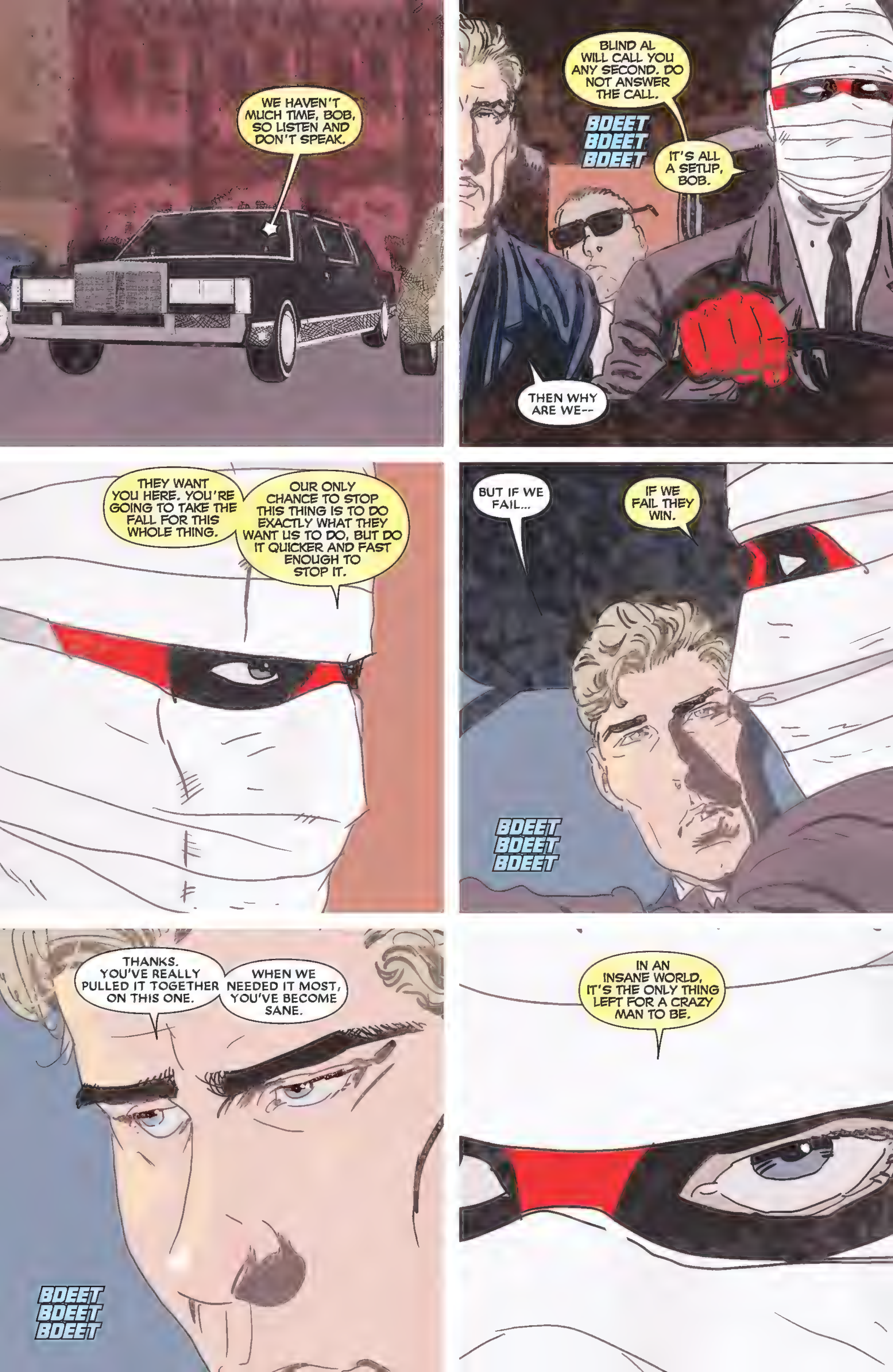

WH-WHAT?
I MEAN ABOUT THE SET-UP. YOU KNEW THE PASSWORD INTO THE COMMAND CENTER...
I-- UM...LUCKY GUESS?
BOB, YOU'VE SPENT A YEAR LYING TO ME, MANIPULATING ME, AND USING ME TO FURTHER YOUR CAREER GOALS.
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE COULD DIE. IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE HONESTY.
OKAY.
LOOK, WADE. I KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE BECAUSE I HELPED THE TASKMASTER FOUND HYDRA.
I DID IT TO WIN YOU BACK, AND SAVE MY OWN ASS. I THOUGHT I COULD JUST DISBAND AFTER, BUT THE TASKMASTER TOOK UP THE CAUSE.
AND NOW SHE'S MAKING HER MOVE.
THANK YOU, BOB. YOUR HONESTY WAS BOTH REFRESHING AND UTTERLY UNEXPECTED.
BOB. I HAVE TO PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST.
WHAT?!
I THOUGHT I COULD BRING YOU UNDER MY WING AND TEACH YOU THE WAYS OF HONESTY AND DUTY.
BUT I SEE NOW THAT YOU ARE AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A ***TERRORIST,*** BOB.
A--HUH?! DEADPOOL-- WADE, NO. I-I JUST MADE A MISTAKE.
I'M A-A-A ***ANTI-TERRORIST.*** I *HATE* TERRORISM.

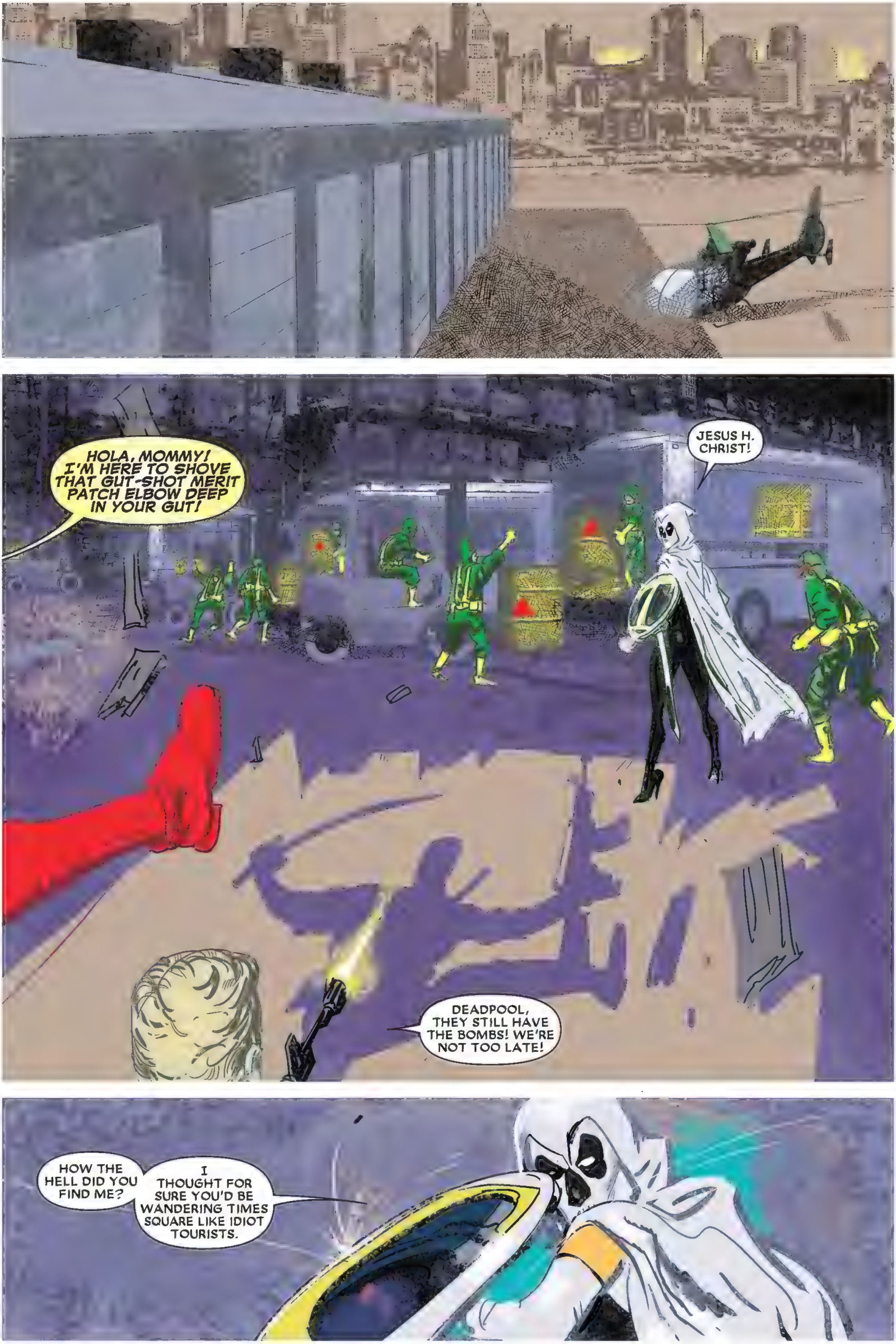

SO YOU CREATED A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION AND EMPOWERED A *KNOWN* TERRORIST TO ACQUIRE A DEADLY TOXIN, WHICH-- IF MY LUCID MOMENT IS LASTING-- WAS LAST SEEN IN THE HANDS OF *YOUR* ROGUE AGENT GIRLFRIEND.
YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED THIS AT ANY TIME, RIGHT?
*RIGHT?!*
OH, GOD, IT'S TRUE.
*IT WAS ME! IT WAS ME!* I ADMIT IT. I TRULY AM *HYDRA BOB.*
*LOCK ME UP BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!*
DANG, BOB, WE REALLY DO HAVE TO PUT THIS RIGHT.
YOU'LL NEVER HOLD UP IN OPEN COURT.
WHAT?
I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A TERRORIST, BOB.
SELFISH AND SELF-SERVING? STUCK-UP? AN EGOMANIAC WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR? YES.
BUT IN THE END, YOU'RE JUST A STOOGE. A PATSY, FOR BIGGER POWERS TO MANIPULATE TOWARDS THEIR OWN ENDS.
IN SHORT, BOB, YOU'RE A *FOOL.*
THANKS, MAN. *-SNIFF-*

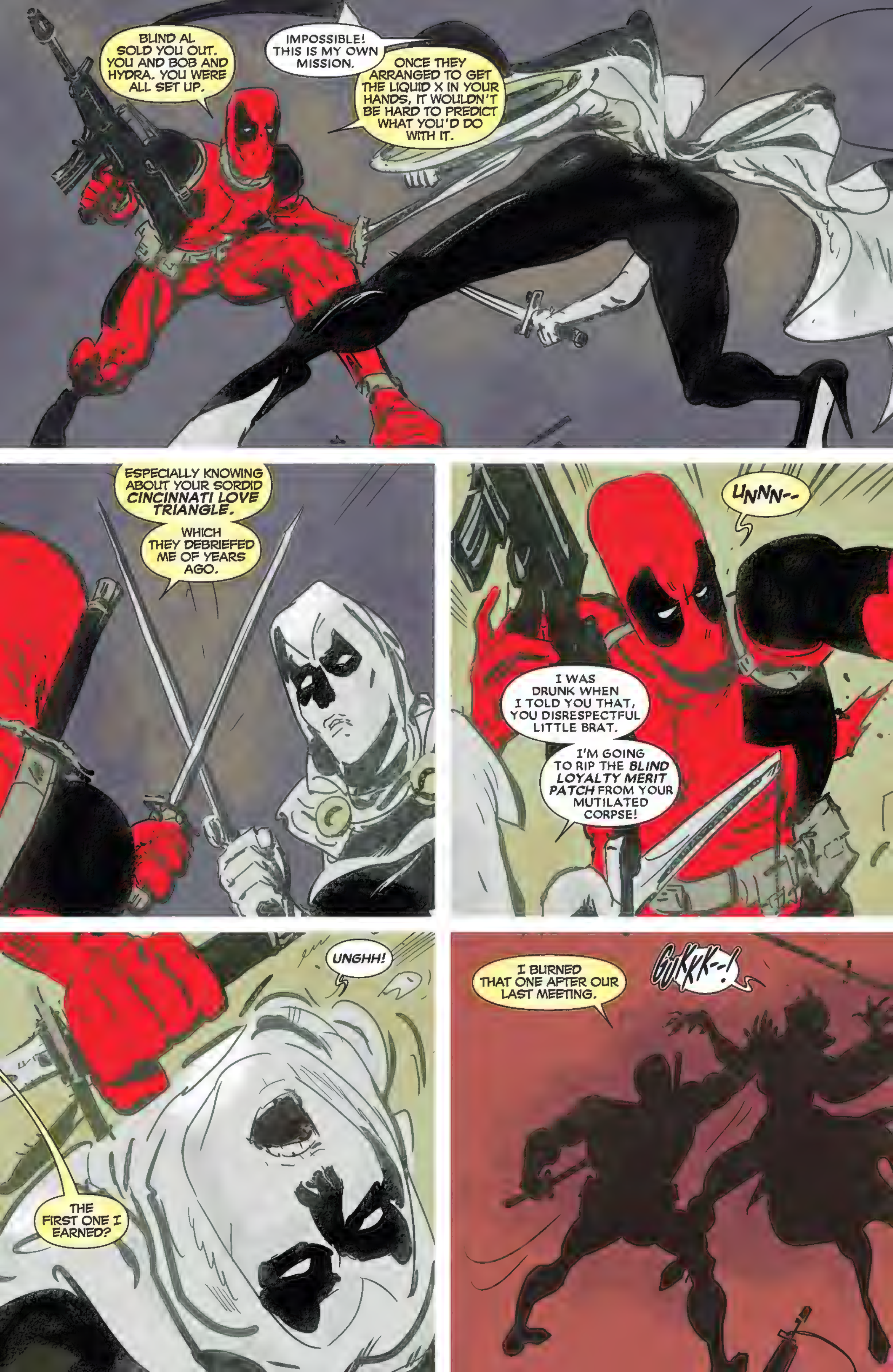

WADE, WHY ARE WE GOING TO CINCINNATI?
THE BIG BOARD SAID NEW YORK.
NEW YORK IS A DISTRACTION. WE WERE MEANT TO FIND IT.
OKAY, THEN. BUT WHY CINCINNATI?
THE TASKMASTER HATES CINCINNATI.
IT'S BEEN HER LIFE'S GOAL TO WIPE IT OFF THE MAP.
CAN I ASK WHY?
IT'S A LONG AND SAD STORY, BOB. VERY LONG AND VERY SAD.
THE DIRECTOR WILL CALL YOU IN FIFTEEN SECONDS TO CONFIRM WHAT I JUST TOLD YOU.
BDEET BDEET BDEET

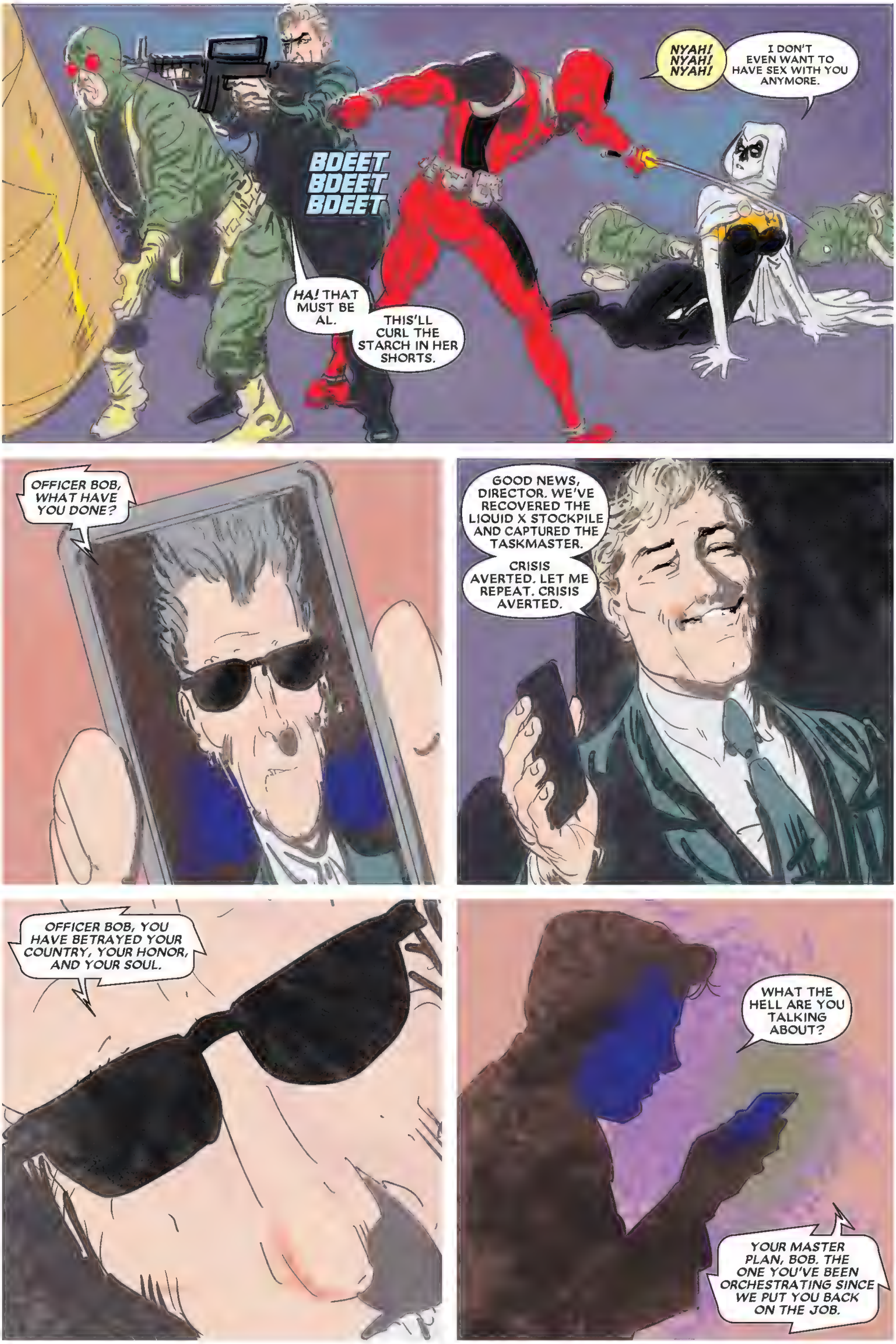

OFFICER BOB, REPORT.
DIRECTOR, WE WERE TOO LATE. HYDRA AND THE TOXIN WERE ALREADY GONE.
WE FOUND EVIDENCE INDICATING NEW YORK CITY AS THE TARGET.
NO, OFFICER BOB. YOU AND DEADPOOL ARE TO PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO CINCINNATI, OHIO.
AN FBI LAB THERE HAS PICKED UP TRACE AMOUNTS OF LIQUID X IN SEVERAL ABANDONED GAS TANKERS.
AN FBI CONTACT WILL MEET YOU THERE WHERE YOU WILL HUNT DOWN THE TERRORISTS AND STOP THEM.
YES, MA'AM.
SEE?
SMILE FOR THE CAMERA.
JUST REMEMBER. THEY'RE WATCHING. ALWAYS.

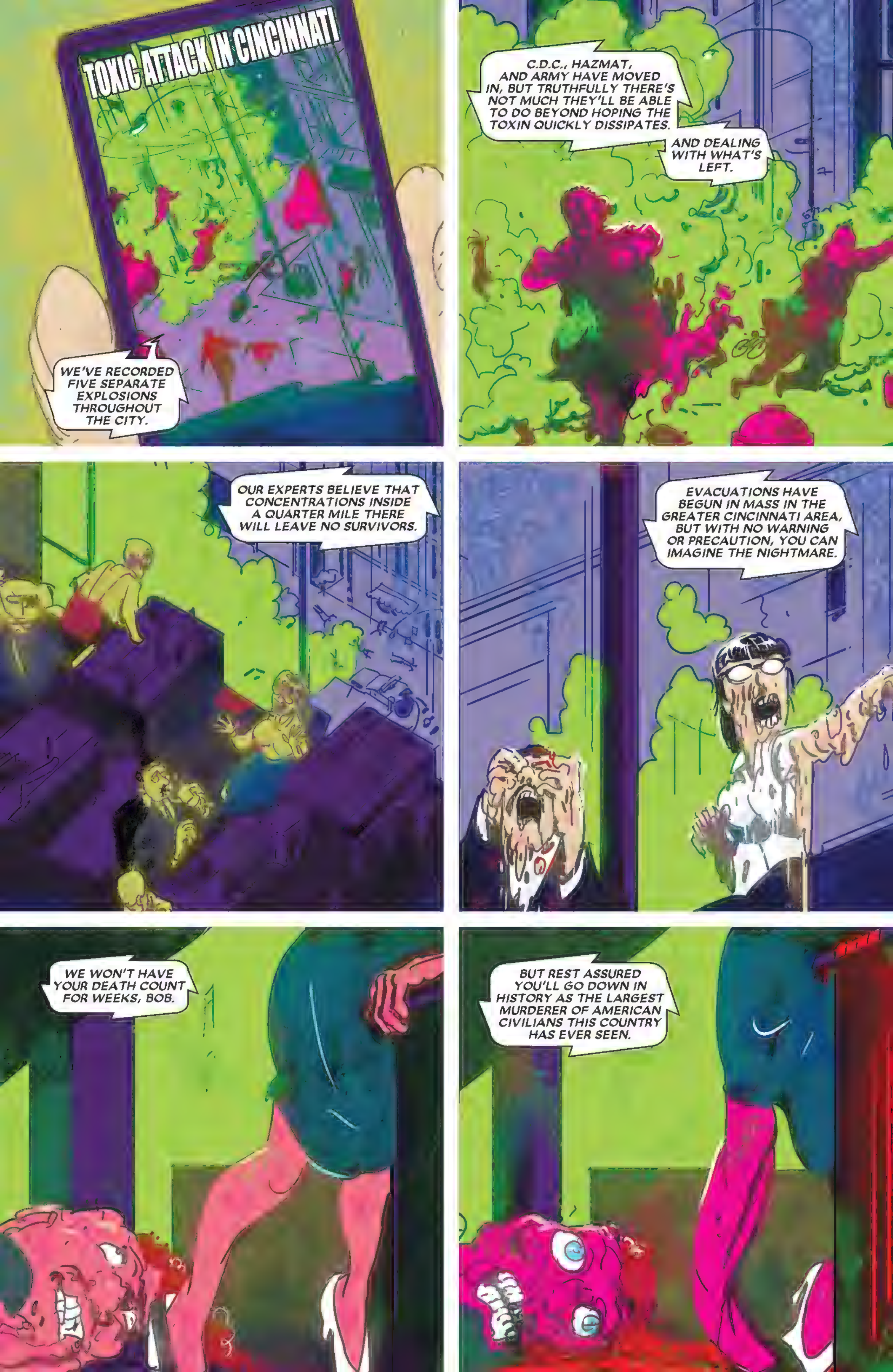

GREATER CINCINNATI AIRPORT...
BOB? I'M AGENT BANKS.
THEY'RE NOT TELLING ME MUCH FROM YOUR SIDE, BUT OUR GUYS WENT THROUGH THE TANKERS.
WE TRACED THEM BACK TO A COMPANY IN TEXAS THAT WAS HIT UP TWO WEEKS AGO.
SECURITY CAMERAS CAUGHT ONE OF THE MEN, WHO WERE FORTUNATELY SPOTTED THIS MORNING BY FACIAL RECOGNITION CAMERAS IN THE STATE HOUSE.
WE PUT OUT AN A.P.B. AND ONLY JUST GOT A POSSIBLE HIT AT AN APARTMENT COMPLEX DOWNT--
AAAHK!
SORRY, AGENT. I FIGURE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE US ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE BEFORE BRINGING US TO WHERE WE REALLY NEED TO BE.
SO LET'S JUST CUT TO THE CHASE AND TELL US THE LAST STOP.

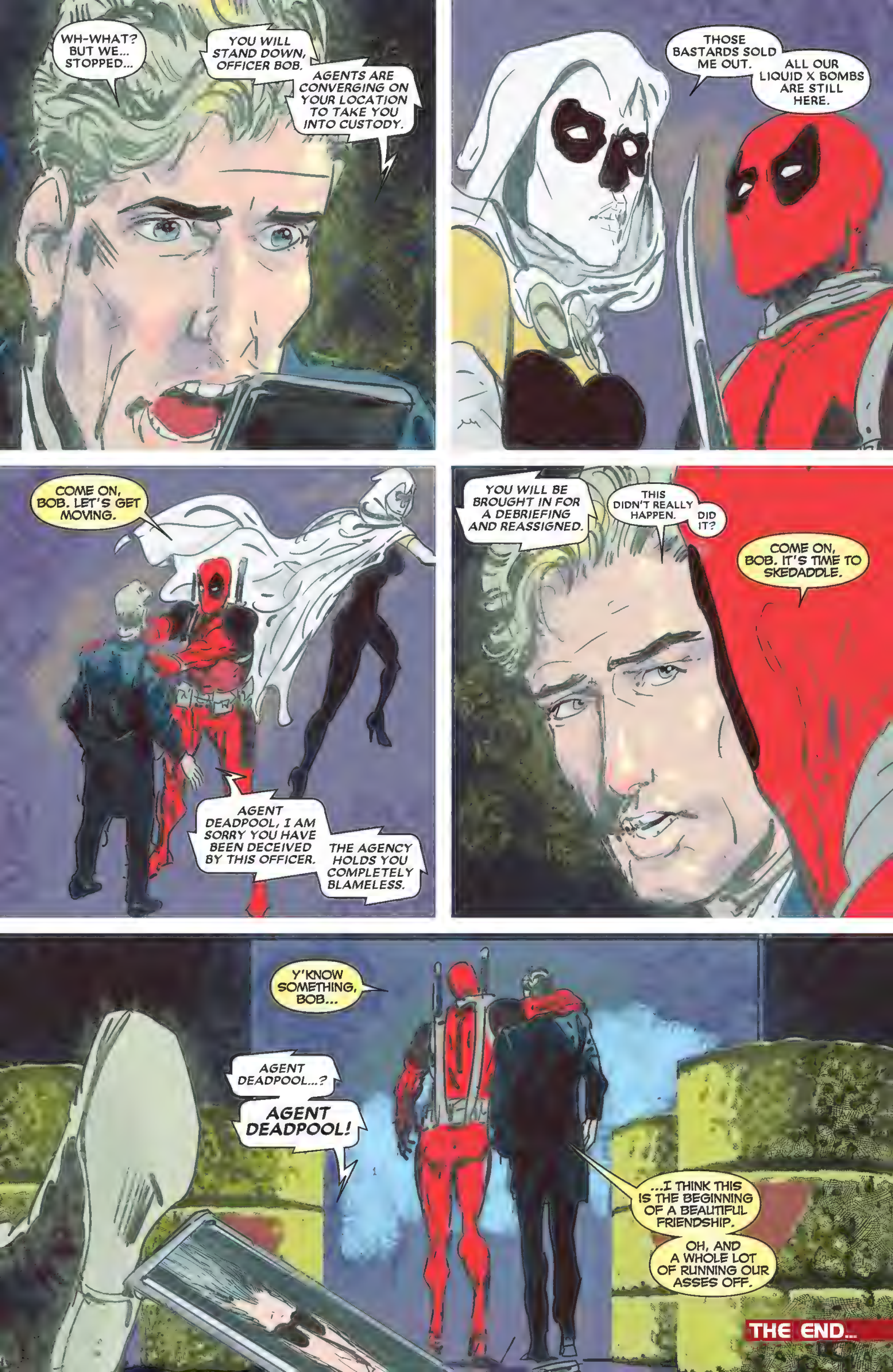

WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, BOB, SO LISTEN AND DON'T SPEAK.
BLIND AL WILL CALL YOU ANY SECOND. DO NOT ANSWER THE CALL.
BDEET BDEET BDEET
IT'S ALL A SETUP, BOB.
THEN WHY ARE WE--
THEY WANT YOU HERE. YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE FALL FOR THIS WHOLE THING.
OUR ONLY CHANCE TO STOP THIS THING IS TO DO EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO, BUT DO IT QUICKER AND FAST ENOUGH TO STOP IT.
BUT IF WE FAIL...
IF WE FAIL THEY WIN.
BDEET BDEET BDEET
THANKS. YOU'VE REALLY PULLED IT TOGETHER ON THIS ONE.
WHEN WE NEEDED IT MOST, YOU'VE BECOME SANE.
BDEET BDEET BDEET
IN AN INSANE WORLD, IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT FOR A CRAZY MAN TO BE.


HOLA, MOMMY! I'M HERE TO SHOVE THAT GUT-SHOT MERIT PATCH ELBOW DEEP IN YOUR GUT!
JESUS H. CHRIST!
DEADPOOL, THEY STILL HAVE THE BOMBS! WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
HOW THE HELL DID YOU FIND ME?
I THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU'D BE WANDERING TIMES SQUARE LIKE IDIOT TOURISTS.

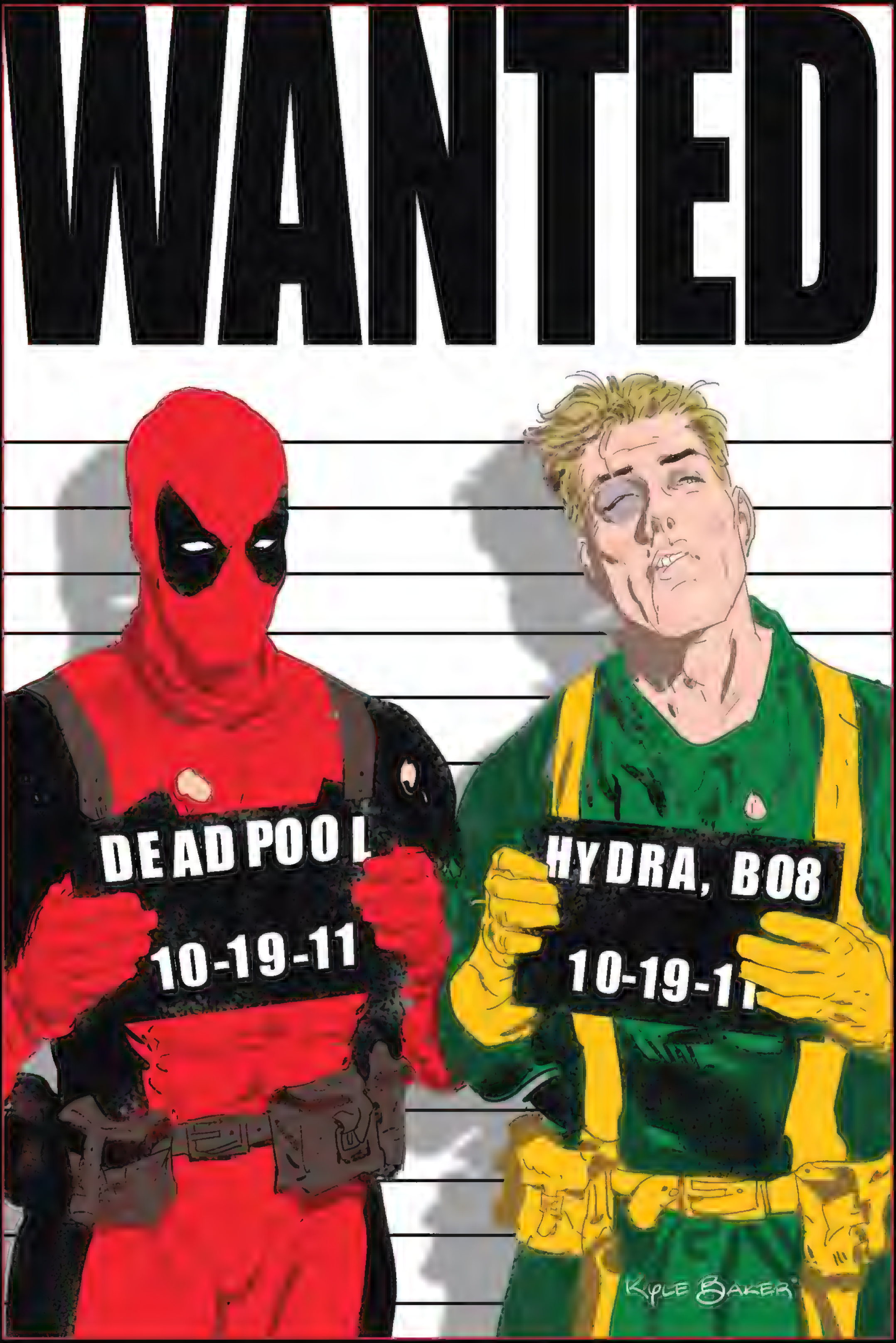

BLIND AL SOLD YOU OUT. YOU AND BOB AND HYDRA. YOU WERE ALL SET UP.
IMPOSSIBLE! THIS IS MY OWN MISSION.
ONCE THEY ARRANGED TO GET THE LIQUID X IN YOUR HANDS, IT WOULDN'T BE HARD TO PREDICT WHAT YOU'D DO WITH IT.
ESPECIALLY KNOWING ABOUT YOUR SORDID *CINCINNATI LOVE TRIANGLE.*
WHICH THEY DEBRIEFED ME OF YEARS AGO.
UNNN--
I WAS DRUNK WHEN I TOLD YOU THAT, YOU DISRESPECTFUL LITTLE BRAT.
I'M GOING TO RIP THE *BLIND LOYALTY MERIT PATCH* FROM YOUR MUTILATED CORPSE!
*UNGHH!*
THE FIRST ONE I EARNED?
I BURNED THAT ONE AFTER OUR LAST MEETING.
GUKKK--!


BDEET
BDEET
BDEET
HA! THAT MUST BE AL.
THIS'LL CURL THE STARCH IN HER SHORTS.
NYAH! NYAH! NYAH!
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU ANYMORE.
OFFICER BOB, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
GOOD NEWS, DIRECTOR. WE'VE RECOVERED THE LIQUID X STOCKPILE AND CAPTURED THE TASKMASTER.
CRISIS AVERTED. LET ME REPEAT. CRISIS AVERTED.
OFFICER BOB, YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOUR COUNTRY, YOUR HONOR, AND YOUR SOUL.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOUR MASTER PLAN, BOB. THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN ORCHESTRATING SINCE WE PUT YOU BACK ON THE JOB.


TOXIC ATTACK IN CINCINNATI
WE'VE RECORDED FIVE SEPARATE EXPLOSIONS THROUGHOUT THE CITY.
C.D.C., HAZMAT, AND ARMY HAVE MOVED IN, BUT TRUTHFULLY THERE'S NOT MUCH THEY'LL BE ABLE TO DO BEYOND HOPING THE TOXIN QUICKLY DISSIPATES.
AND DEALING WITH WHAT'S LEFT.
OUR EXPERTS BELIEVE THAT CONCENTRATIONS INSIDE A QUARTER MILE THERE WILL LEAVE NO SURVIVORS.
EVACUATIONS HAVE BEGUN IN MASS IN THE GREATER CINCINNATI AREA, BUT WITH NO WARNING OR PRECAUTION, YOU CAN IMAGINE THE NIGHTMARE.
WE WON'T HAVE YOUR DEATH COUNT FOR WEEKS, BOB.
BUT REST ASSURED YOU'LL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE LARGEST MURDERER OF AMERICAN CIVILIANS THIS COUNTRY HAS EVER SEEN.


WH-WHAT? BUT WE... STOPPED...
YOU WILL STAND DOWN, OFFICER BOB.
AGENTS ARE CONVERGING ON YOUR LOCATION TO TAKE YOU INTO CUSTODY.
THOSE BASTARDS SOLD ME OUT.
ALL OUR LIQUID X BOMBS ARE STILL HERE.
COME ON, BOB. LET'S GET MOVING.
AGENT DEADPOOL, I AM SORRY YOU HAVE BEEN DECEIVED BY THIS OFFICER.
THE AGENCY HOLDS YOU COMPLETELY BLAMELESS.
YOU WILL BE BROUGHT IN FOR A DEBRIEFING AND REASSIGNED.
THIS DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN.
DID IT?
COME ON, BOB. IT'S TIME TO SKEDADDLE.
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, BOB...
AGENT DEADPOOL...?
AGENT DEADPOOL!
...I THINK THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.
OH, AND A WHOLE LOT OF RUNNING OUR ASSES OFF.
THE END...

# NEXT: DEADPOOL MAX II #1!


WANTED
DEADPOOL
10-19-11
HYDRA, BOB
10-19-11
KYLE BAKER

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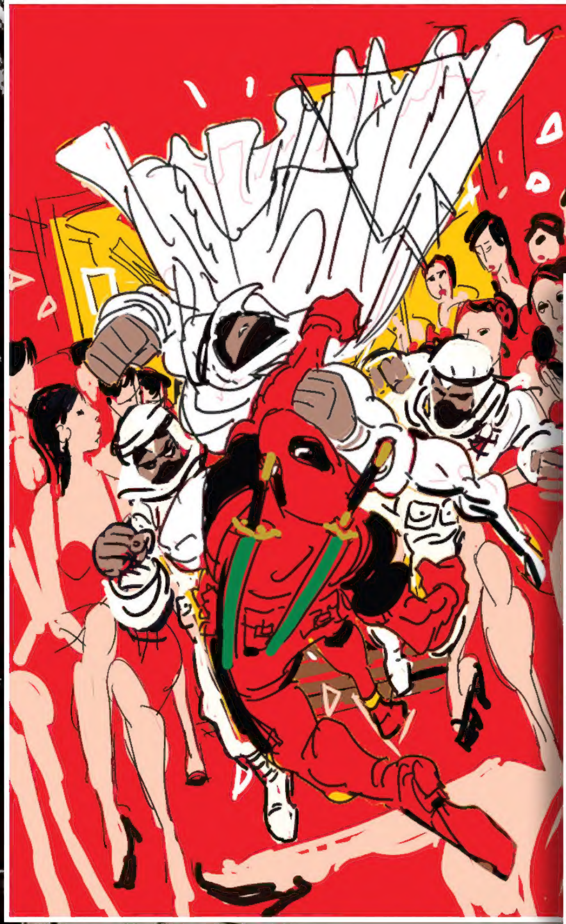
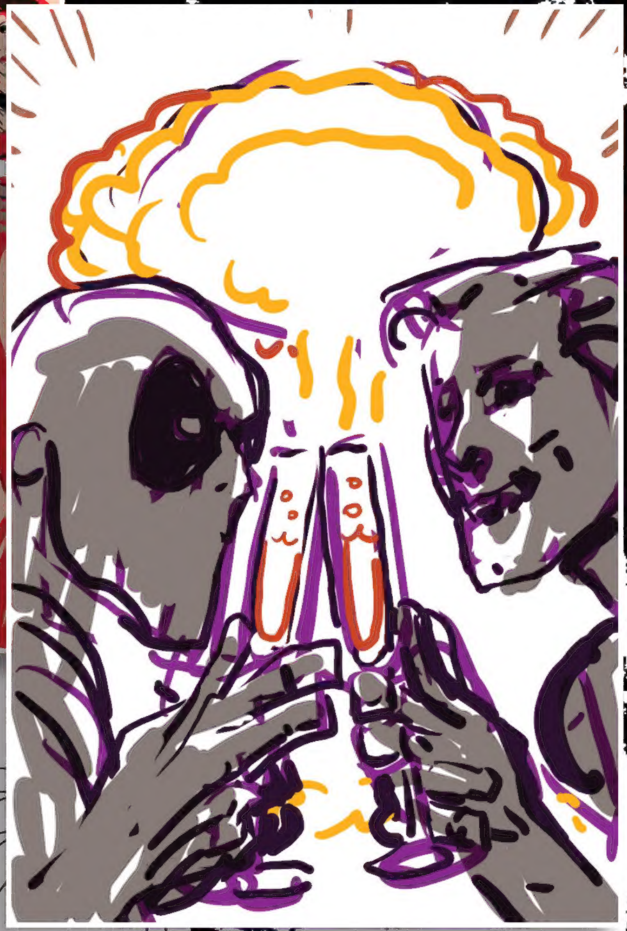
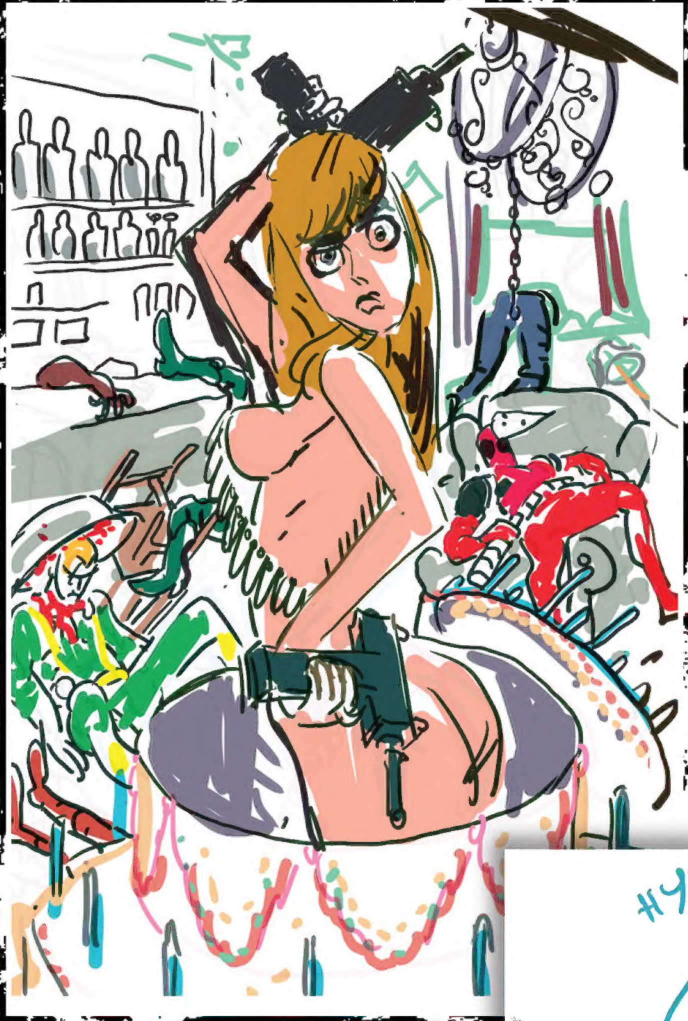
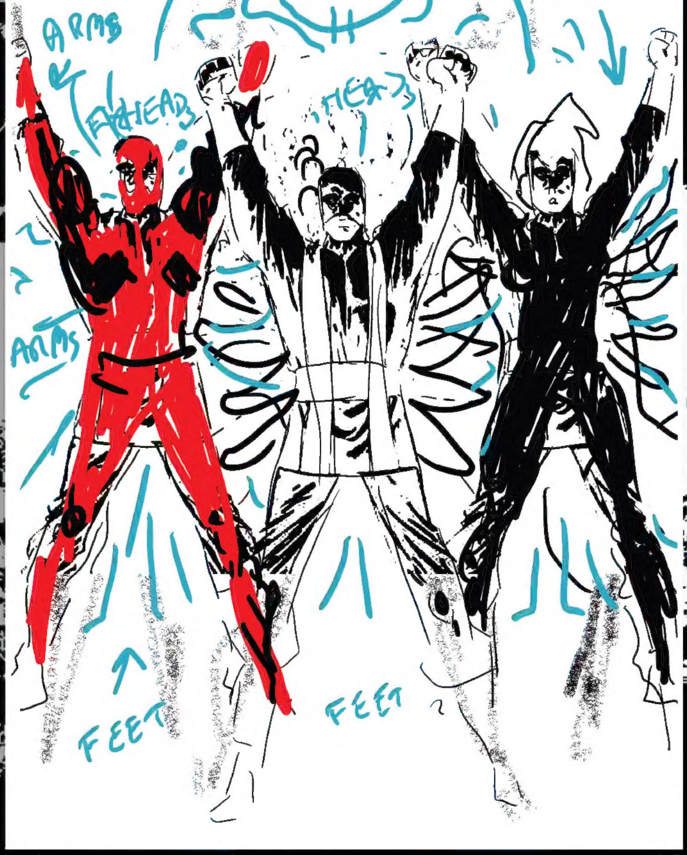
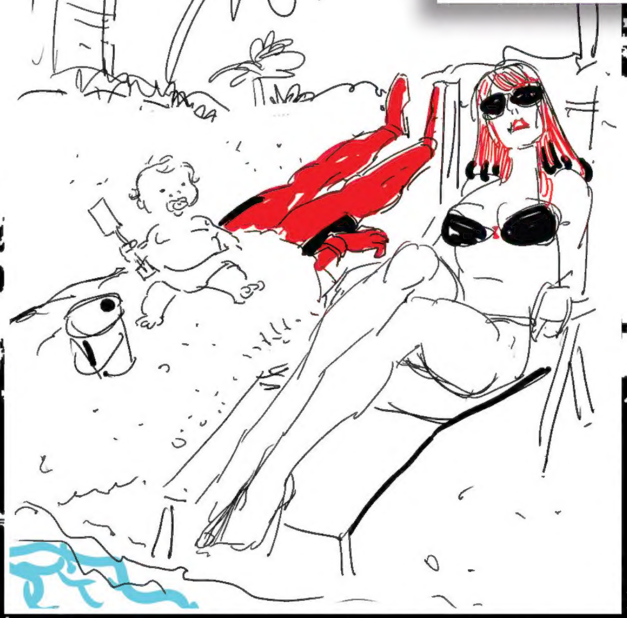




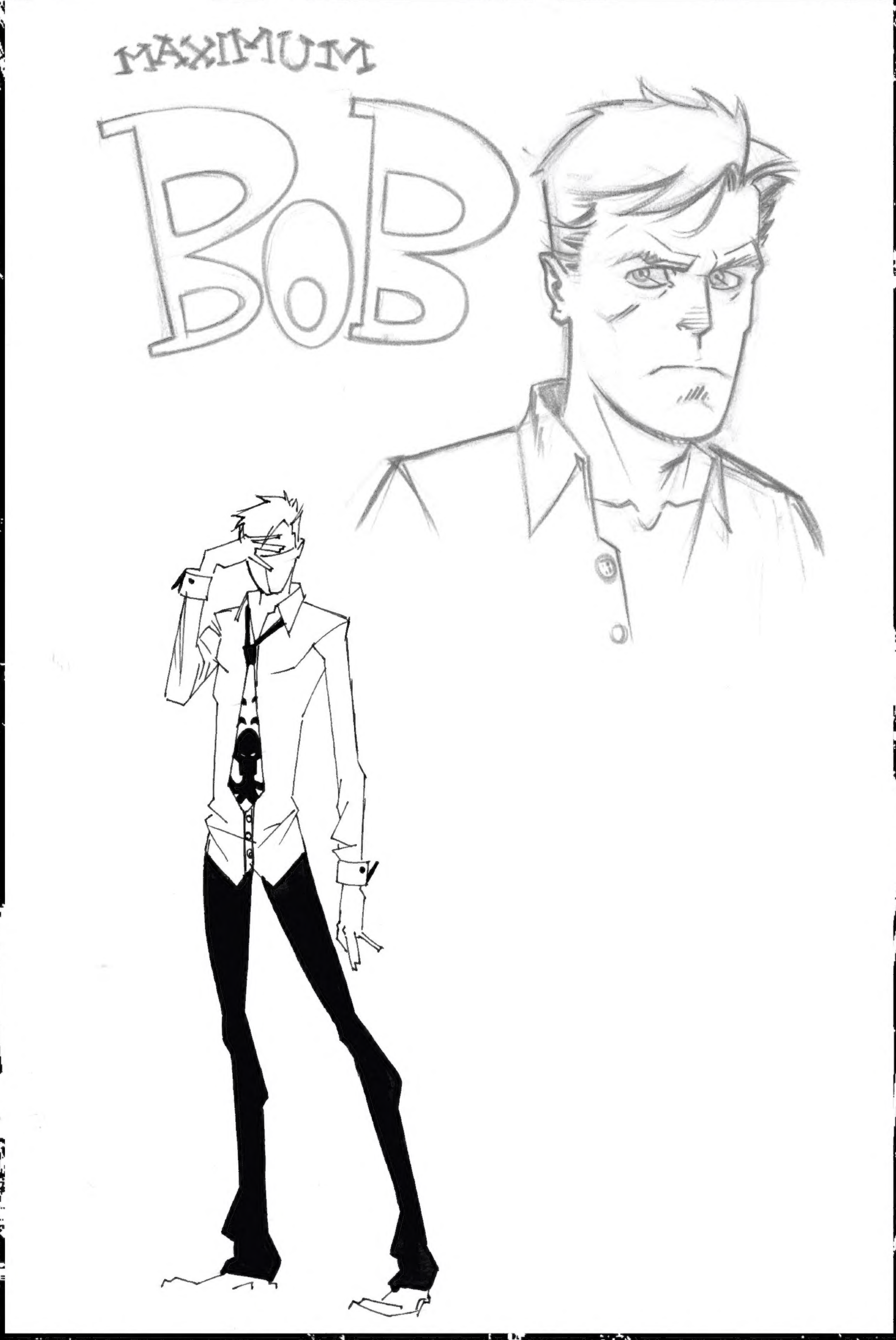


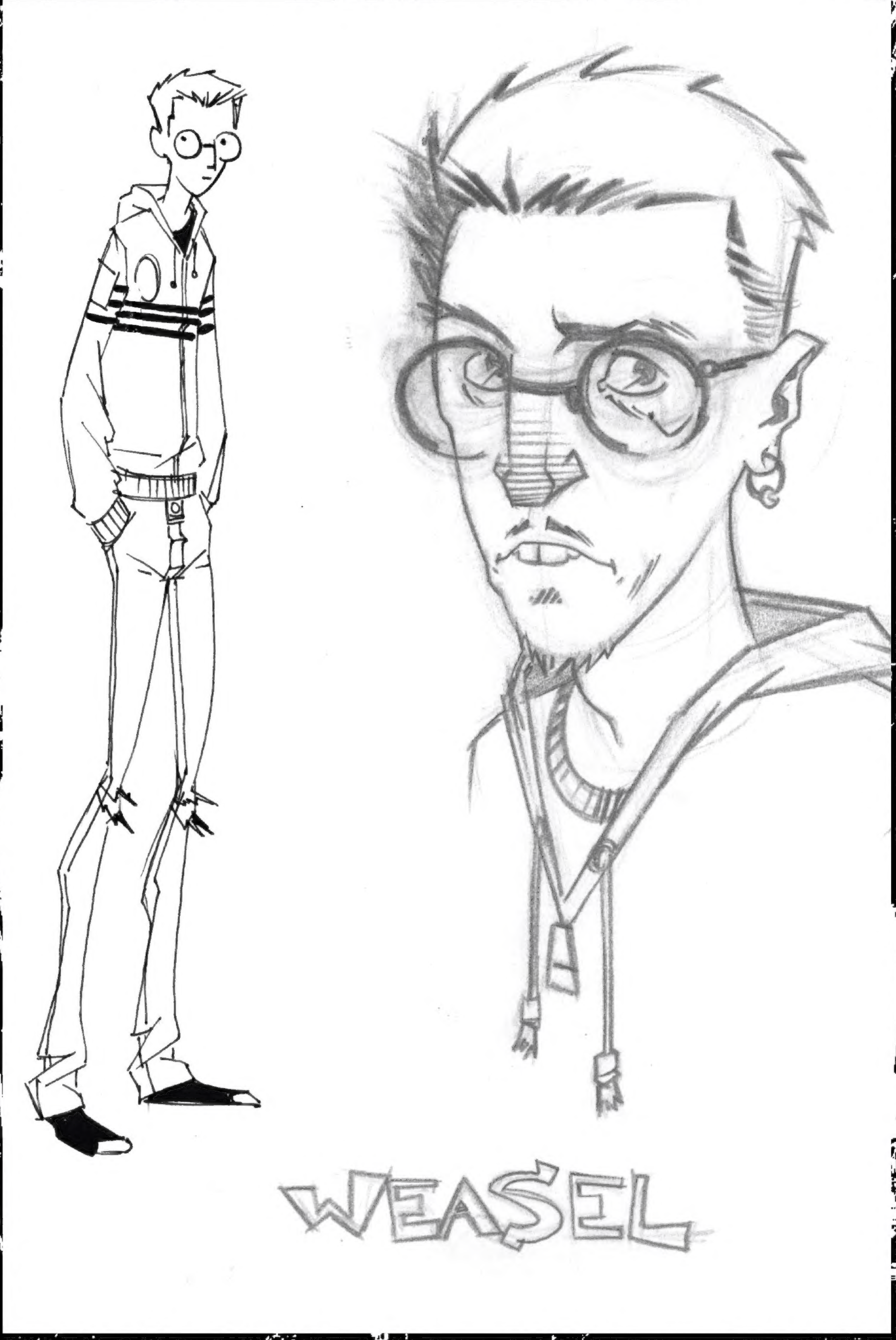


HYDRA SYMBOL
ARMS
ARMSS
HEAD
HEAD
ARMS
FEET
FEET

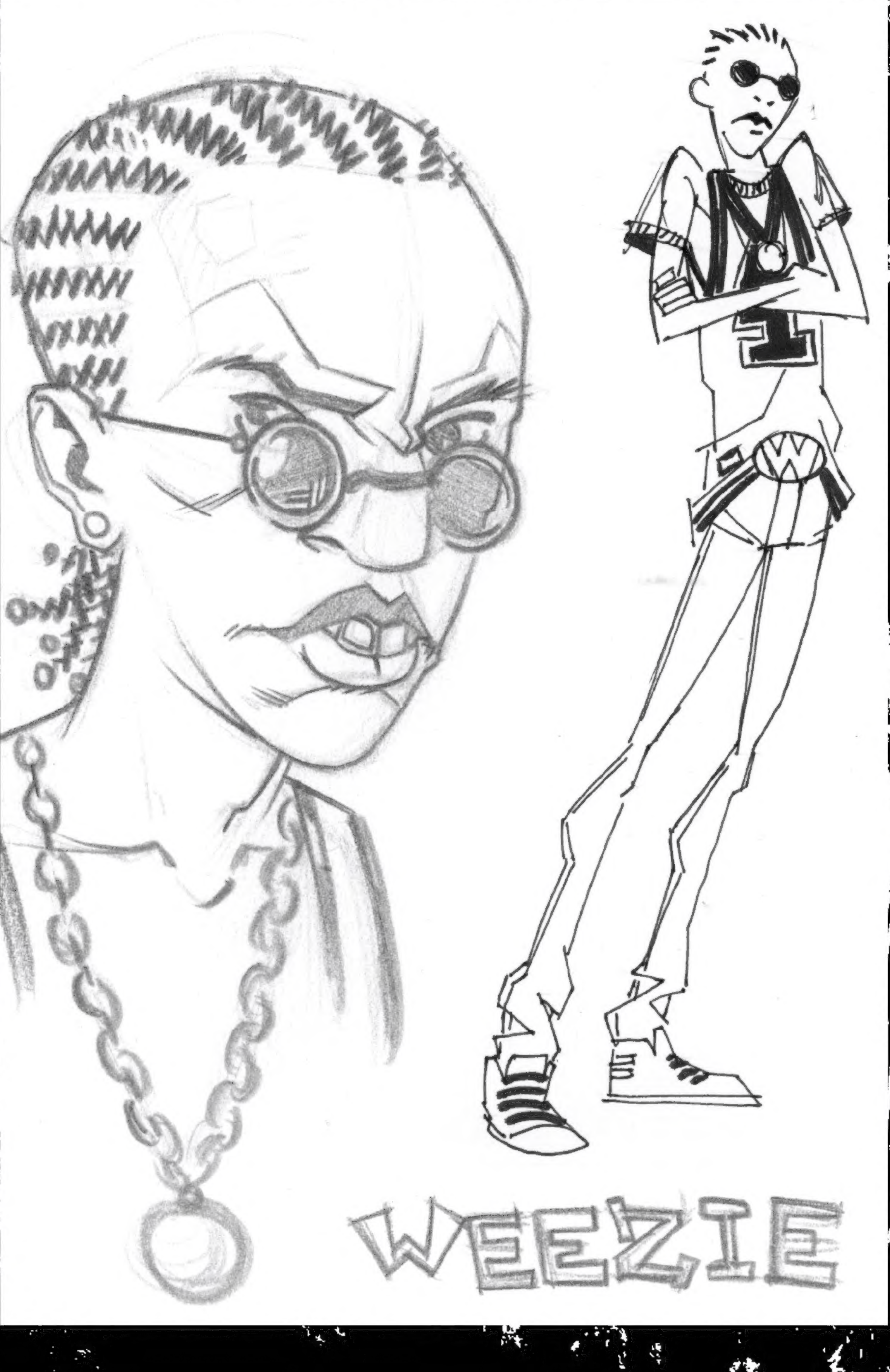


Cover sketches by
**KYLE BAKER**


MAXIMUM
BOB



Character sketches by
**SHAWN CRYSTAL**


WEEZIE

# Crazy is as crazy does!

Wade Wilson ditches his job as the government super-assassin known as Deadpool to spend the rest of his life making sweet, sweet love to his blushing bride, Domino. Or is it Inez? Or Honey Moon? Or Luau Luau, the Hawaiian spirit of vengeance? Take your freakin' pick, because things spiral straight down the tubes when she goes on a murdering spree that threatens to destroy Deadpool's newly formed nuclear family.

And Deadpool's handler Bob gets back to work as the pair take on machine gun-wielding hookers and their own twisted histories, using teamwork and good old-fashioned American ingenuity. And guns. And swords. Marvel as two broken men attempt to take down the world-wide terrorist network Hydra in a story so shocking it could only be told by MAX!

Collecting *Deadpool MAX #7-12* — written by David Lapham (*Terror, Inc.*; *Giant-Size Wolverine*), and illustrated by Kyle Baker (*Truth: Red, White & Black*) and Shawn Crystal (*Deadpool, Deadpool Team-Up*).

EXPLICIT CONTENT